THE MAN'S MAGAZINE A FAWCETT PUBLICATION JUNE 1968 50¢

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To Hate Or Not To Hate

I have recently read your story (April) concerning Harry Edwards, the hater, and I cannot understand why, under any circumstances the Ku Klux Klan would want to hurt the man. He alone can do more good for the causes of the Ku Klux Klan than can the entire Klan. If I were a Klan leader, I would protect him at all costs and even furnish the money to see that each word he utters was placed into print.

The futile belief that a few gold medals in Olympic games, won or lost, will cause the United States to come humbly to Edwards' door to beg for athletes is an astonishing example of "think small." Historically, the Negro athletes who might have won will neither be recorded nor remembered and certainly Edwards will be forgotten as he so richly deserves.

It seems we have here a man who thinks with his skin much as Hitler thought with his blood. The talk even rings familiar: "Because we were cheated in the past we should kill all of them in the future."

—Robert Munden
Layton, Utah

Harry Edwards, subject of Al Stump's article, *The Man Who'd Like to Wreck Our Olympic Team,* in your April issue, revealed himself as a phony by his own words.

He referred to American Negroes as "22,000,000 oppressed people." He doesn't know what oppression is. He should listen to some of the Jewish survivors of Hitler's concentration camps. Then he may learn what it really means to be part of an oppressed minority.

If black agitators like Edwards continue their provocative tactics, they may yet bring stark oppression upon the very people they pretend to protect.

—Allen Glasser
Brooklyn, N.Y.

Since I could never put all my feelings about this close-to-my-heart subject in a letter, I will be as brief as possible.

When I first saw your article *The Man Who'd Like to Wreck Our Olympic Team* I had mixed feelings. True, I strongly approved of his objective, but I wondered if his means were necessary. After reading it, I felt a little differently. The same thing happened to my husband. He had reservations before the article and none after reading it. He remembered all the things that had happened to him. We talked long and frankly on the subject of racism. I said it takes time to reverse the hatred and ignorance of generations, and his reply was "How long do they expect us to wait?"

Something has got to be done—some changes must be made. Perhaps your article will help. We hope so. There is so much more I could say and so much more I feel should be said. However, I will close with the hope that Edwards does succeed—in his long-range objective of TOTAL equality!

—Mrs. W. J. Lacewell
Corvallis, Ore.

Dear D.A.R.'s

John Keats (*The D.A.R. Must Be Kidding*) in April left out the most hilarious laugh of all. The U.S. taxpayer subsidizes the D.A.R. Now laugh. I'm sure the D.A.R. is, and why not?

—Agnes MacIntyre
Salem, N.J.

Bravo! Bravo! Bravo! to Mr. John Keats' article *The D.A.R. Must Be Kidding.* I must admit my ignorance at never truly appreciating their work before.

—Mrs. J. W. Sozoff
Portland, Ore.

WOW, are you in for it! Of course, no *true* Daughter of the American Revolution would permit your publication in her home. You make the mistake of telling the truth too often.

—Mrs. Melvin D. Boyd
Weirton, W. Va.

At least I now have one comfort to look forward to, if groups such as the American Legion and the D.A.R., who works so diligently to foster patriotism and hold back the advancing tide of worldwide communism, ever fail. Under such domination pens such as Mr. Keats' will be controlled—or else . . . .

—Mrs. George W. Love
Royal Oak, Mich.

Steady, love!

Bond Issue

James Bond is dead. Kingsley Amis' attempt to uncover him in your April issue removed any flicker of life. Amis must have read *Colonel Sun* after he wrote it—only then did he decide not to put his name on the cover.

—Bill Morgan
Dallas, Tex.

I just finished reading *Colonel Sun* by Robert Markham. Every bit as good as Fleming, perhaps better. True has done it again.

—John E. Kenney
Redwood City, Calif.

Don't ever send me a cover or any other illustration showing a gun pointing at me. I have been a subscriber to True for over 20 years and it never occurred to me that True could ever do anything so stupid.

I taught my sons never to point a gun at anything they did not intend to kill, and they have taught their sons the same. I and my sons resent violently having a gun of any kind pointed at us and I believe that most men who have ever handled guns feel the same way.

I repeat, don't ever point a gun at me again.

—J. Leland Benson
Topeka, Kans.

Duck!

Bird Bugs

Just finished reading the article by Daniel P. Mannix, in the March issue, entitled *Who's Bugging the Birds* and enjoyed it very much. It's obvious that Mr. Mannix did

[*Continued on page* 4]

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[*Continued from page* 2]
considerable research among the scientists and came up with some interesting observations. However, had he talked to a few more run-of-the-mill flying enthusiasts he might have learned that no sooner is one scientific theory advanced than along comes a happening that knocks it into a cocked hat.

My father, who has flown pigeons for 40 years, has on two occasions proved the landmark theory to be false. He once sent a hen, who had never been more than 40 miles from home, along with other birds, to the 500-mile race and she was among the first bunch in. Another time he sent a cock bird, who had never been flown at all, to the 500 as an experiment and he came in alone on the third day.

Mannix states that their color is blue, when in fact they can be any color. The breeding of all white birds is discouraged because they seem to suffer more hawk damage than other colors.

Experiments of stopping up the birds' ears have shown that when this is done they have no more homing ability than the ordinary barn pigeons. The plain fact is that with all our scientific know-how we still don't know what gives a homing pigeon the ability to return.

—C. Miles
Salem, Ind.

Record Straightener

The article by Al Stump written about the strange world of Franklin Mieuli (March) was in many ways quite flattering.

However, many of my University of Oregon classmates may feel the old boy has taken on delusions of grandeur with regard to his athletic prowess. I thought I had made it clear to Al Stump that my athletic abilities went no farther than high school, as a member of the San Jose High School football team and basketball team, and at the University of Oregon boxing was my only athletic activity.

In the editing process the article indicated that I participated in all three activities at the University of Oregon, which was not true, and I surely would not want anything untrue to appear in your very fine True Magazine.

—Franklin Mieuli
San Francisco, Calif.

May I say from a brief meeting with Franklin Mieuli, that he does not "nod and walk away" when he's spoken to. Though DiMaggio may recognize him *now*, Mieuli recognizes his own "fans" while they're still "out in the cold!" Your article was a salute to an imaginative, but gentlemanly sportsman.

—Barbara A. Bellmore
Kankakee, Ill.

Politicians' Ladies

Your story of Gov. Ronald Reagan was a most enlightening and heartwarming one about one of our more prominent politicians.

Your author, however, did lose a "home run" when at the end of the article staid quotations by William Buckley, the articulate wonder, were made. Also, thereafter, quite childlike mention was made of the governor's spontaneous and affectionate reference to his wife Nancy. So what! If a President can refer to his wife and daughters as "the birds" publicly, why can't a governor call his wife "honey"? That is a more common husband's endearment, right?

—Eleanor Donnellon
Downey, Calif.

Well, it sure beats "the birds."

Polar Passions

Longtime readers of True may recall that several years ago the late Roy Chapman Andrews wrote a series of articles in which he launched an uncharitable attack against the first claimant to the discovery of the North Pole, Dr. Frederick Albert Cook.

I recall protesting his unfortunate characterization of another explorer as a "hoaxer," and predicting that the research being done in the Polar basin would one day vindicate Doctor Cook's claims to having reached the Pole fully one year ahead of Robert E. Peary. Accordingly, it was with this background that I read of the recognition and tribute accorded Doctor Cook by the leader of the British Trans-Arctic Expedition, W. W. Herbert (True, March).

Herbert reflects growing opinion in the Polar research and exploration communities when he qualifies Cook and Peary as being historical claimants, with a final decision yet to be rendered. The sympathetic tribute which he paid his pioneering trek of 1908-09—still the longest on the record books of the Arctic—counts Herbert as not only an exceptional ice traveler, but as an objective and honest writer.

Canadian Arctic writer Farley Mowat provides additional hope that Cook may yet gain a posthumous hearing on his claims in his latest book *The Polar Passion: The Quest for the North Pole;* when he writes of the "unceasing and unbelievably vicious and unprincipled campaign of slander unleashed against Cook" to discredit his discovery of the Pole.

—Russell W. Gibbons
Bridgeville, Pa.

Sick Psyche

Thought you may be interested to know we used the March issue of True in our psychology class as an example of the literature compulsively read by men who feel anxious about their masculinity and are bolstered by articles, etc. that downgrade and exploit the female.

The letter of Mrs. M. L. Barnes was cited as written by the type of female who usually marry these so-called neurotic men. The professor states this woman's masochistic defeatistic personality makes her love to also knock down women and glorify the male.

—Mark Adams
St. Charles, Mo.

If the professor's a male, watch him.

Cap It Off

With over 24,000 hours in the cockpit for Braniff International Airlines and some 300 more at the wheel of my 30-foot river cruising tub, I take violent objection to the title *Never Trust A Man Who Wears A Yachting Cap* (April). It is *not* an old saying among practical boating men. A cap with a good visor plus sunglasses is an essential part of the safety-minded professional pilots' gear—be he in the air, on water or freeway racetrack. During our last season, the worst boating collision we had in bright sunshine left one dead, one girl crippled for life and three others seriously injured. The at-fault skipper claimed he was blinded by the sun.

—Capt. Eddie Croft
Minneapolis, Minn.

Mule Train

Your item in the April edition, *It's a Man's World,* about the vanishing mule train was a mite disturbing.

Reckon the "gyro carrier" may replace the mule in some places, but I foresee the mule train still trudging down Bright Angel Trail at Grand Canyon here in Arizona for a good many years to come. Replacing those mules down the scenic miles into the gorge ("never lost a rider yet") would arouse hostility akin to the San Franciscans who saw their cable cars threatened.

—Clay Rotthaus
Phoenix, Ariz.

Baileyhoo

Re: *The Jury's Still Out on F. Lee Bailey,* (March). As a long time and enthusiastic cover-to-cover reader of True, I would appreciate an explanation of how our "flying mouth" with the 170 I.Q., contrived to acquire four planes, one a $650,000 Lear jet, an ocean-racing 35-foot sloop, high-powered cars, expensive clothes, gold jewelry, a $150,000 hilltop home equipped with the best-stocked, private bar in New England and a beautiful wife, on his net yearly income of "less than $32,000" in his "crowded seven year career?"

—Lowell C. Finch, D.D.S.
Oakland, Calif.

Obviously, it's that high I.Q.

In regard to the story on F. Lee Bailey, page 16 classifies succinylcholine chloride as a *mind* relaxing drug. This drug does not possess any mind relaxing or tranquilizing properties at all, but rather, paralyzes the muscles (including the diaphragm) which would thereby cause death by asphyxiation.

It is commonly used in addition to anesthetics being administered during surgery.

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—Ronald L. Kokernak, CRNA
Fredericksburg, Va.

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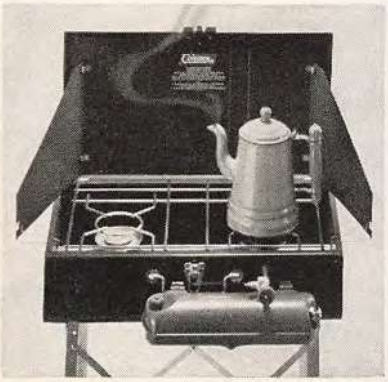

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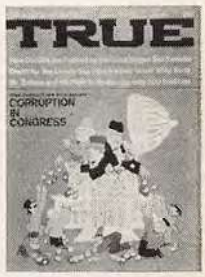

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THE MAN'S MAGAZINE JUNE 1968

TRUE

'Tis strange, but true; for truth is always strange—stranger than fiction.
BYRON

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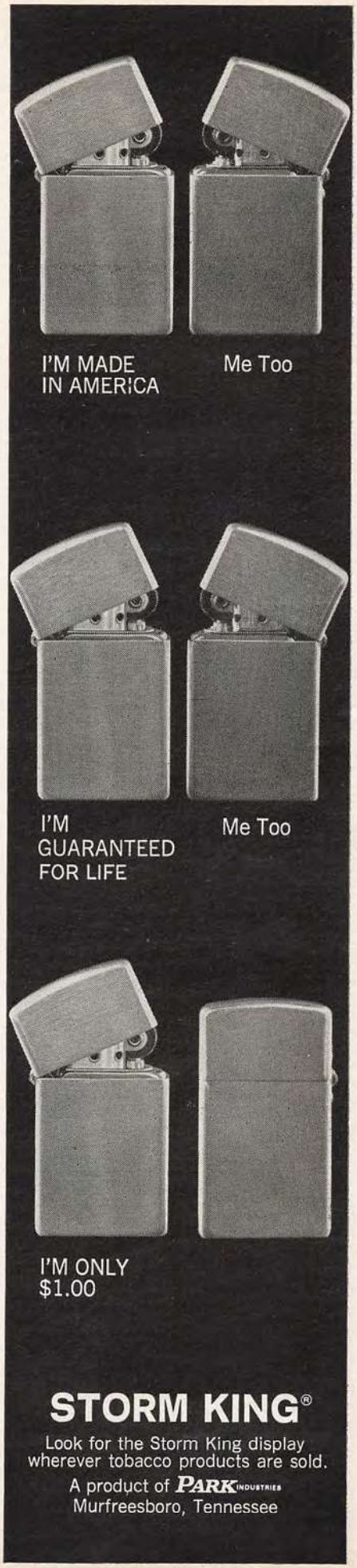

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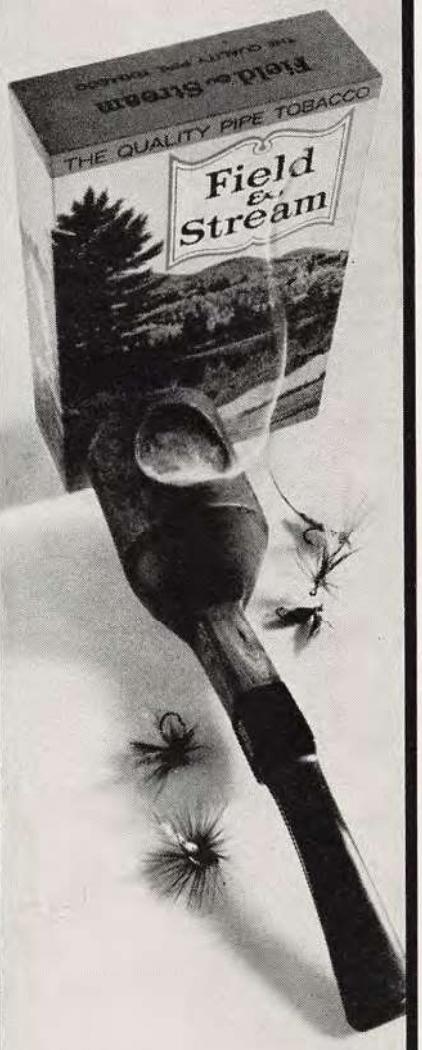

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SMALL-CLAIMS COURT: SHORT ROAD TO A FAIR SHAKE

BY MAX GUNTHER

You buy a $500 used car or a $300 television set. You try it for a few weeks, find it's a lemon, take it back to the dealer and ask for your money back. He refuses. You argue. Finally he grins and says, "You aren't happy? So sue me."

What can you say? He has ducked behind one of the oldest shields in the history of bad transactions. He knows that it can cost you thousands of dollars in lawyers' fees and court costs to get your money back from him. A judge may eventually order him to pay your legal expenses, but the final outcome may be years away. In the meantime all the expense and risk are yours to bear. For a few hundred dollars, is it worth while?

He assumes you won't think so. But there's something he probably hasn't counted on. There's a way in which you can force the money out of him in a few weeks' time, and the whole legal proceeding will cost you less than $10. You do it by going to the nearest small-claims court.

Almost every big city in the U.S., and many smaller cities and county governments, now have small-claims courts. They've been in existence since the first was established in Cleveland, Ohio, in 1913, but until recent years most of them were less useful than they could have been. As a result, they weren't used much and never became widely known. Until the 1960's, most small-claims courts wouldn't process any claim for over $100. They were sneeringly called penny-ante courts: Places where people argued about dog bites and $15 dry-cleaning bills. But over the past five or 10 years, the majority have raised the upper limit of the claims they'll deal with. New York City's four small-claims courts, for instance, have recently raised their upper limit from $100 to $300. Baltimore's and Los Angeles' will hear any case up to $500. They are penny-ante courts no longer. On the contrary, it'll pay you to learn something about them.

The small-claims courts will give you solid legal backing in transactions such as buying a car or adding an improvement to your house—transactions that aren't big enough to warrant the expense of ordinary legal processes but that can hurt your bank account if they turn sour.

If you get into a situation where you think you've been cheated, your first step would be to find out where the nearest small-claims court is. To find out, call a lawyer friend if you have one, or call the local county bar association.

Your second step: Go up to the man who owes you the money and tell him about the small-claims court. "Often, the mere threat of small-claims action will end the argument on the spot," says Robert O'Neil, executive assistant in New York's small-claims setup. "If the man knows you can sue him quickly and cheaply, and if he knows he'll lose the case, chances are he'll simply pay up."

If he doesn't, you go ahead with your small-claims action. The procedures and costs vary from state to state, but the variations are minor. Usually, you go to the court clerk and state your complaint informally. He writes it down, consults a calendar, sets a time for the hearing. You give him a small amount of money, usually $2 to $5 for the court, plus a dollar or less for postage. After you've gone, he mails a copy of your complaint to the man you're arguing with. Along with the complaint goes a summons that gives your opponent three choices: (1) he shows up at court on the stated date of the hearing, (2) he comes up with a convincing reason why the date should be changed, or (3) he loses the case by default.

The hearing usually takes place within six weeks of the time you make your initial complaint. Even in New York's crowded small-claims courts, which handle some 60,000 cases a year, the average case gets heard about three weeks from the time of the complaint. Speed is among the main charms of the small-claims idea. So is convenience. Many of the courts hold sessions at night, so that you don't have to take time off from work to attend a hearing.

You show up at the hearing all by yourself. No lawyer is needed. If your opponent

money

is a corporation rather than an individual, the corporation may be represented by a lawyer. But the lawyer won't give your opponent any marked advantage over you. "This is an informal style of justice," says University of Chicago law professor Geoffrey Hazard. "The whole idea is to make justice easy and cheap for the average citizen. If a lawyer tries to insist on formal courtroom procedures or bring up other legal technicalities, he'll find he's wasting his time."

Your case may be heard by a judge or—more likely—an arbitrator. The arbitrator is a lawyer. In some courts he's paid for the work, in which case he's likely to be a struggling young lawyer fresh out of law school. In other courts, lawyers serve free just as doctors do in public clinics, each man giving a couple of days a year. ("They enjoy it," says O'Neil in New York. "They like to play Solomon.")

The hearing is quick and informal. It probably won't take longer than an hour and may even be cleaned up in five minutes. You state your case. The defendant states his. If you've brought witnesses, they talk briefly. If you have documents or other evidence, you hand them to the arbitrator and explain what they are. He asks questions, mulls over what he's heard, finally arrives at a decision. If you or the defendant don't like the decision, you can argue briefly. The arbitrator may restate his decision or may feel he wants more time to think, in which case you'll get the final decision a few days later by mail.

The decision is, for all practical purposes, binding. In some courts, under some circumstances, you or your opponent can appeal it, but the appeal would have to go through regular courts with all their high costs and long delays. Fewer than one percent of small-claims cases are ever appealed.

Suppose the decision goes against your opponent—the car dealer who sold you that $500 lemon, for example. And suppose he refuses to abide by the court's decision. Don't worry: You've got him over a barrel. There's legal machinery available to make him pay up. In most states you take your court order to a city marshal or sheriff, a kind of private policeman who makes his living by doing what you're about to ask him to do. With your small-claims decision in his pocket, he has the legal right to bulldoze his way into the car dealer's lot and seize money, cars or other property valued at somewhat more than the $500 due you. He hands you the $500 and pockets a commission for himself. His commission comes out of the car dealer's property, not out of your $500.

Most small-claims cases end less messily than that, however. "The hope is to settle disputes quickly and, when possible, amicably," says Professor Hazard in Chicago. To get an idea of the breezy informality typical of small-claims courts, consider some recent New York cases:

Plaintiff: "I loaned him a $200 movie camera, and he lost it. He owes me $200." Defendant: "That's the risk you take when you loan to a friend. I owe him nothing." Outcome: they shook hands, anted up $100 apiece for a new, jointly owned camera.

Plaintiff: "He drained my car's cooling system to work on it, refilled it with water, forgot to add antifreeze and left the car outdoors on a freezing night. He owes me for a cracked engine block." Defendant: "It was early autumn. How'd I know it would freeze that night?" Outcome: the auto repairman had to pay. The early freeze may have been unforeseen, but he'd had several hours to save the car when the night turned cold.

Female plaintiff: "He promised to marry me and I bought a $250 bridal gown. Then he backed out. Now the store won't give me my money back, so he should pay." Arbitrator: "I'm sorry, but a man cannot be made responsible for clothing a woman may buy."

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strange but true

BY GEORGE R. MARTIN

Getting a doctor to make a house call can be a problem for the modern ailing American, but it isn't new in this country's physician/patient relationships. Sioux Indians had the same trouble with their medicine men. To induce those rattle-shaking, prayer-chanting healers to make house calls, the Sioux resorted to curious ceremony. A messenger from the sick man walked around the medicine man's lodge ringing a bell, or he entered the lodge, presented a lighted pipe, clutched his head and moaned. If the doctor did not follow him back to the sufferer, a more urgent summons was sent. The messenger stripped to loincloth and moccasins, entered the lodge, kicked the doctor, jingled a bell and turned and ran at top speed. The professional man gave chase; if he succeeded in overtaking the messenger and administering a kick, he stopped right there and returned home. Another messenger then had to be dispatched—hopefully, a faster man than the first. It is recorded that at Lac Qui Parle, Minnesota, during the 1840's, in one case four messengers were needed before the last escaped being booted. Ironically the bizarre Sioux system produced house calls in which reluctant doctors literally came running to patients' bedsides . . . an event that has very seldom happened since. *R. L. Roggenbuck, Stillwater, Minn.*

Sheep, which some persons count in order to fall asleep, can't get to sleep themselves. In fact, scientists studying animal behavior now doubt whether sheep ever sleep. Their insomnia is shared by other ruminants or cud chewers, including cows. These animals can't comfortably lie on their sides because that would hinder the functioning of their four stomachs; they have to lie with forebody upright. Furthermore, their average daily nine hours of rechewing the fodder they cropped during the day comes mostly during the night, and the jaw-wagging keeps them awake. Getting a good night's sleep, therefore, is impossible for a healthy, well-fed sheep . . . even if it tries counting people. *William Stissen, Boise, Idaho.*

Of all horse lovers, probably few have been fonder of that noble steed than the Yakuts of Siberia. Those hardy Tartar-related seminomads considered it sinful to beat a horse; they took the utmost care of their herds; and they were adept horse thieves, always alert to make away with unguarded stock. Their reason was basic: horses tasted so good. It was said that four Yakuts would eat a horse, taking off belts and gluttonizing until their bellies swelled like boa constrictors'. At most Yakut weddings, the favorite dish served by the bride to her husband was a boiled horse head, garnished with horse-meat sausages. Only the horse's essential use in transportation kept the Yakuts from eating up their herds. European gourmets today who have had the rare opportunity of dining on young horse flesh agree that a filet of foal is very good meat indeed. But horses seldom are butchered before work and old age have toughened them —which is partly why the Yakuts' favorite food is today enjoyed in the U.S. almost exclusively by dogs and cats. *Lee Merkin, Ithaca, N. Y.*

Being beheaded in imperial China could cause a man to lose face in more ways than one. The first way was physical removal at the place of execution. Kneeling with hands bound behind him, the culprit was decapitated by one mighty sword slash from a giant executioner while a crowd of spectators watched approvingly—execution day was usually a holiday. The second loss of face was less public but even more humiliating, and it came, paradoxically, when the culprit's head was returned to him. Decent Chinese burial demanded that his head be sewn to his body—a service performed by relatives or friends—so that he could appear whole in heaven. But for him to mingle with heaven's honest and upright citizenry on an equal basis wasn't proper. By government order, therefore, his head was sewn on the wrong way, facing backward. This identified him in celestial circles as a person who, having expiated his crime, deserved afterlife, but who on a social basis should be treated with reserve. It was a depressing prospect to Chinese malefactors, for whom loss of face could thus prove both fatal and eternal.

"Henpecked" men there may be, but never has a rooster been henpecked. The word is a gross libel against one of the most triumphantly male creatures on the face of the earth. A rooster doesn't let himself be pecked by any hen, not even his harem favorite; his females know their place, and he keeps them in it. In origin, therefore, the expression is completely false. Only when applied to chickenhearted human males, unfortunately, can it become true.

Fishing in the Sahara desert would seem to be the world's least likely industry. Yet it goes on today as it has for centuries, though on a scale proportioned to its miniature catch. In a northerly region of sand dunes lie three small and intensely salty lakes in which a primitive shrimp, *Artemia salina,* thrives and grows about 1/8th of an inch long. Darkskinned people known as Dauada, numbering just a few hundred, wade knee-deep and swing hand nets to scoop up the shrimp. They have been doing it for untold generations, living on and selling the result to other Sahara dwellers. The shrimp are pounded to a black paste that is molded into fist-size balls and dried in the sun. Travelers report that it tastes like bad caviar and smells worse. Saharans relish this unique fishery product, but they don't think of it as such. To them the shrimp is a worm —in Arabic, a *dood,* from which the people's name derives. *Dauada* means "wormermen"; the concept and term "fishermen" has yet to penetrate the almost waterless Sahara. *By L. T. McFarland, Tucson, Ariz.*

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trueviews: movies books records

movies

GUNS FOR SAN SEBASTIAN. Anthony Quinn stars as a brawling, randy outlaw in old Mexico. When a priest (Sam Jaffe) saves his life, he repays the debt by saving the priest's village from marauding Indians. Action, humor and good performances abound. Anjanette Comer is comely, and Charles Bronson a good bad guy.

Jacqueline: Sexy in the surf.

THE SWEET RIDE. A trio of congenial bums (Tony Franciosa, Michael Sarrazin and Bob Denver) are living the good life in southern California—broads, booze and sunshine. Then Mike falls in love with stunning Jacqueline Bisset, which eventually wrecks their don't-get-involved, play-it-cool existence. Really good, thoughtful entertainment.

A DANDY IN ASPIC. This serious spy thriller is quite well done. Laurence Harvey is a double agent, a Russian pretending to be English. He wants to get back to Russia, but the British assign him to kill a Russian assassin—himself. Mia Farrow and Tom Courtenay give him trouble along the way.

NO WAY TO TREAT A LADY. If you think comedy is no way to treat a story of a strangler, you may be partly right. Rod Steiger is great as a maniacal master of disguises. His tour de force helps sustain the saggy script. George Segal is fine as an unsympathetic detective, and Lee Remick is treated badly by both.

THE SECRET WAR OF HARRY FRIGG. In WW II, five Allied generals are captured by the Germans and imprisoned in splendor in an Italian villa. The Army recruits Paul Newman, a cheerful misfit who holds the stockade escape record, to liberate them. The comedy is fitful, but it's generally amusing. Sylva Koscina owns the villa. She helps.

MADIGAN. Suffering from a multiplicity of plots, this police-procedure movie moves slowly. Richard Widmark and Harry Guardino play detectives on the trail of a killer. Henry Fonda is the police commissioner with myriad problems. Inger Stevens is Widmark's lonely wife.

"30 IS A DANGEROUS AGE, CYNTHIA!" Dudley Moore plays a British Walter Mitty in this lightweight comedy about a composer determined to be married by 30. He achieves this dubious aim.

UP THE JUNCTION. This film explores the banality of British lower-class life so well it ends up being quite banal itself. Suzy Kendall stars.

THE DOUBLE MAN. There are enough good moments in this spy thriller to sustain its cliched plot. Yul Brynner is a CIA man who walks into a brutal East German trap to avenge his son's death. Clive Revill and Britt Ekland aid him.

books

THE THIRD MAN by E. H. Cookridge. The story of Kim Philby—the most incredible spy story of our time. He, Guy Burgess and Donald Maclean penetrated high levels of the British Secret Service as Russian spies, and got away with it. Unbelievable but true—and quite fascinating. *Putnam; $5.95.*

AIRPORT by Arthur Hailey. This surefire, formula best seller, by the author of *Hotel*, isn't much of a novel, but it's certainly an interesting look behind the scenes at a big airport. Its several soggy plots and dubious preachings on progress are swept aside as data carries the day. *Doubleday; $5.95.*

TUNC by Lawrence Durrell. No one else combines esoterica, erotica and farce as well as Durrell. Time, space and horrible, funny puns are scrambled in this story of an inventor seduced by a giant corporation, a castrating woman and his own innocence. His rebellion is as tragicomic as his life. *Dutton; $6.95.*

GOTHIC POLITICS IN THE DEEP SOUTH by Robert Sherrill. With biting wit and scathing sarcasm, the author dissects the politics of the South as personified by Faubus, Eastland, Smathers, Talmadge, Perez and Thurmond, with side trips into economic jiggery-pokery and Christian anti-communism. Lively, no-holds-barred journalism. *Grossman; $6.95.*

DANCING BEAR by Gladwin Hill. This sprightly survey of California politics over the past 120 years is entertaining and educational. The author shows how the state's nutty politics are not new at all, and his analysis of the current scene, and its implications for us all, is thought-provoking. *World; $6.50.*

MYRA BRECKINRIDGE by Gore Vidal. What to make of this elegantly nasty novel in the form of a memoir? Nothing much. Set in southern California, it parodies sex of several kinds, mass culture, movies and several other lesser issues of our day. Unexciting. *Little, Brown; $5.95.*

records

WHO WILL ANSWER? Ed Ames, one of the best young baritones around, puts his considerable talents to work on this collection of good new ballads: "Cherish," "I Wanna Be Free," "Monday, Monday," the powerful title tune and others. *RCA Victor.*

WE CAN FLY. The Cowsills, the family that helped bring respectability to rock 'n' roll, seem to get better all the time. The title hit and 10 others, including "In Need of a Friend" and "Mr. Flynn," are zestfully done. *MGM.*

FRANCIS A. & EDWARD K. That's Sinatra and Ellington, a most potent musical combination. The Duke's all-star band backs Frank expertly on eight extended numbers. Highlights: "Poor Butterfly," "Come Back to Me" and "Indian Summer." *Reprise.*

CANTE HONDO. A variety of singers, unified by the guitar of Juan Serrano and their own considerable talents, performs with distinction here. Full-blooded flamenco at its best. *RCA Victor.*

SCORPIO AND OTHER SIGNS. Vibraphonist Gary McFarland and an orchestra swing

through a dozen jazz-based tunes pegged to the signs of the zodiac. It's all unpredictable and wild. *Verve.*

THE OTHER MAN'S GRASS IS ALWAYS GREENER. Petula Clark, not content with being a good rock 'n' roll singer, has included a batch of pop songs on her latest album. "Black Coffee" and "At the Crossroads" stand out. *WB-7 Arts.*

LOOK AROUND. Sergio Mendes & Brasil '66 is one of the most inventive groups of singers and musicians around. They exemplify the best of bossa nova, even when doing Beatles songs or "The Look of Love." Fresh and exciting. *A&M.*

THE DELTA SWEETE. Once past the unforgivable pun in the title, there's little to fault in Bobbie Gentry's second album. She sings eight of her own songs and some Deep-South classics: "Big Boss Man," "Tobacco Road." *Capitol.*

NIGHT TRAIN, VOL. 2. Oscar Peterson just has to be one of the smoothest pianists around. He can take such diverse material as "Night Train" and "Wouldn't It Be Loverly" and render them into good, quiet jazz. *Verve.*

HEDGE & DONNA. This pair of singers operates in the contemporary folk vein. It's one husband-and-wife team where everything's in perfect harmony Whatever you do, don't miss them. *Capitol.*

SOLO FLIGHTS. Chet Atkins, "Mr. Guitar Man," has picked some old-fashioned tempos for his latest songfest, and they make what used to be called "easy listening." Standouts: "Autumn Leaves" and "Mercy, Mercy, Mercy." *RCA Victor.*

ULTIMATE SPINACH. That's the name of a new, wild rock 'n' roll group—prime exponents of the "Boston sound," whatever that is. Led by a driving organ, they really go. *MGM.*

YOU CAN'T BEAT PEOPLE UP AND HAVE THEM SAY I LOVE YOU. Murray Roman is a very funny, hip comedian in an adult groove. He treats horror films, marijuana and Twiggy with equal, hilarious cynicism, and his solution to riots is unique and will be banned. *Tetragrammaton.*

SESSIONS. Fred Neil defies classification. A folk singer with country roots, perhaps, with a raspy-nasal voice; but that's not important. What counts is the personal, intense way he gets inside a song, aided by a 12-string guitar. He's terrific. *Capitol.*

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ESCAPE TO RICHES

His Fat Fish Flies Fast

A stretched, heightened version of the Stratocruiser, the "Pregnant Guppy" made builder a fortune.

BY CORNELIUS JOHNS

■ Every time Jack Conroy explained his idea to a potential investor in 1960 he got the same result: amazement that anyone in his right mind would try to build an airplane the size he described. An Air National Guard pilot who had flown in World War II, Conroy was not an engineer, had never before built an airplane of any kind, and some of the country's best known aeronautical experts had predicted that such a plane could not fly. Furthermore, although Conroy had made a comfortable living as a swimming-pool builder and a nonscheduled-airline cargo pilot, he had no money. He did have a stubborn streak and a firm conviction that he was right.

The National Aeronautics and Space Administration had been looking for a quick and reliable means of hauling the upper stage of the Saturn rocket from the Douglas Aircraft assembly plant at Santa Monica, California, to the Sacramento test area and then to Cape Canaveral (now Cape Kennedy), Florida, for launching. Well over 18 feet in diameter and 41 feet long, it was far too large for highway or rail movement; marine transportation was too slow, and no existing airplane was big enough to haul it.

Conroy had a solution: Simply expand the size of an existing airplane.

A Burbank, California, airplane dealer named Lee Mansdorf agreed to invest several Boeing Stratocruisers, long since retired from airline service, if Conroy could find money to get the company going. That was all Conroy needed. He quit his job and began looking for money. Several months later, with less than $15,000 obtained by borrowing from friends and mortgaging his house, furniture and automobile, he started modifying the Stratocruiser to make it, in diameter and cargo capacity, the world's largest airplane. First, he lengthened the fuselage 16½ feet. Then he cut off the top half of the fuselage and built a new one large enough to hold the Saturn rocket. Finally he cut the plane in half just behind the wing and fitted the two sections together with bolts so that they could be separated for loading.

The result was a plane which looked like a huge, misshapen blimp with wings, which he named the "Pregnant Guppy."

Jack Conroy is a personable blond, square-jawed Irishman, both enthusiastic and persuasive. This is fortunate for, before the airplane was completed, he had spent over a million dollars, and investors were nervously demanding repayment of their loans.

When he taxied his awkward-looking airplane out to the end of the Van Nuys, California, airport runway on September 19, 1962, he knew that his future depended directly on the success of this first flight. A huge crowd watched as the plane lumbered down the runway, its four engines throbbing. Finally it leaped clear of the runway and soared into the air. It was a perfect flight for the world's largest airplane and vindication of Conroy's faith. But it did little to lessen his troubles.

Modifications had to be made and a flight-test program conducted before the plane could be certified for flight. While this was going on, he had to find additional funds and persuade those who had already invested to wait for their money. Finally he obtained certification and negotiated his first contract with NASA to haul Saturn's upper stage. Now he was in business, but he was not out of the woods.

To obtain enough money to complete the airplane, he had borrowed $400,000 from a group of investors who retained the voting power of the corporation's stock and, in effect, controlled the corporation. When Conroy and this group differed over his plans to build another airplane, he was fired. Still a stockholder, he went back to work raising money and persuading other stockholders to restore him to office. Months later, after a bitter fight, he again took over the corporation.

Calling his one-airplane line Aero Spacelines, Inc., he was hauling NASA and Air Force cargo at an increasing rate. Believing in a promising future for such an airline and firmly in control of the company, he convinced his backers to let him build another, even larger, airplane.

By now, NASA was looking for a means of hauling the upper stage of the moon rocket, too big a cargo even for the Pregnant Guppy. Conroy found an Air Force surplus C-97 (a military version of the Stratocruiser and considerably more powerful) which he bought for $30,000. Eight months and several million dollars later, he had transformed it into a gigantic plane which he called the "Super Guppy." Its fuselage is wider and higher by far than any airplane flying today. Its tail is as tall as a four-story building. The highest point of its fuselage is twice

that of our largest commercial jet liners.

The Aero Spacelines guppy fleet now includes a third airplane, the "Mini Guppy." It is slightly smaller in diameter than the Pregnant Guppy, but it is longer. Built in five months, Conroy flew it across the Atlantic to the Paris Air Show. The trip was made with less than 20 hours of previous flying time on the airplane.

Conroy predicted that the existence of his fleet of supercargo planes would influence manufacturing processes. It did. Aircraft and heavy-tool manufacturers have wrestled for years with the logistics of moving heavy assembled items, and their products are growing in size, weight and complexity. Conroy's fleet provided a ready-made solution to this problem. He set out to sell his airline's service to haul oil-drilling equipment to Alaska and Iran and assembled aircraft fuselages and wing sections, helicopters, heavy tools and computers. Then he began negotiating to establish a European auto-air ferry. Soon, European aircraft and rocket manufacturers were knocking on his door, with requests that he haul assembled components from factory to assembly site and to launch sites in French Guiana and Australia.

Conroy was happy to oblige. With his airline grossing around $4 million a year, and the business outlook good, he carefully avoided direct competition with other cargo lines. He insisted that "when something is too big or too heavy for them, we'll haul it; otherwise, it belongs to them."

The arrangement has been a fortunate one. There has been an increasing amount of heavy cargo, far too large to be loaded into any existing or planned conventional airplane, including the monstrous C-5A now being completed by Lockheed.

Suddenly, when business was at its best, Conroy proved to be still unpredictable. He resigned as president of the company, sold all his stock for, in his words, "well over a million bucks," bought a third-hand DC-3, loaded his family aboard and set out for an extended and long overdue vacation in Bermuda.

When he returned, he had lost none of his enthusiasm and drive. Since then, he has built a successful aerobatic airplane, with plans for more, and he has developed a new concept in seaplane flotation gear which he feels has great promise. With his past record of performance, no one argues with him.

He has an impressive record and an energetic drive that leaves competitors out of breath in the stretch.

Most men reach for a cup of coffee when they get up in the morning. Not Conroy. He grabs a telephone and gets to work. He eats breakfast in the dining alcove of his comfortable ranch home in the Santa Barbara foothills overlooking the airport. A shortwave radio tuned to the airport tower frequency keeps him in touch with operations there.

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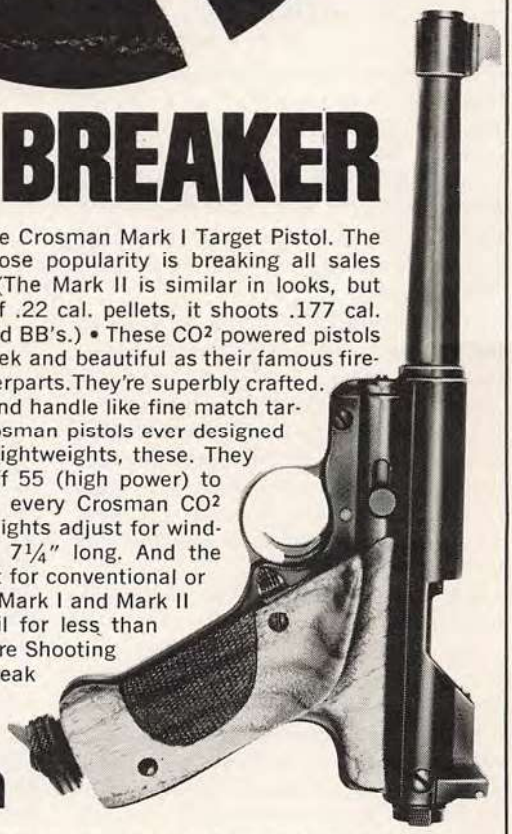

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He works now in his home, loaded with papers, aviation magazines and framed citations. He proudly points out the Citation of Honor from the Air Force Association for setting a speed record in 1955: he flew an Air National Guard F-86 from Van Nuys to New York and back in 11 hours, 26 minutes and 33 seconds. The International Aero Classic Award was given to him for setting a new speed record for commercial aircraft, again across country and return, this time in a Lear Jet exactly 10 years after his first record flight. The Mayor of Paris just last year presented him with the Medal of the City of Paris for being the American who has made the greatest contribution to advancements in aerospace.

Prominently displayed on the wall is a large photograph of Conroy standing before the Pregnant Guppy with Dr. Wernher von Braun, the space scientist. It bears the inscription, "To Jack Conroy, my fabulous friend who made the guppies pregnant."

Conroy likes to tell his friends that he is getting out of the aircraft business to spend his time fishing. But no one who knows him believes it. He is too much a part of the growing aviation business. ■

in this corner

"I'M AGAINST GUN LAWS—BUT I'M SPONSORING ONE"

BY CONGRESSMAN JOHN D. DINGELL

The time is any weekend next fall. Joe Nimrod is about to take off on a hunting trip. Joe, who lives in Connecticut and works in New York City, plans to pack his deer rifle and the rest of his duffel Wednesday night, drive into the city the next morning, and spend Thursday and Friday tidying up at the office for a start early Saturday.

That morning he'll zip into New Jersey and pick up his old friend, Sam Windage. They'll put Sam's 'scoped .270 into the trunk of the car and light out for Philadelphia, where George Beavertail is impatiently waiting. By Sunday night they expect to be snugged down in a camp somewhere in western Pennsylvania, waiting for the first light of the opening day of the deer season.

But Joe and his buddies may never make it.

Before Joe leaves New York City he'll be liable to arrest for having violated the city law that says a nonresident may not keep an unregistered shotgun or rifle in town for more than 48 hours. Even if Joe is lucky enough to get to the far end of the Lincoln Tunnel, he's still in trouble, for there he could run afoul of New Jersey's new gun law. If Joe and Sam manage to get safely out of New Jersey with their rifles, heaven help them when they pull into Philadelphia, where it is an offense to transport an unregistered firearm within the city.

Unfortunately, the sad saga of Joe and his pals is not an impossibly fanciful tale. Each of the jurisdictions they plan to pass through has put gun laws on the books that will make their trip illegal.

REP. JOHN D. DINGELL (DEM.) OF DEARBORN, MICHIGAN, WAS FIRST ELECTED TO CONGRESS IN 1955, SUCCEEDING HIS LATE FATHER. HE IS A WORLD WAR II VETERAN, A LAWYER AND FAMILY MAN, AND AN ARDENT HUNTER, OUTDOORSMAN AND CONSERVATIONIST.

These are three legitimate sportsmen, remember, bent on hunting lawfully in a state where such pursuits are not only permitted but encouraged. Their license fees and the 11-percent excise taxes they pay on rifles and ammunition help pay for the conservation that benefits all outdoorsmen, hunters and nonhunters alike. Yet the antigun crusaders have succeeded in making it impossible for them to take their long-planned hunting trip without breaking the law.

There are more than 20,000 firearms laws—local, state and federal—in force in the United States today. Some are necessary. Many seem harsh, and may be steps toward eventually prohibiting all firearms. There is a good chance that still more federal legislation will be enacted by the present session of Congress. The danger is that the law adopted will echo the attitudes already embraced by Philadelphia, New York City and the State of New Jersey.

For this reason—although I'm sincerely opposed to any new gun law—I'm cosponsoring new federal firearms legislation in Congress. My bill, a duplicate of the one offered in the Senate by Sen. Roman L. Hruska of Nebraska, is one I believe hunters and gun buffs can live with. The alternative is the measure introduced in various forms for the last five years by Sen. Thomas Dodd of Connecticut which is the far-ranging gun-control legislation President Johnson is supporting.

Let's take a look at what the Dodd bill claims to do. It is aimed at keeping firearms out of the hands of criminals, junkies and kids, a desirable objective. It would accomplish this by prohibiting mail-order retail sales of firearms of every description. It would also forbid interstate shipment of firearms except to dealers licensed by the Treasury Department.

But what else may the Dodd bill do? Unfortunately no one can tell precisely what effect a new law will have until it is on the books, enforcement procedures have been set up, and it has been tested in the courts. But there are enough sleepers in the Dodd bill to make many sportsmen, myself included, believe it will add up to nothing less than creeping prohibition of all sporting firearms.

How about the bill introduced by Senator Hruska and myself? What will it do if Congress adopts it?

The Hruska bill would restrict the interstate mail-order sale of handguns to persons over 21 who supply documentation of their eligibility, but it would not interfere with the sale of rifles and shotguns to qualified individuals through the mail, where such sale does not violate local laws. The Hruska bill also beefs up existing federal statutes designed to prevent the sale of dangerous weapons to known criminals.

Most important, the Hruska bill would spell out the right of American sportsmen to keep firearms for legal purposes without undue bureaucratic harassment. Its adoption would put an end to the campaign for national firearms prohibition.

As a second-generation member of Congress, and perhaps a sixth- or seventh-generation hunter, I have a twofold interest in gun-control legislation. Guns—like automobiles, knives and blunt instruments—are obviously a factor in certain kinds of crime. But how great a factor? Even if total prohibition of all firearms were possible, would crime be significantly reduced?

Bales of statistics have been circulated in an effort to prove that guns are (or are not) a major cause of crime in America. But until recently there has been very little objective evidence to support either case.

What are the facts?

It has lately been shown that the trend of the homicide rate in the United States for the last half a century has been downward. According to Alan S. Krug, an economist and statistician now employed by the National Shooting Sports Foundation, the extent of firearms ownership in the United States has increased steadily since 1910, while the rate of homicide by gun has steadily diminished. I am aware that the National Shooting Sports Foundation is supported by the sporting-arms industry. But Krug's conclusions were largely drawn from studies based on data collected by the FBI.

The view presented by Krug is a long-term one. Preliminary 1967 crime figures published by the FBI indicate that guns are used in 34 percent of all robberies, and that serious assaults by gun rose 22 percent. But Krug's studies seem to prove that firearms are a relatively small factor in the total crime picture in the U.S.

The FBI's Uniform Crime Reports for 1966, for example, listed 3.2 million serious crimes, of which only about 3.4 percent involved the use of firearms.

[*Continued on page* 18]

MILLER BREWING CO., MILWAUKEE

[*Continued from page* 16]
This tiny percentage included all kinds of firearms.

Although figures are not available to break down firearms used in crime as to type, it is possible to make some pretty good estimates. Testimony before Dodd's juvenile-deliquency subcommittee, for instance, showed that in Detroit 95 percent of all robberies involving firearms were committed with handguns. FBI and New York City Police Department reports show that rifles and shotguns are used in fewer than 2.3 percent of robberies with a gun in New York.

What these figures boil down to is that if all firearms could be abolished overnight, and if ingenious hoodlums could be prevented from producing substitute weapons, the impact on the crime problem in the United States would still be insignificant.

Many of my colleagues believe the Federal Firearms Act of 1938, as well as the National Firearms Act of 1934, already give ample authority to prohibit interstate shipment of so-called "gangster" weapons, mail-order sale of firearms when such sales violate local laws, and interstate shipment of firearms to anyone ever convicted of a crime punishable by imprisonment for a term exceeding one year. These senators and congressmen insist that no new law is necessary—*if only existing firearms statutes are enforced.*

A lot may be said for this point of view. There was, for example, a 30-year gap, between passage of the Federal Firearms Act and the *first* indictment brought under its section forbidding mail-order sales of firearms in violation of local laws. Although backers of the Dodd bill make much of its provisions to keep firearms out of the hands of known criminals, federal law already makes supplying such weapons a crime subject to a fine of $2,000 or five years in prison, or both. But this section of the Federal Firearms Act is notable chiefly for lax enforcement.

Most people didn't even know of the existence of this law until last summer when H. Rap Brown, leader of the Student Non-Violent Coordinating Committee, was arrested and charged with carrying a carbine from Louisiana to New York while under a Maryland indictment on a charge of inciting to riot.

If the law can be applied to Rap Brown, why can't it be applied equally to a host of other individuals who clearly should not be accorded the privilege of owning or using firearms? Why adopt broad new legislation, which inevitably will hurt honest sportsmen, when existing laws aren't enforced?

What, then, is really behind the emotional and often misleading arguments of the gun prohibitionists? The patchwork of bad-to-horrible local laws gives a clue, but the real answer is to be found in the strange legislative history of Senator Dodd's bill.

Like Topsy, the Dodd bill just growed. And it growed and growed until today it bears little kinship to its original self. As it stands, the bill is foursquare for the proposition that firearms are inherently wicked. Senator Dodd himself is on record as hoping someday to see all guns done away with entirely. His current bill takes a long step toward that goal.

It was not always so. Five years ago Senator Dodd introduced a bill aimed at regulating the interstate shipment of concealable firearms. Most sportsmen's groups supported it. Gratified at its widespread support, he amended the bill to include rifles and shotguns. By March, 1965, the bill had been so amended that, in the belief of Sen. Gordon Allott of Colorado (himself a supporter of an earlier version), it had become frankly an anti-gun measure.

"I believe that the basic philosophy expressed in S. 1592 (the Dodd bill) is that guns are somehow bad per se and must be heavily regulated," Allott said. "With this philosophy I cannot agree. The word 'guns' is not a four-letter Anglo-Saxon word with dirty connotations."

The Dodd bill, changed with dizzying frequency, has led some of the senator's critics to suspect he is exploiting a durable issue at the expense of passing constructive legislation.

The Dodd bill justifies the disquiet that is felt about it among gun hobbyists. In its Section 93 (b), for example, it says the Secretary of the Treasury or his agent "may" issue licenses to dealers, manufacturers or importers of guns if he is satisfied that all the requirements have been met. A joker like this means the Treasury may—*or may not*—issue the license, as it pleases. The clause should read "the Secretary *shall*" issue the license, and it should carefully spell out the limits of administrative red tape the dealer and the individual to whom he sells may be subjected.

This specification is much more than a meaningless technicality. All laws ultimately wind up in the courts, where judges decide what Congress really meant when it passed them. That's why what the lawyers call "legislative intent" is so important. The most important speech about any pending bill is the statement of legislative intent made at the start of debate, for it has a lot to do with how the law will be interpreted.

In the Dodd bill the intent is spelled out clearly. As Senator Allott said, the bill insists that firearms are inherently evil and are a root cause of "lawlessness and violent crime." Any law starting off with that sort of introduction, and ending up by granting almost unlimited power to the people who will enforce it, can add up to only one thing: A calculated attempt to make it as difficult as possible for sportsmen to buy guns and ammunition.

Federal gun-control legislation is coming, and legitimate gun buffs would do well to recognize the fact. Already during the current session of Congress the Senate has voted 72-23 to hang a gun-control amendment on the Civil Rights bill. *Reasonable gun control* is in the public interest, and it is my guess that few legitimate shooters would try to block it once the facts are known.

The one certainty that has emerged in all the clamor is this: We're going to get a new federal gun-control law, and if it is not reasonable, then it follows that it will be unreasonable. It seems to me that it is no more than enlightened self-interest on the part of sportsmen to support a reasonable bill. ■

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it's a man's world

A monthly commentary by TRUE's editors to keep you entertained and informed—and to keep the little woman firmly in her place

SKIRTING THE ISSUE

Men have been complaining for years about the way women blindly follow the lead of fashion designers' annual, arbitrary changes, which always hit us in the wallet. Finally, someone on the distaff side agrees. We herewith nominate Dona Kaminsky for Girl of the Year. Mrs. Kaminsky has brains, guts and nifty legs, which is probably why she is a militant mini-skirter. She's the head of a growing group called *Down With Dirndls,* which is protesting midi (mid-calf-length) and maxi (floor-length) skirts and dresses. The co-ed movement has written, petitioned and threatened to picket stores. One of their slogans is "Midis are Monstrous." We agree. In this mini-war, there can be no de-escalation.

FUTURE FACSIMILES

Is rigor mortis the end? Not necessarily. Not if an exact replica of ourselves can be rebred to start all over again after the old original self wears out. A new body, an exact likeness, *us* in every respect, reproduced generation after generation. In our own case, we can think of nothing of greater good for society. We have it on the authority of Dr. Joshua Lederberg of Stanford University that this sort of personal immortality is quite conceivable. Doctor Lederberg won a Nobel Prize in genetics and ought to know his stuff. Here's how he says it might be done: Remove the nucleus from a fertilized human egg; insert the nucleus from one of our own body cells. The egg would then have genetic orders to create the self-same baby we once were, the same latent package of genius, irascibility and tendency to hair loss. The instructed egg would be implanted for development in a mother who wished to deliver a superior product. Several exact duplicates of ourselves could be running around at the same time. Would there be enough of the girl we married for all those other selves? Well, a man must take some risks. The egg-nucleus transfer technique has already produced genetically identical frogs. Drop the frogs, doctor, and get on with human beings. Time is running out.

SPEAKING TRUE

TRUE, The Man's Magazine, can be heard as well as read. It is one of a permanent list of 19 magazines recorded in "talking books" by the American Foundation for the Blind. Contents are read by a trained speaker into a microphone and pressed on 10-inch 16⅔ rpm. disks These go every month to 34 regional distributing libraries serving the visually impaired and physically handicapped. Everything in the magazine is recorded except ads and letters to the editor.

WAITRESS WILES

Next time a cocktail waitress plunks the change from your tab on the table and immediately pulls out the table so you can get up, don't think she's dripping with courtesy. She wants you to get out of there so fast that you won't have the guts to pick up any of the change. It's a trick of the trade taught by Mrs. Ida Meegan who runs a school for waitresses in Los Angeles. How you deal with this and other tactics is up to you, but a man should be forewarned. For instance, if you want really superb service, get known as a stiff who leaves tiny tips or none at all. The waitress, if she's one of Ida's grads, will be superattentive. This is supposed to shame the hide off you, but it doesn't have to. What if your girl slyly slips the waitress's tip into her own garter bank? A trained waitress will call the theft to your attention and you give humiliated redress. What happens on the way home is no concern of the waitress. As for drunks, women tipplers are hard to handle—they pull hair and fight foul. But a male drunk will hardly ever sock a strange waitress in a public place.

SEX ALSO RAN

An alleged shift in young libidos that plunges us into melancholy has been detected by Dr. Sylvia Herz, a New Jersey sociologist. She found in college-campus interviews that "students expressed a certain boredom with sex while drugs are synonymous with excitement, curiosity, forbidden adventure. The use of drugs has become so prominent that it has relegated sex to second place." If Doctor Herz is right about sex going to pot—we have some reservations—what does recourse to ecstatic pharmacology portend? It portends a depopulated nation going on trips, that's what, and you can count us against it.

THE SWEET LIFE

You wouldn't think candy could be a source of controversy except with dentists, but in today's world anything is possible. When a movie called *Candy* started shooting, the National Confectioners Assn. sent the producers some promotional material. Only afterward did they realize that the film was based on the best dirty book of 1958, detailing a nymphette's sexual misadventures with a cross section of lunatic males. This, of course, gave a whole new meaning to their promotional booklets titled "How to Relieve Tension with a Candy Break" and "How to Lose Weight and Stay Happy Enjoying Candy," and the NCA hurriedly backed off. But the producers will spread around a variety of confections to push the picture, which is giving the NCA a tummy ache. Ewa Aulin, the Swedish girl who plays the title role, was, appropriately, very sweet

(Continued on page 22)

the thirst slaker

Falstaff—brewed clear to drink fresh.
The one that wets down a thirst
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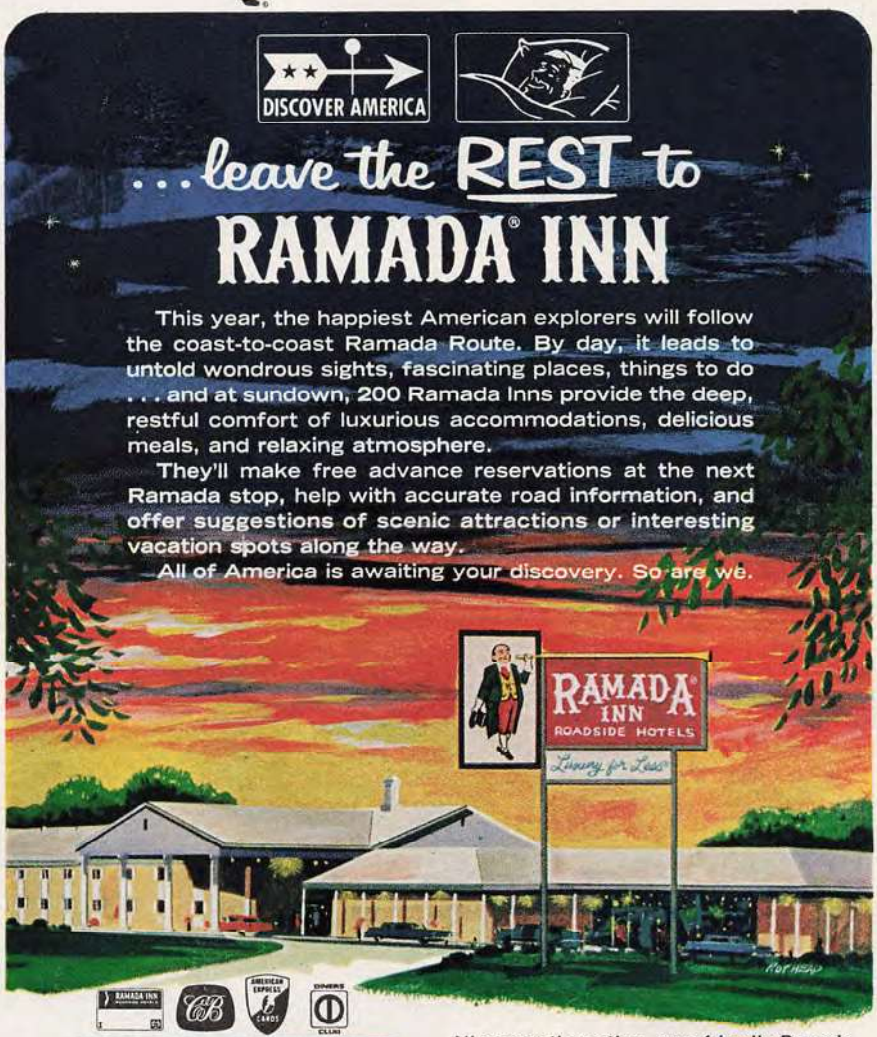
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it's a
man's world

(Continued from page 20)

about the whole thing. She nibbled a nougat, smiled, and suggested the NCA take a *Candy* Break.

DANGERS OF DIALOGUE

A great impediment to conversation between the sexes is the female capacity for taking umbrage at some innocent remark and imputing to it derogatory meanings that were farthest from a man's mind. Most men have discovered that neither retreat nor explanation stems the flow of indignation or prevents discourse from being dragged into weird byways totally unrelated to the subject. We know of no cure, but Peter De Vries has described the situation masterfully in his book *The Vale of Laughter:* "Women are of course notorious for taking everything personally, but there is usually some clue as to what offends them, so that one can decide what to reply, or whether to, since one's rejoinder may be something to which further exception is taken, and so on. Then the whole thing becomes hopelessly self-perpetuating, like sneezing into a handkerchief to which one is allergic."

DEPT. OF ODD INFORMATION

A thinking Englishman named Stan Kipling was given a choice by his bride-to-be of keeping either her or a three-foot-high model locomotive in the bedroom. He chose the locomotive.

Two-foot high apple trees about the size of tomato plants are being developed at the Agricultural Research Center in Beltsville, Maryland. It's hoped that they can be harvested by machine.

Delegates to the United Nations sat through 46 days of oratory last year—1,097½ hours, to be exact.

Physicians and clergymen are considered to be bad risks for auto insurance because they "appear to drive while preoccupied with problems."

A Miami woman whose bust line was reduced from 42 to 38 inches by plastic surgery sued for $13,000 on grounds that the alteration caused her to "lose her fiance."

A Mercedes Benz repair shop in London is called a "diagnostic and therapeutic center for cars."—THE EDITORS

New wardrobe takes trips lying down.

Starcraft camping trailers are outselling many old-time camper makers after just four years. Reason: better value. The Starmaster 6, for instance, has a specially designed wardrobe that lies down when you travel. No need to unpack or repack.

Professionally decorated interiors are richly paneled, instead of exposed metal construction. Washable, cushioned vinyl floor covering goes from wall to wall for easy cleaning.

Sidewalls are four layered, not plain metal. Strong. Insulated. Quiet.

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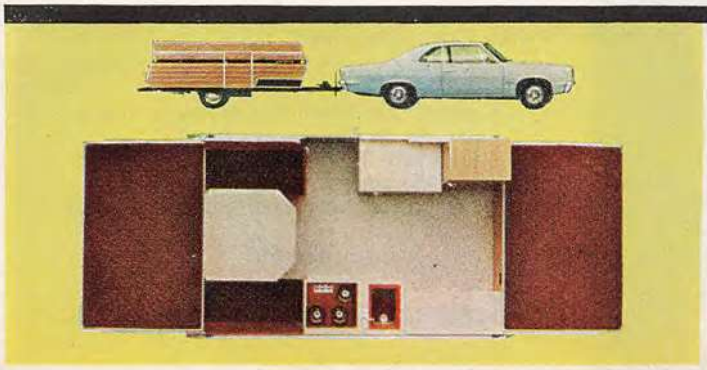

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For a plain and simple reason. It tastes good.

Every single drink. Out of every single bottle. The quality never changes.

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THE CASE AGAINST CONGRESS

You couldn't get away with it... but your congressman can

CORRUPTION ON CAPITOL HILL IS EXPOSED IN DETAIL IN A MAJOR EXCERPT FROM A NEW BOOK BY WASHINGTON'S HARDEST-HITTING COLUMNISTS DREW PEARSON AND JACK ANDERSON

The integrity of Congress was enunciated in its earliest days by Thomas Jefferson, who returned a gift to a Baltimore merchant and wrote: "It is a law, sacred to me while in public character, to receive nothing which bears a pecuniary value. This is necessary to the confidence of my country, it is necessary as an example for its benefit, and necessary to the tranquility of my own mind." Jefferson's words were read, admired and quickly forgotten.

From the earliest days of the Republic, the votes of congressmen have been bought by lobbyists, compromised by women and traded for large and small favors. Over the years the words of Jefferson have been ignored, and in their place the ideas of former Senator John Bricker have been practiced. When his conduct was once questioned, Bricker responded, "Everyone knows I am honest."

Everyone does not know. Indeed no one can be sure of the honesty of the senators and representatives who sit in Congress today.

Abuses of power—the transgressions of morality and the law—are commonplace in Congress today. The members of Congress are painfully aware of the outrages that occur under the Capitol Dome. Yet like other self-regulating groups, Con-

Excerpted from *The Case Against Congress*, to be published in June by Simon & Schuster, Inc. Copyright © 1968 by Drew Pearson and Jack Anderson.

gress haughtily pretends all is well. One of the touchiest areas of all is the matter of conflicts of interest.

Lawyers in Congress

■ Members of Congress are expected, in return for their government pay, to serve the public interest. Behind the backs of the voters, however, many legislators do their most effective work for the powerful private interests—the oil and gas industries, business and banking combines, mining and timber operators, insurance and real-estate companies, carriers and utilities, and others with axes to grind and favors to seek.

Their influence cuts across sectional boundaries and party lines; they have established, in effect, an invisible supergovernment that shapes national policies to gratify the moneyed interests. Their friends in Congress have carved loopholes in the tax laws, squeezed subsidies out of the taxpayers, thrown open public lands for private exploitation, handed out government patents to commercial companies. The statute books are fairly loaded with special-interest legislation. The senators and representatives who serve this spectral government are

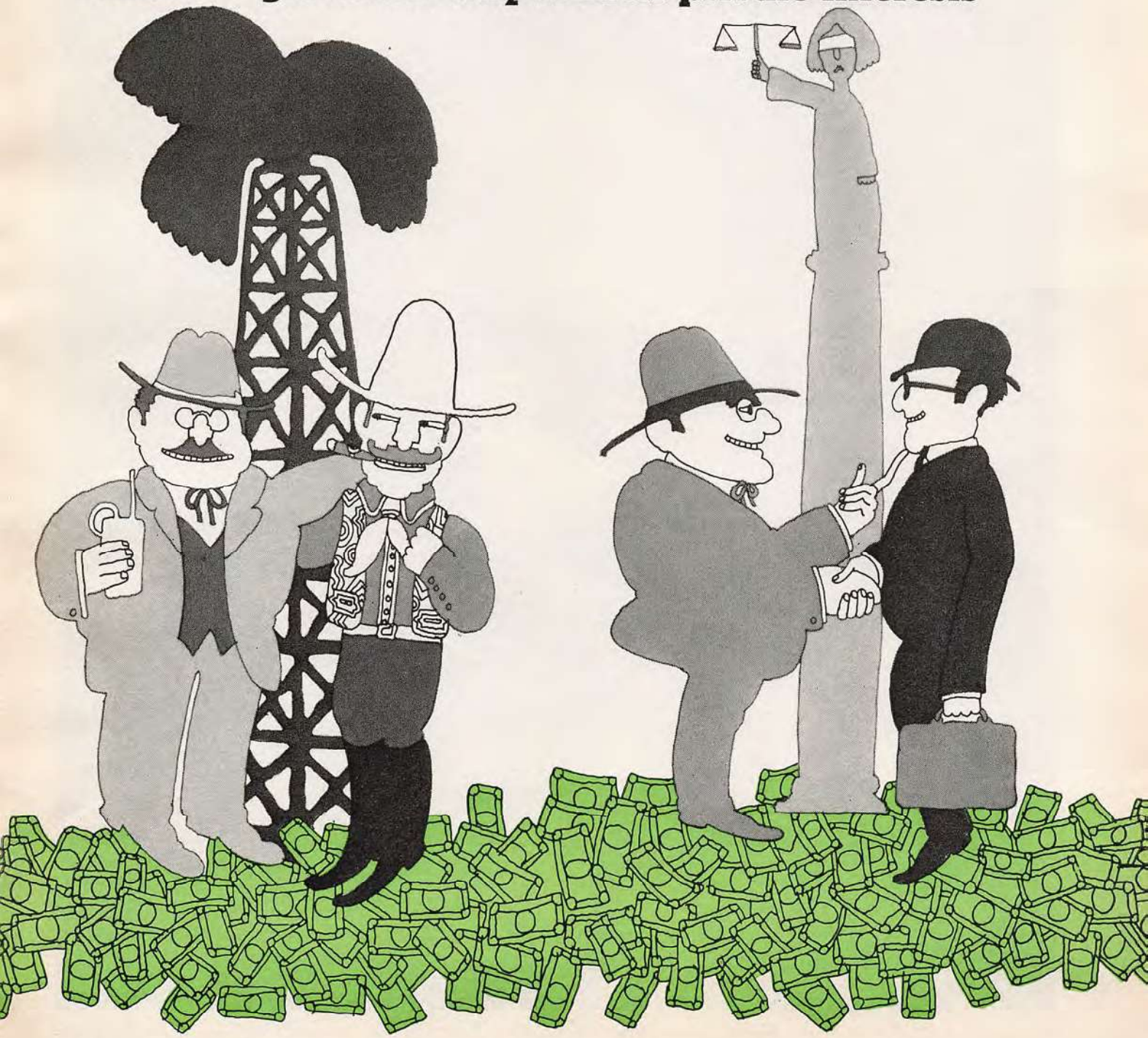
Not enough congressmen will allow the nation's

paid off in campaign contributions, business opportunities, investment tips and other hidden offerings. One of the most convenient means, because of the large population of lawyers on Capitol Hill, is the legal fee. The back door to many a congressman's office can be reached through his law practice.

Of the 535 members of Congress, more than 300 are attorneys. Few have bothered to take down their shingles. Some carry on active law practices; others are merely keeping the door ajar so they can beat a safe retreat back to their law firms in case the voters should turn them out of office. A minority never actively practiced law before coming to Congress but now draw income from flourishing legal businesses.

Many attorneys run for public office as a form of "ethical advertising" to help build up a practice. Others consider Congress a temporary wateringhole and therefore feel no great ethical pull to abstain from collecting new clients or servicing old ones. Almost all have attracted clients because of their Congressional prestige. In answer to criticism, they piously contend that they keep clear of clients pressing claims against the government or seeking favors from federal agencies. Some legislator lawyers have gone through [*Continued on page* 93]

needs to get in the way of their private interests



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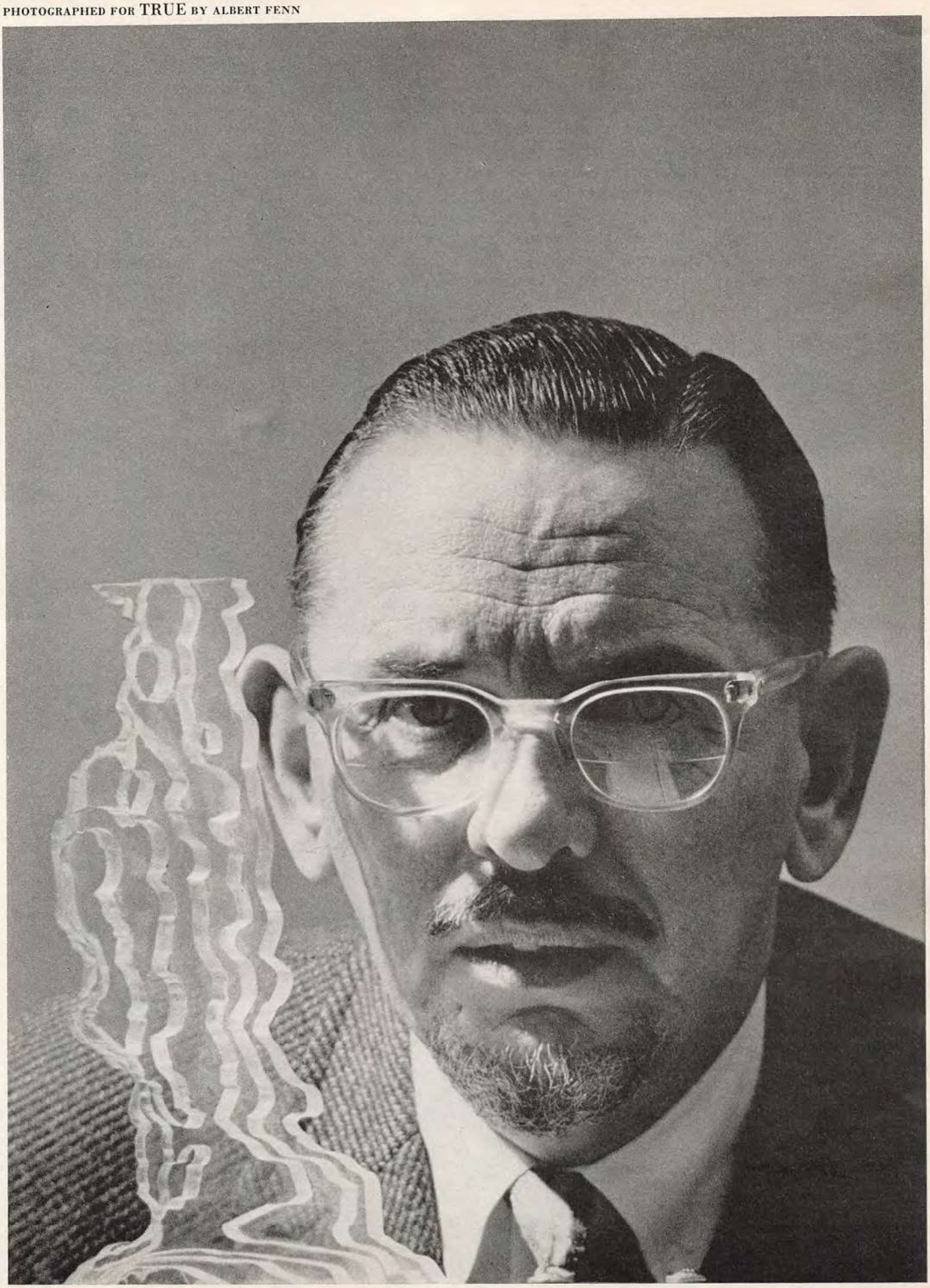


Dr. Lawrence G. Kersta's technique for representing the voice as a pattern can be symbolized in plastic sculpture.

BY NORMAN CARLISLE

HE CAN SEE WHAT YOU CAN HEAR...

An obscene phone call? An ailing heart? This man can look at the "fingerprint" made by any sound

■ The brief war raging in the Middle East early last summer took a strange turn when Israeli Col. Moshe Pearlman called in newspapermen. He wanted them to listen to the tape of an astounding radio-telephone conversation Israeli monitors had picked up on the morning of June 6. It was, he said, a highly secret discussion between Gamal Abdel Nasser, president of the United Arab Republic, and King Hussein of Jordan. Israeli electronics experts had succeeded in unscrambling the talk as recorded so it could be played back understandably in the original Arabic.

The reporters who knew the language listened with astonishment to the voices. Their owners were planning a scheme to blame the United States and England for the pasting the Arabs were taking from the air. After some preliminary words, the dialogue went like this:

NASSER: *Will we say the United States and England—or just the United States?*

HUSSEIN: *The United States and England. . . .*

NASSER: *By God, I say that I will make an announcement, and you will make an announcement, and we will see to it that the Syrians make an announcement that American and British airplanes are taking part against us from aircraft carriers. . . .*

HUSSEIN: *Good. All right.*

Outraged Arab denials that the conversation ever took place poured in as soon as the news broke—although the Arab countries had cut their diplomatic relations with the United States and Great Britain the same day on the grounds the two nations had aided the air attack.

Neutral skeptics expressed their own doubts of the authenticity of the tape. It wouldn't be difficult to fake such a conversation—skilled mimics could imitate the voices of the Arab rulers. What was being revealed—Arab plot or Israeli hoax?

There was only one man in the world who could supply the answer: a 59-year-old American scientist, Dr. Lawrence G. Kersta.

Doctor Kersta had recently perfected the technique of using sound spectrograms—electronic "pictures" of the spoken word—to identify human voices. His "voiceprints," recorded on paper, were proving that every human voice is different from every other. Just as fingerprints have their individual patterns, so do voices. When a child first learns to speak, he finds his unique way of using his vocal equipment, which includes not only vocal cords, but throat, mouth, nose, sinuses, lips, teeth, tongue, soft palate and jaw muscles. The way he combines all these factors makes even his simplest word come out with a combination of sound-wave frequencies unlike that in the same word spoken by anybody else. The human ear is incapable of detecting most of these differences, but Kersta's voiceprints unerringly ferret them out.

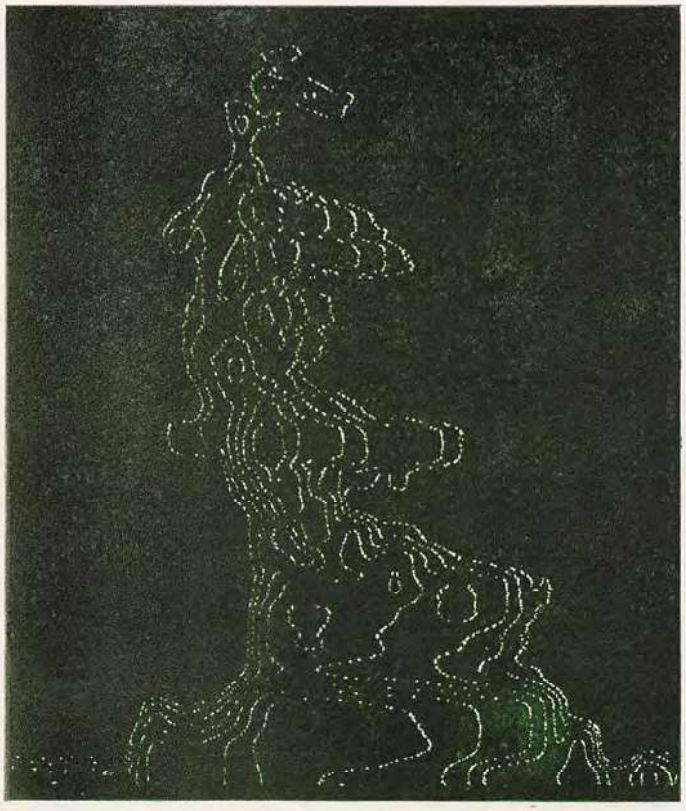
On the morning of June 8, two days after the alleged Arab discussion had taken place, Kersta folded his lanky six-foot-two-inch frame into his Jaguar and set off for his modest office above a furniture store in Somerville, New Jersey. Racing along the back roads, he listened almost idly to the radio news of the war in the Middle East. No thought crossed his mind that he would shortly be involved in that far-off conflict. Yet even as he was bounding up the stairs to the office, its telephone was ringing. The London *Daily Telegraph* was on the wire. Those voiceprints of Kersta's—could they be used to identify the voices on the disputed Israeli tapes?

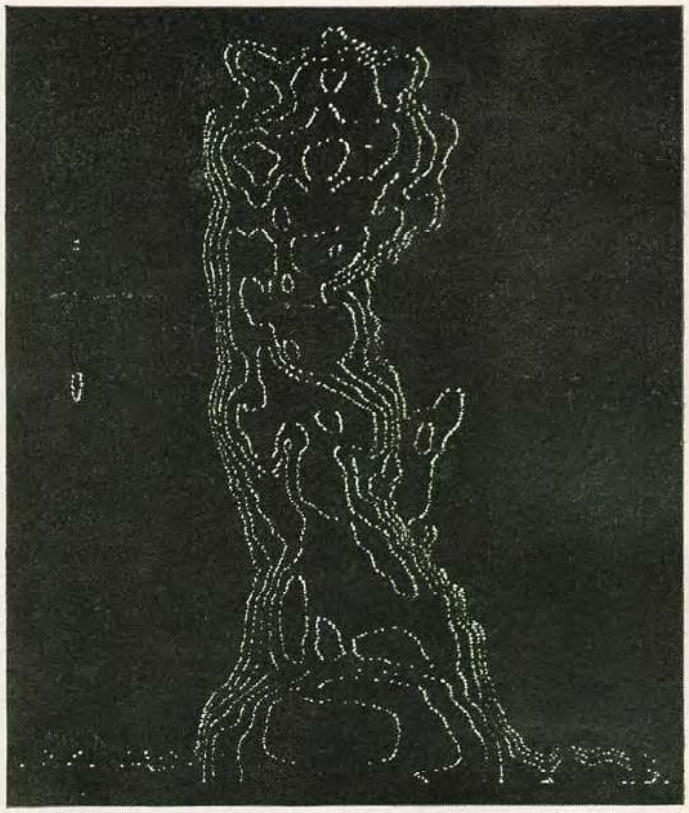
Kersta hesitated, thinking carefully. He'd made hundreds of tests, and never yet had found a mimic who could fool the sound spectrograph. The best voice imitators could often deceive the most expert listeners, but never the machine. The test print always came out showing the patterns of the imitator's voice, rather than those of the one he was imitating. There was only one possible complication.

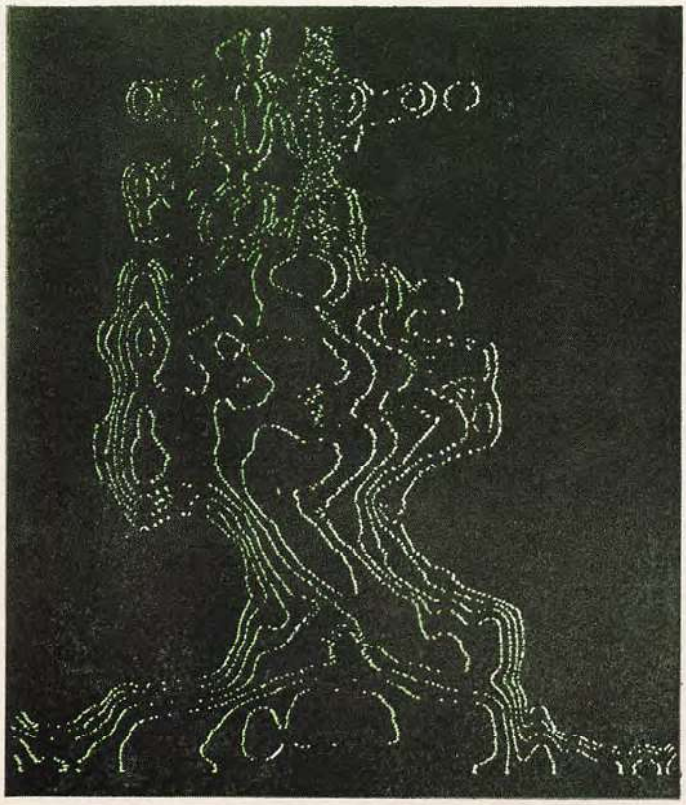
TURN PAGE

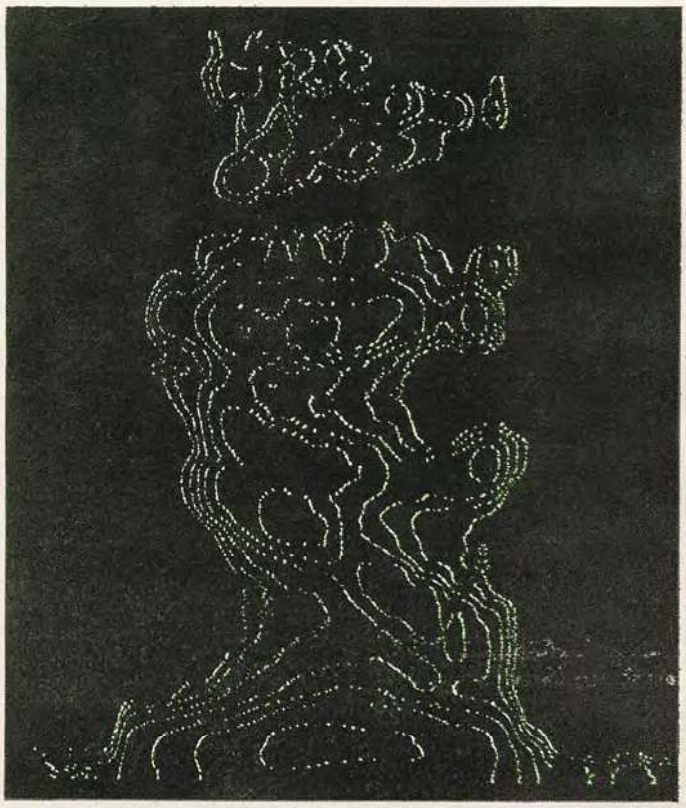
Your voice "looks" like this

When Doctor Kersta makes a voiceprint with his spectrograph, the result is a pattern similar to these. The prints shown are of three men and three women speaking the word "you." If, at some later date, a recording was made of one of these people uttering the same syllable anonymously,

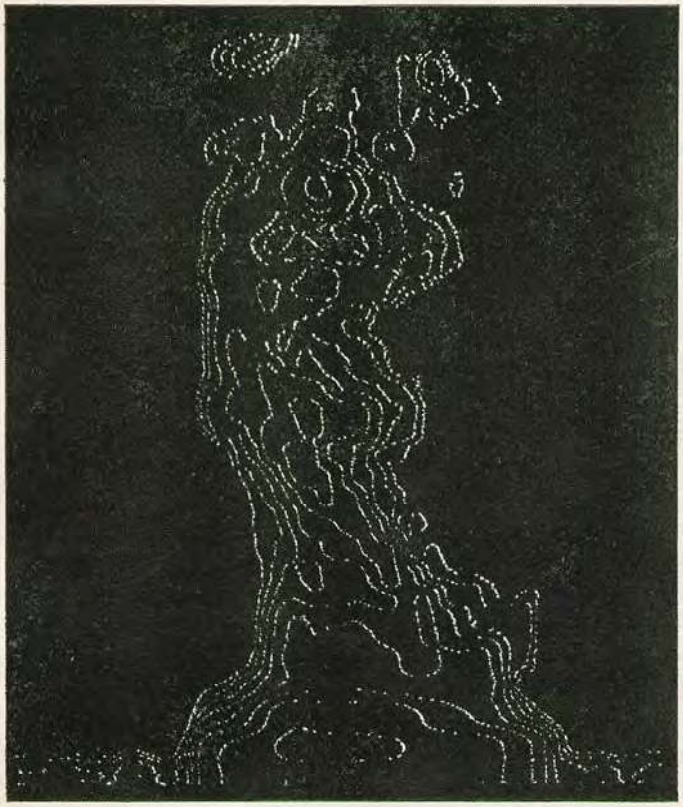


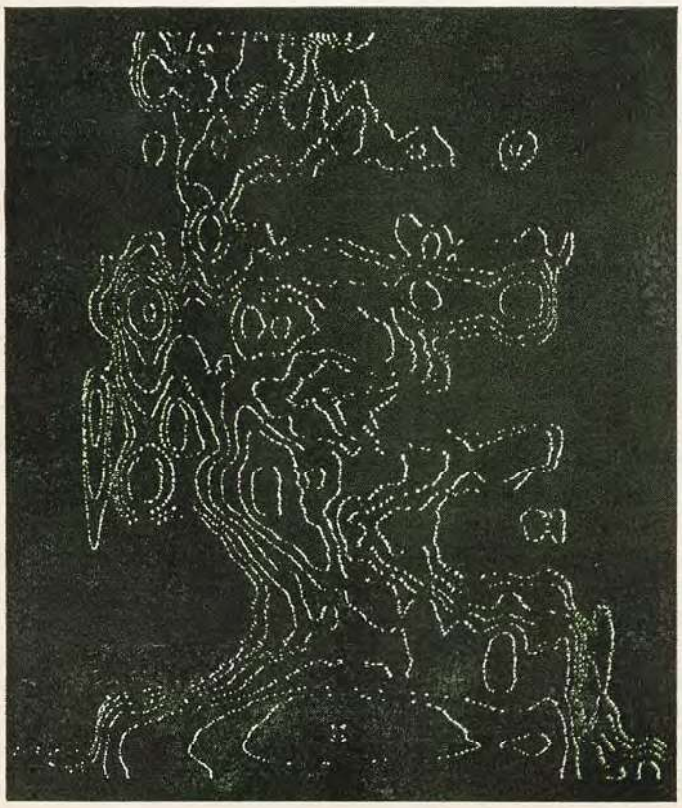






a voiceprint could be produced from it and matched with the original to identify the speaker. No one has yet been able to fool the voiceprint technique, either by disguising his voice or by imitating anothers. In the prints here, the patterns in the bottom row were made by men's voices.





[*Continued from page* 29]

"I'll try to identify them," he told the newspaper, "if it's all right with the U.S. State Department."

A call to Washington indicated that State would like it fine. The Department would even send up a language expert to kibitz on Kersta's efforts.

By noon of the same day, a replay of the tape, radioed to New York, was on Kersta's desk. Along with it was a CBS tape of a speech broadcast by Nasser two years earlier. Soon afterward, the State Department linguist appeared. Kersta first played both tapes, listening intently, a deep frown on his face.

"Of course, I didn't understand a word I was hearing," he says, "but I didn't need to."

He was listening for sounds, not meaningful words, just as he would with a tape in which he knew the language. Ordinarily, a voiceprint identification is based on the way people say 10 commonly used English words. These cue words are: *the, to, and, me, on, is, you, I, it* and *a*. To analyze the Arabic speeches, Kersta selected a group of 25 different sounds that he'd spotted as being commonly used in Arabic. Some, such as *ah, o* and *ee*, were familiar; others, like the Arabic *yeh*, did not have exact counterparts in English.

Having decided on the 25 sounds, Kersta proceeded to pick them out of the tapes, rerecording just these sounds, first from the "Nasser-Hussein plot" tape, then from the tape of the earlier speech definitely made by Nasser. (No good recording of Hussein's voice was available, but it could be safely surmised that if one voice was genuine, the other was, too.)

Now Kersta was ready to make the actual voiceprints. He started feeding the taped specimen sounds to a sound spectograph. The machine's operation is based on the fact that any sound a voice makes consists of hundreds of different vibrations—some slow, with only 100 cycles per second, others much faster, with up to 7,500 cycles per second.

The voiceprint machine "tunes in" on each frequency in a sound being analyzed, just as a radio listener might tune in on one station after another. In the voiceprinter, the tuning is done by a magnetic head which slides back and forth across a section of stationary tape, selecting a small band of frequencies with each passage. In analyzing a strip on which the spoken sounds took 2.4 seconds to utter, the magnetic head makes 400 passages, or "scans," in 80 seconds. As it tunes in on each rate of vibration, the head actuates a stylus which records the frequencies as a wavy line on electrically sensitive paper. On the voiceprint that emerges, the up and down movements represent frequencies, the degrees of darkness of the lines the loudness with which they're spoken—the louder the darker.

For hours, Kersta processed the tapes, until he had hundreds of voiceprints. Now he sat down to compare them. How did the sound "ie" (pronounced *eye*) uttered by the man who was certainly Nasser match up with the voiceprint of the alleged Nasser saying the same thing? [*Continued on page* 62]

the great Saigon sex swindle

The loneliness which is part of any war makes vice inevitable. But in clipping GI's, the Vietnamese have added new degrees of cynicism and corruption to the world's oldest profession

This article was written shortly before the Viet Cong's *Tet* offensive blacked out the country's key cities and put a severe crimp in their "social" life. But everyone knew that if and when the danger ended, business would resume just as before.

Report from Viet Nam
BY GOFFREDO PARISE

PHOTOGRAPHED BY RAY CRANBOURNE, ROBERT J. ELLISON AND JAMES PICKERELL

SAIGON

■ Prostitution in Saigon has its own special characteristics. The most obvious is xenophobia. Thirty-thousand girls work in the 1,429 bars in Saigon, Gia Dinh and Bien Hoa, but very few of them will spend the night with a foreigner. There are 14,000 brothels in Saigon, but most of the women, girls and children who work in them will refuse a customer who is not Vietnamese.

Another feature of prostitution in Saigon is that it has all the appearances of prostitution right up to the moment when the money is paid. Payment is always in advance, and as soon as it is made the woman almost always disappears. Prostitution is only one of the many cogs in the mechanism of the immense swindle that lies at the basis of the Saigon economy. The simplest and oldest law of economics—paying out money in order to receive something in return—does not apply in this city. This extraordinary situation, which can make you feel like a sleepwalker in a dream world, makes Saigon and South Viet Nam unique.

The Vietnamese women are among the most beautiful women in the world. To describe a Vietnamese woman one must picture the way she moves; she has the natural elegance, the litheness and the authority of a fox headed towards some prey. This prey is the United States.

Standing in front of me and leaning against one of the walls of a burning-hot shack built of wood and corrugated iron was a 13-year-old Vietnamese girl who had been a prostitute for more than a year. Like most Asiatic women she looked less than her age, and so seemed to be a child of 10 or 11. She was pretty; her dark and gleaming hair fell down to her hips; her eyes, which she kept lowered, expressed simultaneously fear, contempt, cunning and innocence. Since she was only a few inches away from me, I could smell the odor of her body; some of it came from the sandalwood incense which was spreading in slow-moving spirals from a cluster of burning joss sticks which were stuck in the ground, but mixed with it was a smell of milk, urine and talcum powder, like a newborn baby. She didn't want to sit down next to me and kept blushing and casting anxious glances at the people around us. Most of them were laughing and some of them, children three or four years old, kept pinching her and

B-girl reports for work in Saigon. She'll tempt GI's and they'll pay her well—but her favors are reserved for others.

Hustlers are everywhere, and the pimps as well as girls are all ages. If a GI manages to get some action for his money, that money is likely to be split a half-dozen ways, with the girl lucky to keep a third as her share.

pushing her toward me. Behind me were the procurer, the madame, the procurer's husband and my guide, an educated Vietnamese who was both a bohemian and a politician. The door and windows of the shack were closed to avoid the curiosity of the neighbors, but from outside came the confused voices of a small crowd which was shouting sniggering remarks in our direction.

I asked the young girl why she was afraid of me.

"Because you're an American," she replied.

"I'm not an American," I said, "I'm an Italian writer. I am doing a story on the effects of the war on your country." But my guide didn't bother to translate what I said, explaining to me that for the girls all foreigners were Americans.

"Then tell me why you're afraid of Americans."

"Because they're foreigners and they're so big."

"Do you think that foreigners who are small are very different from the Vietnamese?"

"Yes, very different."

"Why?"

"Because I don't know their language. I don't know what they're thinking, and they always want to steal something or do something bad."

I felt embarrassed to ask the next question, but my guide assured me that I could ask her anything.

"Have you ever been with a foreigner?"

"No."

"What's your price?"

The madame replied for her. "Five hundred piastres." (A piastre is worth about one cent.) My guide told me that the madame was lying and that the girl's usual price was one or 200 piastres. She had only said 500 piastres because the mere presence of a foreigner doubles the price. I pulled out 500 piastres and offered them to the girl. She wouldn't take them, and didn't even look at them. The madame intervened, "Her price is 500 piastres for a Vietnamese, but for you it's 2,000 piastres. That's the usual custom."

At that point the girl's chin began to tremble. She shook her head in refusal and was on the point of running away, but my guide detained her and tried to persuade her. Finally my guide told her that

Sex in the brothels is a public affair. Everything is in the open from the soliciting to the act itself

A *bar-girl signals the photographer where he can go—and for the calculating prostitute (r.) and on the brothel floor (below), the attitude toward GI's is much the same.*

Soldiers back from a battle zone find it difficult to reconcile the friendly, doll-like girls snuggling next to them over drinks with official warnings about the cunning, grasping, lying women in Saigon's bars.

I wouldn't do her any harm and that I'd give her 500 piastres just to talk to her in front of everybody. The girl replied that she wanted a thousand. I took out another 500 piastres and gave them to her.

"How old were you the first time?"

"Eleven."

My guide, who was her usual customer, told me that the girl's virginity had been sold to a Chinese for 15,000 piastres. Virginity is very often sold, its price varying according to the looks of the girl and the skill of the procurer.

"Who are the usual clients?"

"Old Chinese men. The rich old Chinese in Cholon believe that a girl's virginity renews their virility and makes them young again. It's a sort of elixir of youth."

The girl got up and moved like a cat towards the door. I tried to stop her, but she suddenly took fright and so I let her go.

We left the hut after paying out some more money that was demanded at the last moment. My guide laughed and said, "I'm sorry you weren't able to enjoy that sweet little Vietnamese flower."

Behind the apparent politeness of his words, in the tone of his voice and his false laugh, I could sense the same contempt that I had seen in the eyes of the young girl, and pride because she had refused me.

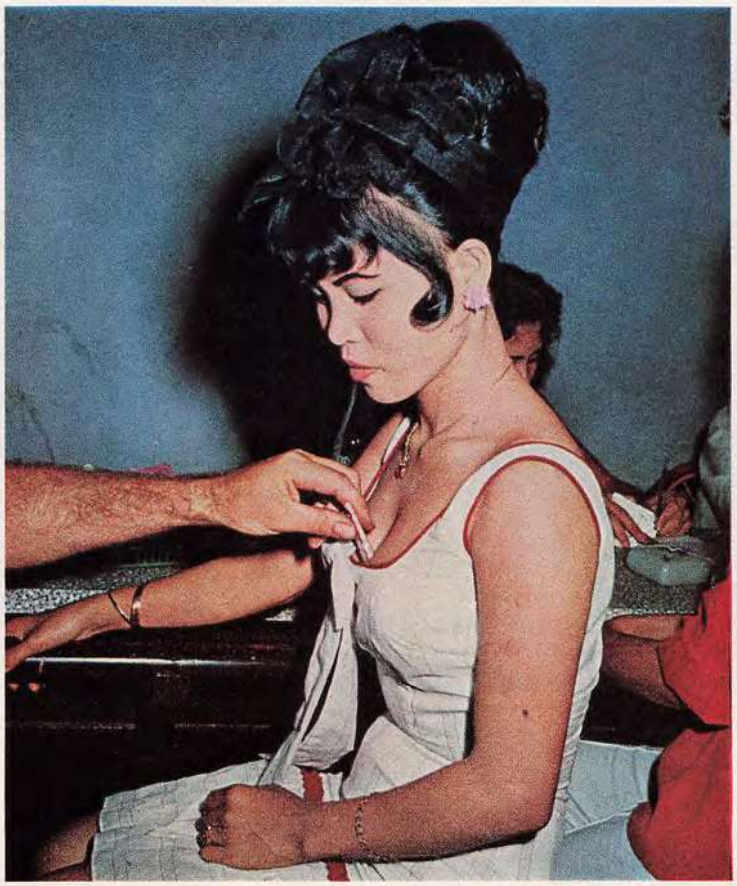
"You know perfectly well that I only wanted to talk with her," I retorted. "She's only a child."

THE LABYRINTH of huts seemed endless. A crowd of pimps stood aside to let us pass. I saw a lot of young girls like the one I'd just been talking to. They were parading up and down, laughing invitingly and saying in English, "Give me money. . . ."

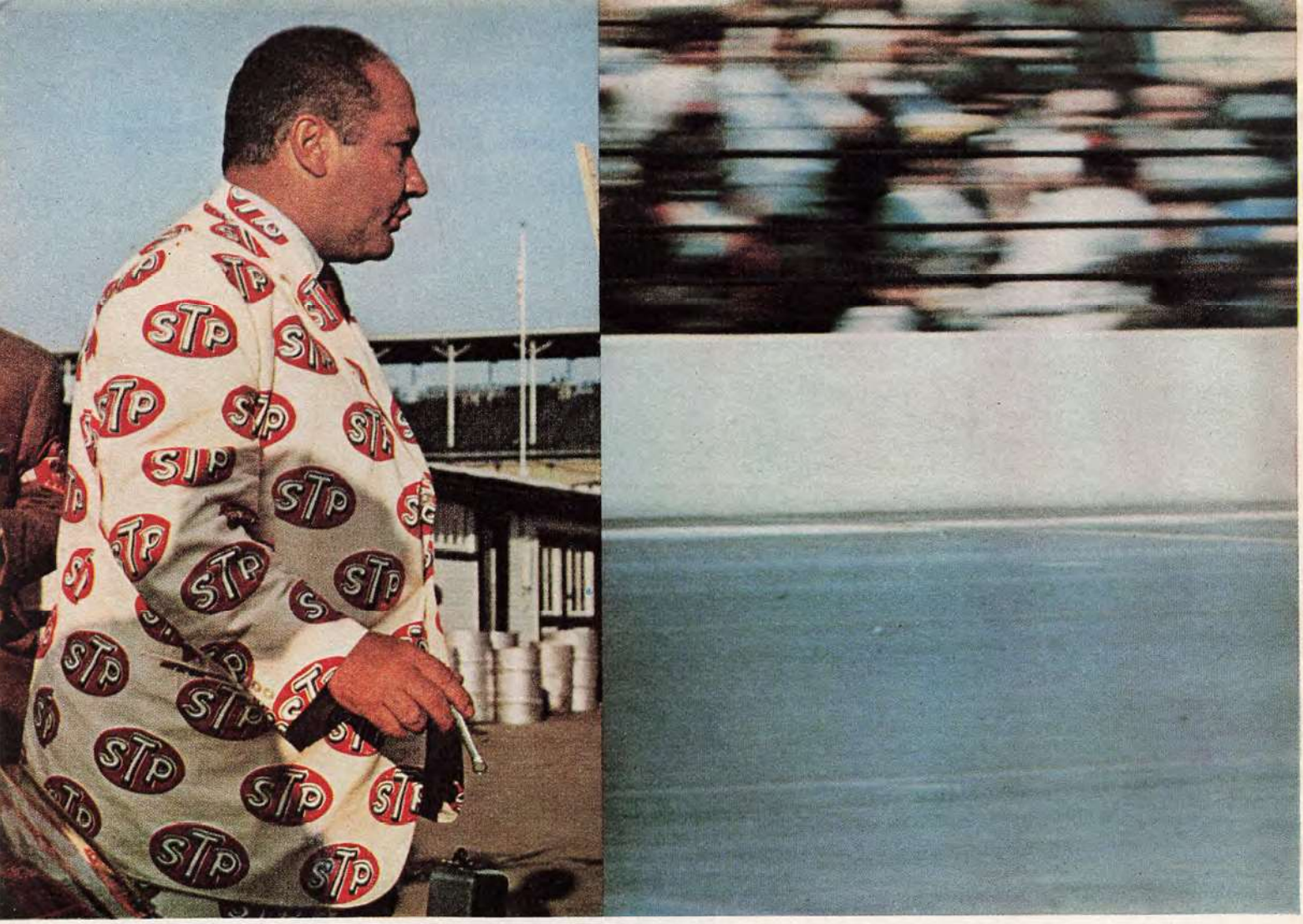
While we were driving across town I asked my guide if it was true that many of the girls and organizations paid high taxes to the Viet Cong.

"It's not a matter of their paying taxes to the Viet Cong," he replied. "They're members of the Viet Cong themselves. The place you just saw is in an area right on the edge of the countryside. A few hundred yards farther on the huts come to an end and there's a low forest of reeds that extends for miles and miles. It's all Viet Cong [*Continued on page* 74]

The bars offer temptation and disillusionment. Bedmates are found later in more squalid surroundings



Whores who prove available are the dregs of the city, operating in the dregs of the city. Asked what she'd prefer to do, one said, "I'd like to have a bar."



Wrench in hand, and wearing an STP suit of his own design, Andy Granatelli plays the role of clown prince at Indianapolis.

MR. TURBINE TRIES AGAIN

BY CHARLES N. BARNARD

■ It is almost a year now since Andy Granatelli sat stunned in the corner of his Gasoline Alley garage and tried, in a voice hollow with sadness, to explain to a crush of reporters what had happened to his race car. Only minutes before, the gas-turbine-powered car, with Parnelli Jones at the wheel, had been whooshing around the 2½-mile Indianapolis oval, seemingly on its way to an effortless and incredible triumph over the best piston engines in the world. Then $6 worth of ball bearing broke and it was all over. What had appeared to be the most invincible car in a half century of American track racing—the first gas turbine ever to run in American competition—coasted pathetically to a stop only three laps short of victory.

It was a bitter blow. While A. J. Foyt scurried home the winner and cheers for him rang out from Victory Lane, the Granatelli garage closed its doors, covered the windows and withdrew into the kind of mourning that an Italian family knows best. The Granatellis had lost again—Andy, Joe, Vince and the rest of their *cosa*. Indianapolis, it seemed, was always too much for them. They'd been trying to win this grandest prize in auto racing since 1946, but the gold and the glory had always eluded their reach. This time was the worst. This time, losing brought tears, anger. In the gloom of the cluttered garage, with the big scarlet-painted car sitting, still hot, in the middle of everything, someone looked up at the ceiling and, as if invoking the Man above, asked, "If we couldn't win it this time, what do we gotta do? What does it take to win this race?"

No joke, however, was Granatelli's nearly-victorious turbine car in 1967. It shattered tradition and shook the Establishment.

Andy Granatelli came within seven miles of winning last year's Indy 500 with his jet powered car. Now the big STP man is back for another try—with more jet power

It was too early to know, on that dismal afternoon, what it would take—or even that the worst was yet to come. In less than a month, the United States Auto Club, sponsor of the Indianapolis race, decided that the Granatelli turbine was, although a fluky loser, just too close to being a winner to be allowed to compete in the 500 again. Eventually, as more months passed, USAC ruled not only against the size of the turbine engine itself (they said it was too powerful) but also against most of the car's other engineering features: engine-and-driver sitting side-by-side, four-wheel drive, an air brake, etc. After USAC's S.A. Silverman called it "the finest car ever to come to the Speedway" in early May, something had turned curiously sour by the end of June.

Three years work that had come within minutes of victory now appeared not only to have gone down the 1967 drain, but appeared to be doomed for 1968 as well. The Turbocar was defeated, it seemed not in competition on the track, but by the rule-makers. Of the first 26,000 letters which fans wrote Granatelli, 94 percent said it was an outrage. To some, it was as outrageous as taking Cassius Clay's title away. Granatelli put it this way:

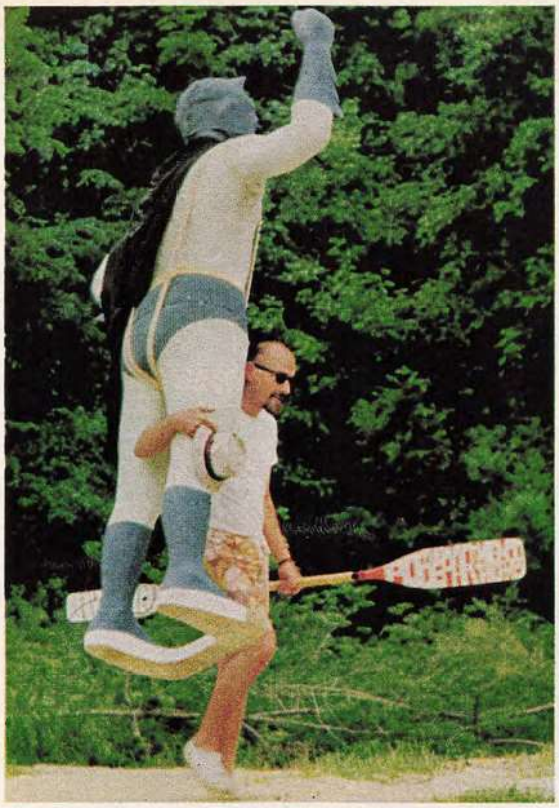
"The car was legal when it entered the race. It was only because we almost won that they decided to make it illegal." Thus began one of the bitterest battles ever to divide auto racing. In March, 1968, with this year's 500 only three months away, Granatelli took his case into federal court. Basically he sued to have USAC's rules change set aside. He sued to be given another chance to win the 500 [*Continued on page* 86]

FIVE DOLLARS WORTH OF FUN AFLOAT

A free-form race for five-dollar boats gives contestants lots of choice. Laziest sailor loafed downriver riding the current on a net potato bag filled with balloons. Hardworking splasher rode a bicycle wheel hung with plastic bottles intended for stern-wheeler. Three oil drums with welded-on fins and two-man bicycle power was sturdiest boat but exhausting to propel. Still, it beat the long plastic bag filled with balloons—that captain walked on the river bottom most of the way.

Boating

PRODUCED BY PAT GRAVES
PHOTOGRAPHED FOR TRUE BY LEONARD KAMSLER



Balsawood Batman, designed and built by an instructor who couldn't resist the fun, turned out to be seaworthy but headstrong and difficult to steer. Airplane tire tubes were popular with the indolent. Although cheap and easy to sail, they did lack space for on-deck passengers.

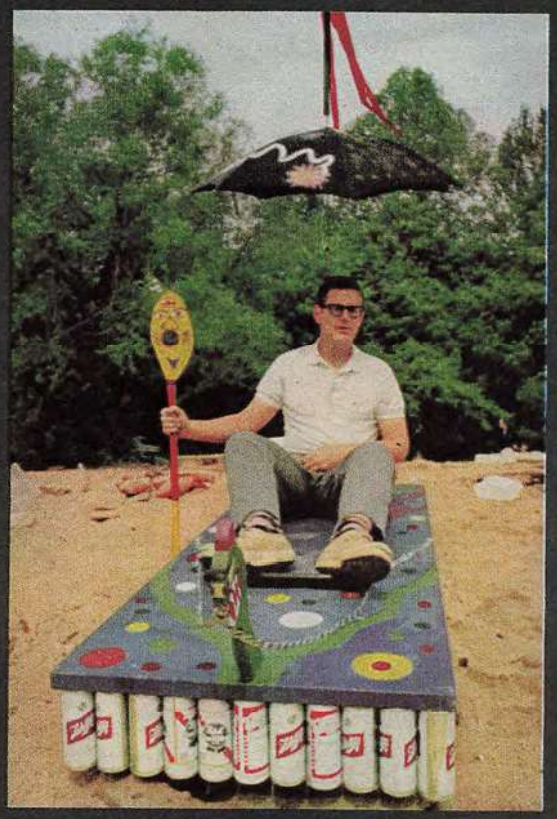
■ If you have five bucks and a little imagination, you can have your own yacht. No one on these pages spent more than a fiver on his boat. Students at North Carolina State University School of Design at Raleigh, they're heading down the Neuse River over a six-mile course for the glory of staying afloat and the possibility of getting to the finish line first. What has become an annual contest began with a class assignment by Professor Fred Eichenberger. He asked each of his second and fourth-year students to design a minimal craft that would not sink for at least six miles. The assignment turned out to be so popular that the next year's students went ahead and staged a race on their own.

TURN PAGE

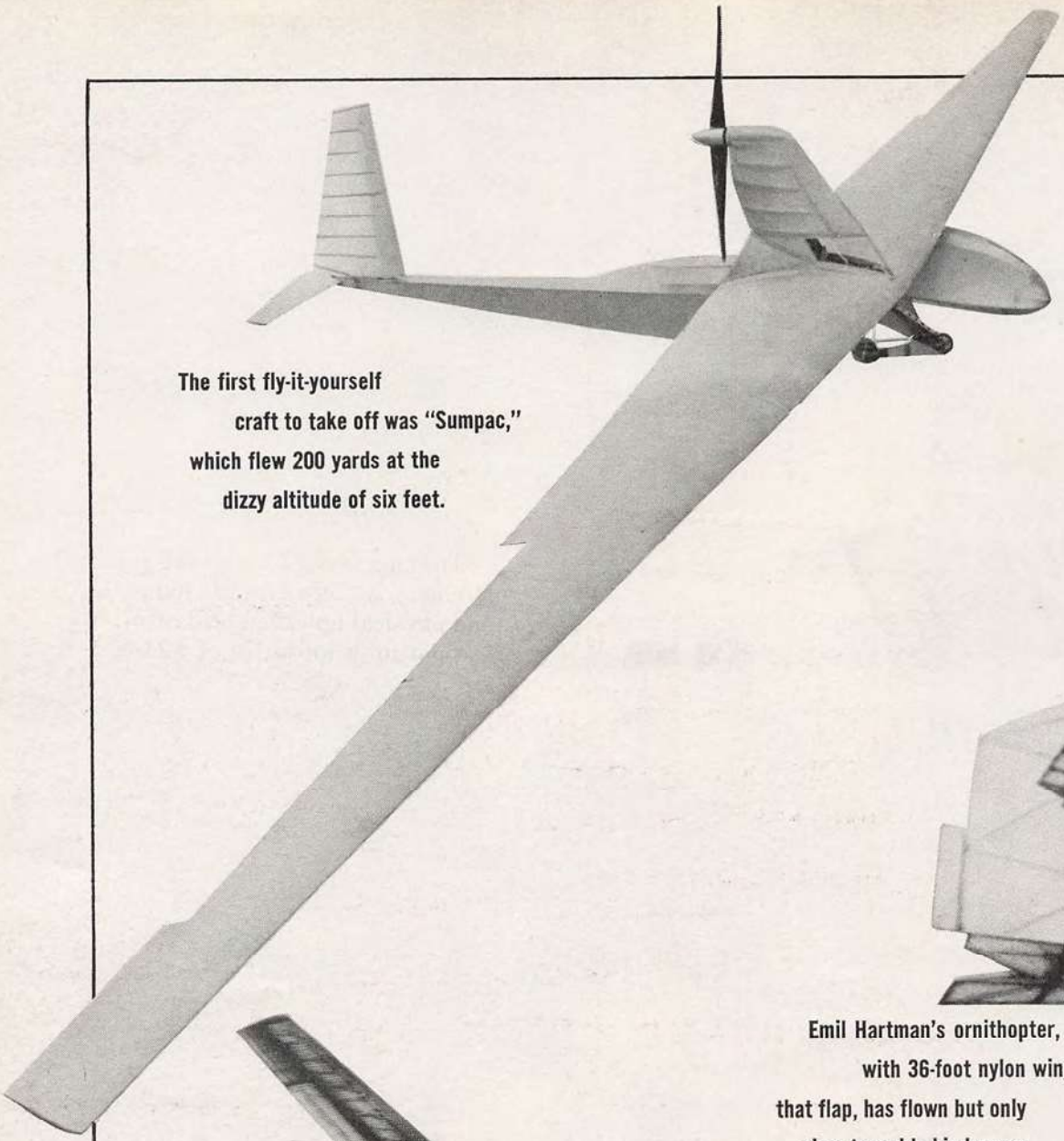
Buoyancy is the name of the game

Group tour (top) was taken in tied-together aircraft tire tubes with a bag of beer cooling alongside to refresh the passengers. Venetian gondola (below) won race. Built of chicken wire covered with old sheets painted with fiber glass resin paint, its sail caught on trees and was finally furled. Crew was encouraged by the unswerving calm of the ship's mascot—a huge tortoise.

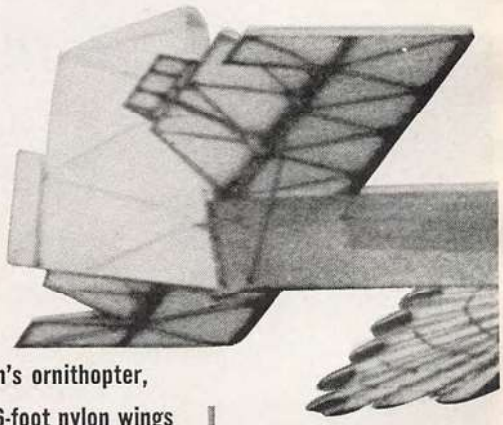
Students at the Design School study such subjects as architecture, painting, sculpture, product design and photography, and their boats reflected their interests. Most were made of "found" materials. Styrofoam packing from typewriters was extremely useful. So were gallon plastic jars used in the dining halls for lemonade and milk. Chicken wire, airplane tire tubes, oil drums and old bicycle wheels were all easy to come by. Of course, there was a "working press" boat—made of press-plate packing from the student newspaper *"The Technician."* Most crews took fruit juice and soda "for scurvy" while beer cans usually floated alongside just in case the trip took longer than planned.



Marine designs were ingenious but performance was erratic. Chicken wire and milk carton raft floated lightly all the way but dismayed skipper of cardboard and epoxy boat had to give up when she disintegrated in rough water. Comfort-loving skipper sailed high, dry and shady on beer cans helped by plastic-bottle keel. Man overboard at the rapids got no help, only jeers from critical friends on shore.



The first fly-it-yourself craft to take off was "Sumpac," which flew 200 yards at the dizzy altitude of six feet.



Emil Hartman's ornithopter, with 36-foot nylon wings that flap, has flown but only when towed behind a car.

"Puffin" holds the man-powered distance record, 993 yards. Sporting 94-foot wings, its total weight is 136 pounds.

UP, UP & AWAY WITH MUSCLE POWER

By pedaling madly, a bunch of nutty Englishmen think they can fly. Funny thing is, they can

BY ROY BONGARTZ

■ Just say it can't be done and there'll be somebody to try it. Say, for instance, that man can't fly under his own muscle power and then offer a reward to the guy who proves you wrong. Soon the land will be filled with young men, flapping their wings and trying to soar off into the sky blue yonder.

That's just what's happening in England. In all parts of the land, on sophisticated drawing boards, in backyard workshops, on borrowed airstrips, optimistic birdmen are designing, assembling and attempting to fly a bewildering variety of craft. Entirely under their own power, of course.

The man who started all this is Henry Kremer, a 59-year-old industrialist and physical fitness enthusiast. Kremer has put up a top prize of $24,000. It will be awarded to the first man-powered craft that completes a figure-eight course around points a half-mile apart. Consolation prizes of $6,000, $3,600 and $2,400 will go to the first three craft to make a simpler half-mile slalom course around three points and a return trip within an hour.

When Kremer first put up the big prize, in 1959, it was limited to British contestants. Now it has been thrown open to international competition. But even without their head start, the English would be good bets to win. Man-powered flight seems cut out for Englishmen. It's the sort of unprofitable and supposedly impossible enterprise, like climbing Everest or breaking the four-minute mile, that just suits the English character.

So far nobody has come close to winning the prize. But a number of strange-looking gadgets have actually flown and several sponsors appear confident that they'll solve their remaining problems shortly. While in London not long ago, I decided to have a look at one or two of the contending aircraft. But first I wanted to find out why it is so hard for man to fly under his own steam, so I asked some experts. One who carefully watches all these new skybikes, ornithopters, flycycles, skycycles and helipedes is Dr. Douglas R. Wilkie, of the Department of Physi-

Auguste Colombo, of Italy, designed these wings himself. Is he running high or flying low? Only Colombo knows for sure.

ology, University College, London. Doctor Wilkie specializes in measuring man's muscle power, and he points out several facts to man's disadvantage. First, there is a natural limit of about 30 pounds for any flying bird. The reason is that as weight increases, the energy requirement for flight, *per pound*, rises. Thus a two-pound bird needs 2.24 times the power that a one-pound bird needs to fly. The largest living bird to fly, the great bustard, weighs about 25 pounds. The giant pterodactyls, extinct for 100,000,000 years, which had a 30-foot wingspread, also had extremely light bone structure and stayed within the 30-pound limit.

Could animals other than man produce enough energy to fly? This is hard to measure, says Doctor Wilkie, because "few animals can be induced to work in a regular and businesslike fashion." But he has compared dogs, men and horses. While it would take a horse five horsepower to fly, it would take a man four-tenths horsepower, and a dog only .045 horsepower. Thus a horse could never make it and a man just might. A dog could fly easily if he'd work at it, which he won't.

What limits energy is the capacity of lungs and bloodstream to deliver oxygen. But in a one-minute burst, a man can produce one horsepower, and, for one second, as much as three horsepower. That one-minute spurt might be enough to drive an aircraft through full turns, the toughest part of the Kremer competition.

Man has another liability: The larger the animal, the lower the energy output per pound. Man is stronger than a horse, pound per pound, but a dog is stronger than a man—and a moth stronger than a hawk. Just why this is so is not known; says Doctor Wilkie:

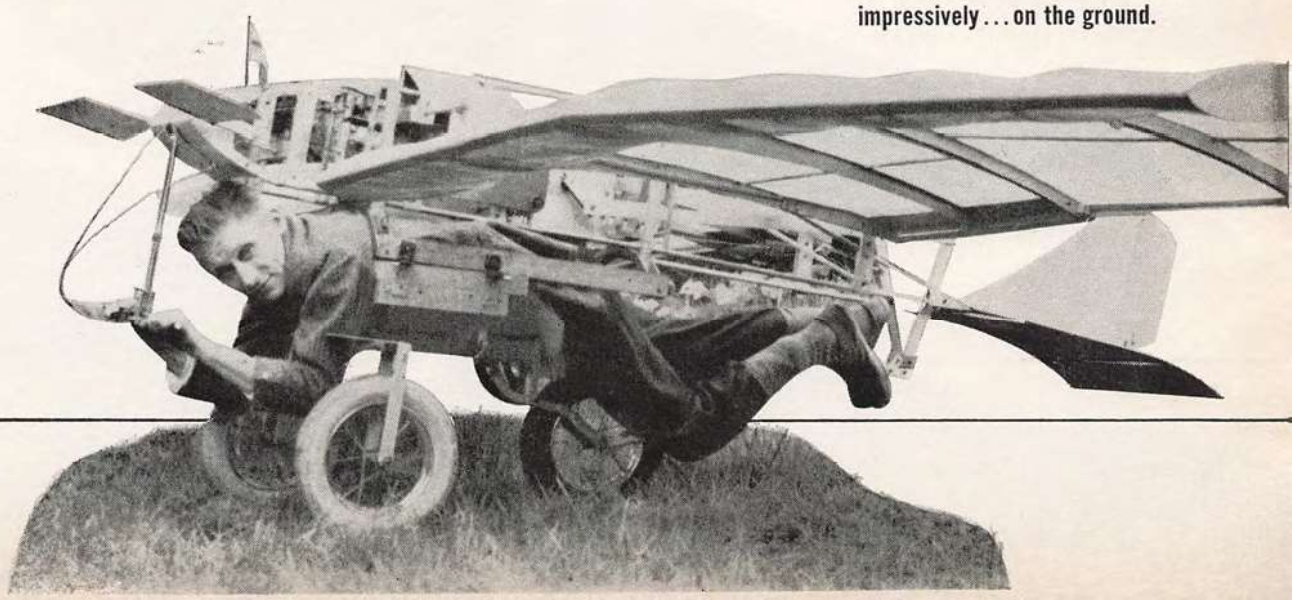
He's Running...
He's Flapping...
He's Up—
No, He's Down

Mick Walton, a dauntless English birdman, ran full speed down Creech Barrow Hill, tripped and fell on his face.

At a kite-flying contest in Prague, a confident Czech beat the air bravely but didn't fly.

Birds can do it. So can bugs and bats. And man, though still earth-bound, keeps on trying

Alan Stewart of England built an ornithopter. Its wings flap impressively . . . on the ground.



"The findings are very mysterious." But the fact is that when the weight of an animal is doubled, its potential energy per pound falls to 83 percent of its former value.

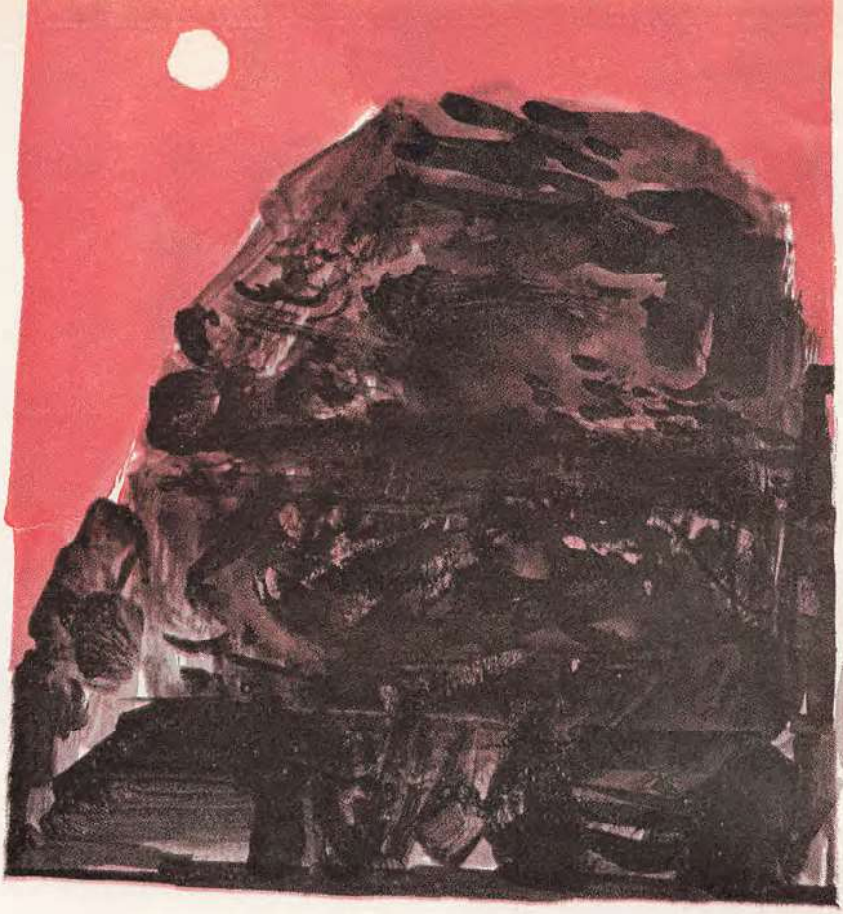
Thus flying prospects are bleak for man, weighing five times the largest bird. But, says Doctor Wilkie, "We must remember that we are comparing an ordinary bird going about its workaday job with an athletic man who is making a special effort on his day off. He will be happy if he flies at all, whereas the bird, as a professional, must be reasonably economical if it is to stay in business." He concludes that with an energy output 2.43 times that of the largest bird, man could fly.

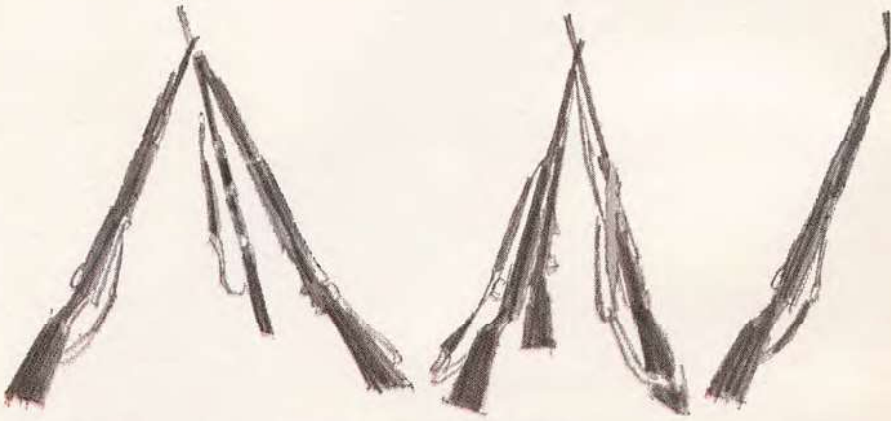
If the weight and strength of man are one problem, the craft he will fly presents some others. In spite of a few determined ornithopter boosters, the successful plane will not have flapping wings; propellers are more efficient. Doctor Wilkie says birds would have them if they could.

A glider designer, Lorne Welch, of Latham, near London, believes the winning design will be more like a glider than anything else. But its weight has to be cut by three-quarters to reduce its sinking rate to a foot per second; then the wingspread must be doubled to further cut the rate to six inches per second, which is within the power of a man to offset by pedaling madly.

The fly- [*Continued on page* 81]

This Russian is a cheater. He uses a three hp. motor to move the wings of his sputtering sputnik.





THE JEW WHO PLAYED ARAB

Kamel Tabet appeared to be a high Syrian official. But he was really Elie Cohen, the Israeli spy who helped win last year's six-day war

BY DAN WILLIS

■ On the Israeli side of the frontier is the Huleh Valley. It is vivid green the year round, skillet-flat, and dotted with farms and villages. It is also pock-marked from shell bursts. For nearly two decades the Syrian army used it as a sort of practice range. Never mind that Israeli farmers sometimes got killed.

The valley stops abruptly at the border. Syria begins as an unused goats' path which swivels upward through deep gullies and along slab-sided rock faces to end, a mile higher, on the Heights of Golan. There the Syrians had built a general's dream of a fort. Nature gave it a panoramic field of fire and slopes no tank could charge up. Russia supplied the military hardware, the best in the Moscow arsenal. Red army engineers swore the fort was impregnable, that it could only be taken by frontal assault—which was unthinkable.

The unthinkable occurred. At precisely 10:30 on a Friday morning of June last year, after four days of receiving a particularly murderous Syrian artillery barrage from the fort, the Israelis struck, with a frontal assault. They used a brigade probably unique in the annals of military patience. Its men had been trained in utter secrecy for 10 years with a sole purpose: to take the Syrian mountain.

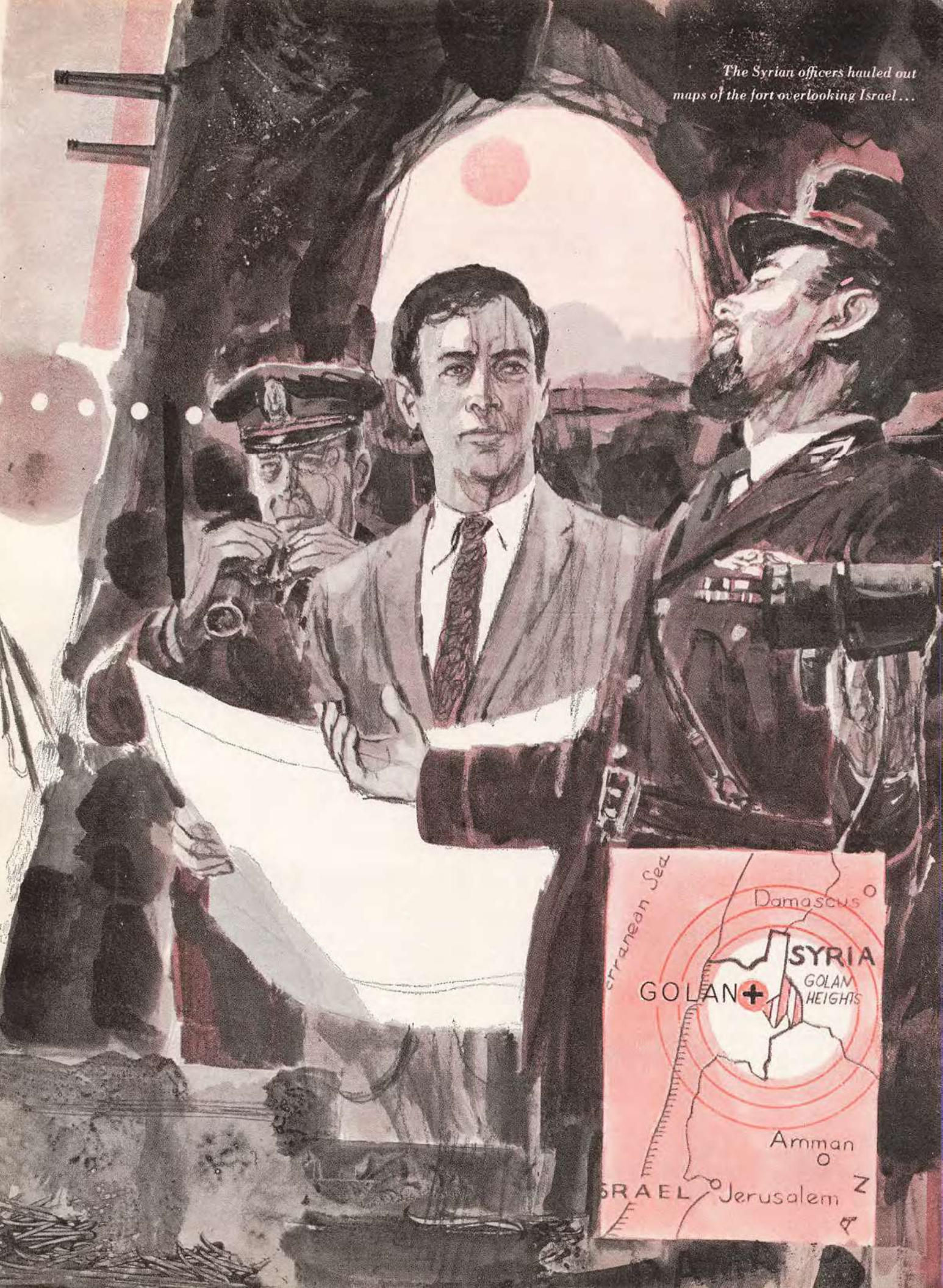
Throughout the long bloody day the Israelis carried out an attack which was as unorthodox as it seemed suicidal. Their planes bombed the fort, of course, but the main effort was on the ground. Spearheading some 2,800 men and 200 tanks and armored cars were *20 bulldozers*. The dozers carved roads up the mountain for the armor in the face of point-blank artillery fire. At sundown, after the most terrible fighting of the 1967 Arab-Israeli war, Golan fell.

The fight for the fort of Golan was the last and most incredible battle. Soon correspondents and military experts from abroad were permitted to visit the fallen bastion. Their common reaction was amazement that the "impregnable" fort had been taken.

Israeli army spokesmen explained the victory as due to "superior morale, boldness, a brigade tailor-made for the job, a solid decade of preparation for the battle. . . ."

This was part of the truth. But not all.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 52



The Syrian officers hauled out maps of the fort overlooking Israel . . .

His parties loosened tongues with rare liquors and rarer women...

The army men didn't mention that, prior to the attack, detailed plans of the fort were in their possession. That every soldier in the attacking brigade knew the mountain by heart, the location of each camouflaged gun and even its field of fire.

To be sure, Golan was a military victory—but it was also a triumph of espionage. It is the story of a shy Jewish bookkeeper who stole every military secret the Syrians had. He was probably the greatest spy of our time. . . .

EARLY IN 1957, Egypt was still agonizing over its most recent defeat by the forces of Israel. The wreckage of Nasser's army stretched, like a preview of the 1967 war, from Suez up through the vast, rock-ribbed desert of Sinai. In exploding frustration Egyptians turned on their own native Jews and herded many of them to the nearest ports for expulsion.

Among the terrified refugees who jammed a steamer at the Alexandria docks one morning was a slight, 33-year-old man named Elie Cohen. His wife Nadia and their two children were with him. That day Elie Cohen must have appeared anything but the master spy he would one day become. But for his dark, quick eyes, he was altogether inconspicuous—even among his cousin Semites, the Arabs.

When Cohen and his family arrived in Israel some days later, they brought with them all they owned in a small valise. The country was crowded to the bursting point with cast-outs from Egypt and other Arab nations. Food and lodging were scarce, jobs scarcer.

After a time in a teeming immigrant camp, Cohen struck out on his own. He found a part-time job as a bookkeeper in Tel Aviv, and installed his family in a one-room apartment. The job petered out. He found another to replace it.

This was the pattern for two years. Yet Cohen made ends meet and gradually adjusted to his tough new country. He had all the characteristics of what Jews jokingly call the "typical Israeli": he was mildly irreligious, he spoke the country's language badly, he was born elsewhere, and while unpatriotic in any formal sense, he was determined to defend the place.

Elie Cohen and Nadia made friends. When they gathered, it invariably came as a surprise that bland, reserved Cohen could be the life of the party. He had the makings of a superb actor; he could mimic everybody, from Gamal Abdel Nasser to Charles de Gaulle.

It was perhaps this talent which explained certain events in Cohen's life in the summer of 1959. Or maybe it was a combination of action, intelligence, the ready assumption of Arab characteristics and the self-taught mastery of five languages. Whatever, these events began the day two strangers approached Cohen on the street, asking if they might talk with him on a matter of some importance. They were officers in the Israel intelligence service.

FOR TWO DECADES now, Israeli and Arab have waged a constant underground war of espionage. In it the Arabs work at a disadvantage. The Israelis are more adaptable in disguise, are gifted linguists, and come from all the world, including the Arab lands. Their intelligence arm, the Shin Bet, has been considered a model of efficiency among the world's spy services.

In the 1950's the espionage war took on a frightening urgency for Israel. Syria, the most trigger-prone of Israel's neighbors, had invited in hundreds of Red military technicians bearing mountains of the most modern arms, enough to equip the Syrian army three times over.

For the Israelis, a nightmare began. On their northern frontier, Red army engineers arrived to transform the Heights of Golan. On the plains below, Israel's observers could hear the blasting as the Reds burrowed into the solid rock, and they suspected massive amounts of artillery were being installed.

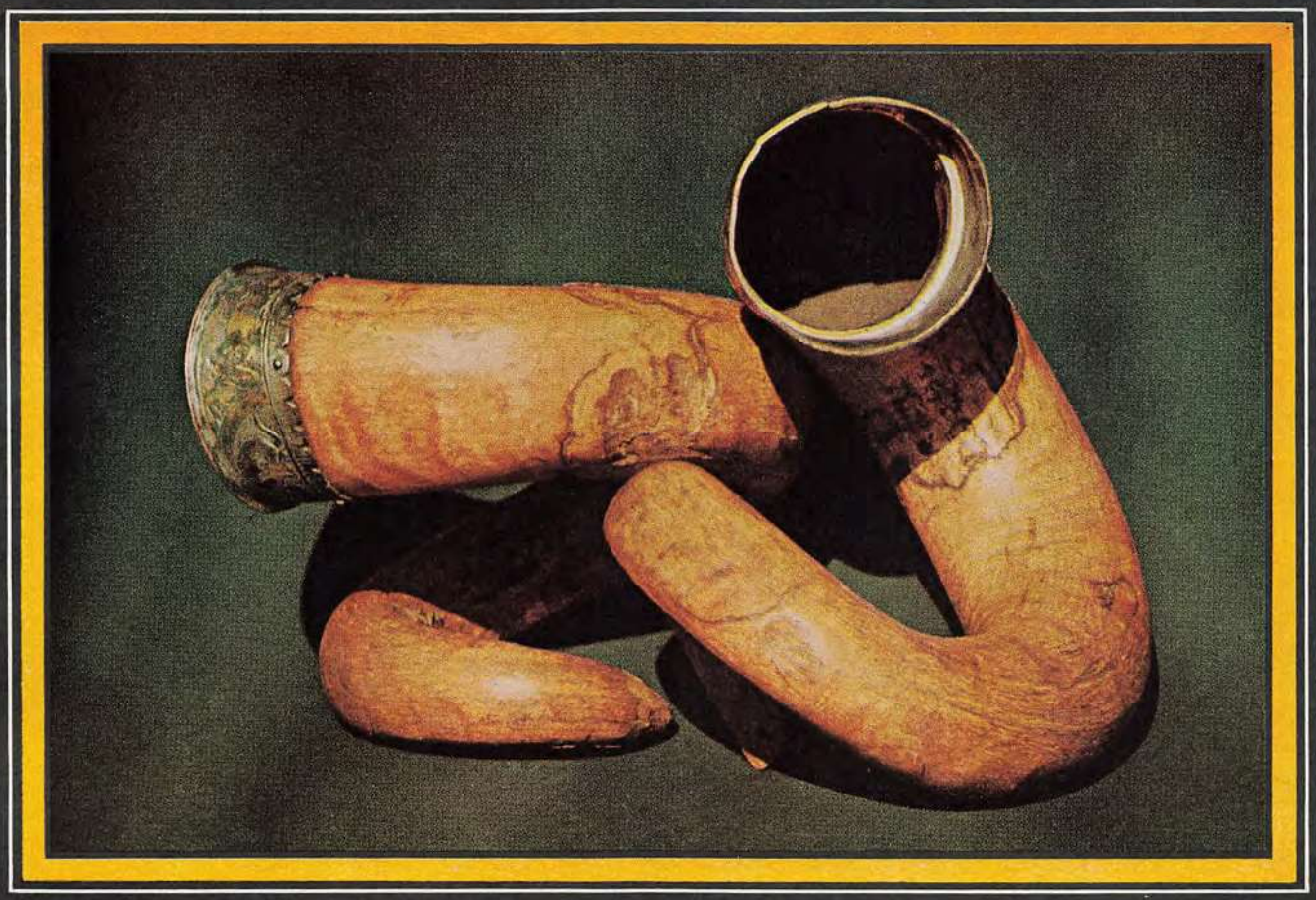
To find out what was being done there, and what was happening elsewhere in Syria, the Shin Bet dreamed up a desperate plan to place a spy high in Syrian affairs. It was a highly unorthodox scheme, and the man chosen as its instrument was as unlikely as the plan itself.

ELIE COHEN'S FIRST encounter with the two strangers in Tel Aviv ended well. Other talks followed, and agreement. Finally it was explained to Nadia that her husband's new job would require him to be away from home for long periods of time. Then, to his neighbors, Cohen simply disappeared but for rare visits home. Poor Nadia and the children had been practically deserted.

But Cohen, no erring spouse, was following a grueling schedule in a secret office of the Shin Bet. He studied photography, microfilming and codes. He read the Koran for hours, learning to spice his Arabic with quotations from it. He pored over the files on every important military and political figure in Syria. He honed his perception and his memory with daily mental exercises. [*Continued on page* 77]

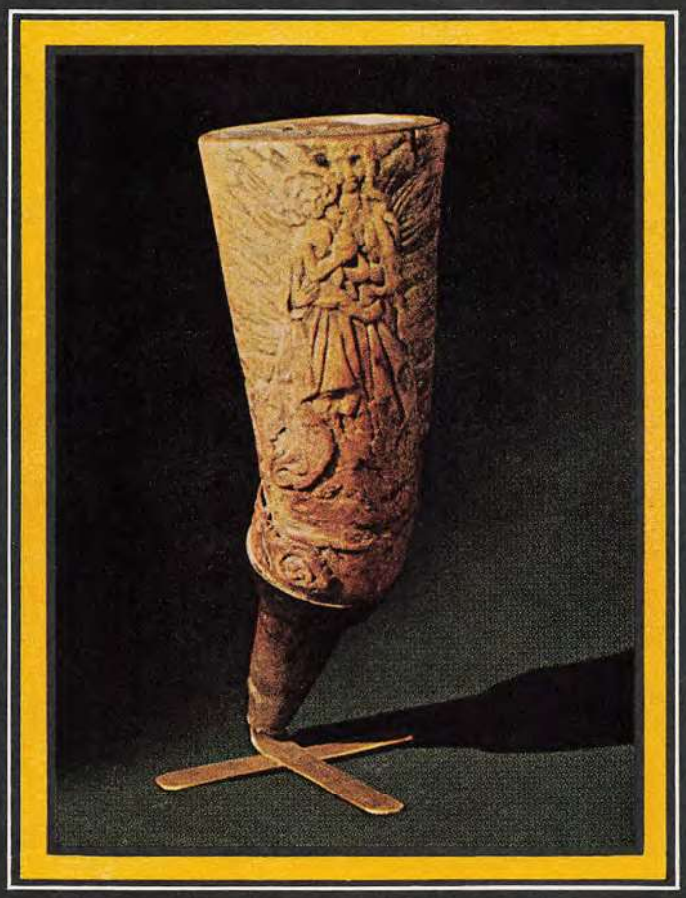
ILLUSTRATED BY BOB HANDEVILLE

PHOTOGRAPHED FOR TRUE BY ROBERT TALBERT



HORNS FOR GOING ON A TOOT

Early Icelanders, being descended from Vikings, knew how to enjoy long winter nights. They drank. Great measures of mead (a booze made of honey, malt and yeast) and ale flowed out of some of the most unique drinking vessels ever made—ornately decorated horns from the animals that roamed this North Atlantic island. Some of the finest examples are now in the collection at the National Museum of Iceland. The two ram's horns above became drinking implements in the 14th century. Right, a late 15th-century bull's horn, with a religious carving, served as a powder horn after its drinking days were over. The bull's horn in the foreground, opposite page, shows baroque designs typical of the 17th century. Behind it is a 16th-century bull's horn. The inscription below the rim translates, "O God, be my protection"—a good prayer after a few hornsful.



my dark search for a lost river

BY ROBERT STENUIT

■ One of Europe's most intriguing geological mysteries is a lost section of the Lesse River in southwestern Belgium. After flowing majestically and openly across a broad plain, the Lesse reaches Boine Mountain, a massive limestone cliff, and drops from sight. It emerges briefly 1½ miles inside the mountain, disappears again, and finally reemerges on the other side of the mountain. What is its subterranean path? No one really knows —but photographer Marc Jasinski and I probably have come closer to the answer than anybody else. It has been a long search carried on in our spare time for the past 15 years. It also has been a costly one. Pierre Brichard, the third member of our party, died trying to find the river.

The problem is compounded because Boine Mountain is honeycombed with caves, galleries, lakes and streams. Some have been visited by tourists for decades, but others have never been explored or even discovered. Finding and tracing them

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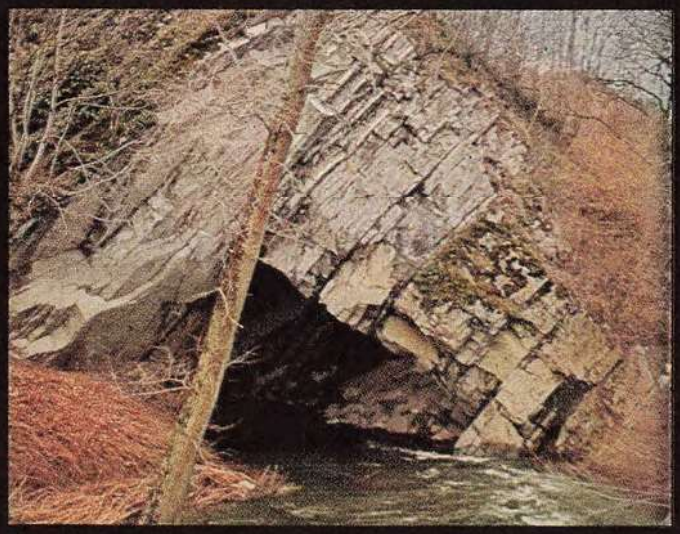
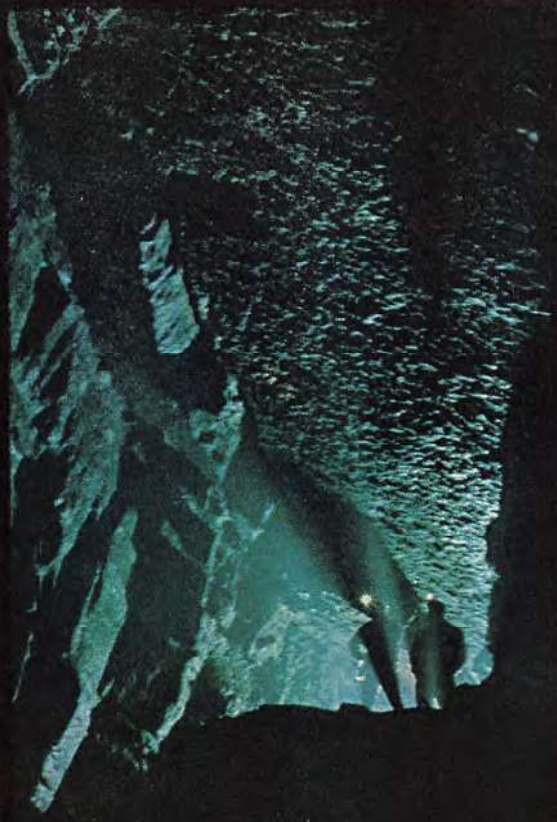
PHOTOGRAPHED BY MARC JASINSKI



The Lesse River disappears with a rush into a limestone mountain through this rapidly narrowing opening.

Carrying our gear, we squeezed through some of the already known caves to try to trace the course of the river.

One by one we dived through sunken passages but we never reached the mysterious river.



Diving again, we went through a deep pool and then emerged in a vast unexplored cave.

Continued from preceding page

have provided a thrilling series of subconquests in our pursuit of the river path. Some years ago Marc noticed a bubbling stream in one of the known caves. We followed it through a siphon—a gallery of rock filled with water to the ceiling—into a narrow sump (drain) and out the other side until we came suddenly into a vast and breathtakingly beautiful grotto. Unbroken stalactites and stalagmites proved that we were the first humans to see it.

For several years we searched the many galleries branching off that immense cave, always looking for the river's course. On one such expedition, Marc had followed a sloping gallery opening down into a deep pool until he was sure he was in a large tunnel. But his air ran short and he had to turn back. Pierre decided to try to reach the other end of the tunnel, although he knew that if he did not find an air space on the other side of the pool, his tanks would not be sufficient. But he started anyway, while Marc waited on the surface, paying out Pierre's guide rope. It stopped and started several times but Pierre's laryngophone stayed mute. Ten minutes passed, then 15. After 20 minutes when the rope was nearly at an end, Marc was startled to see Pierre's lamp nearby in the water. Marc realized in a flash that the line had caught on a jutting rock. While Marc had thought from the pull on the line that Pierre was still going forward, he was actually trying to get back. Jumping in the water, Marc pulled Pierre out and great efforts were made by a rescue team to revive him but it was too late. Pierre was an experienced, careful diver with air left in one of his tanks. We don't know why he

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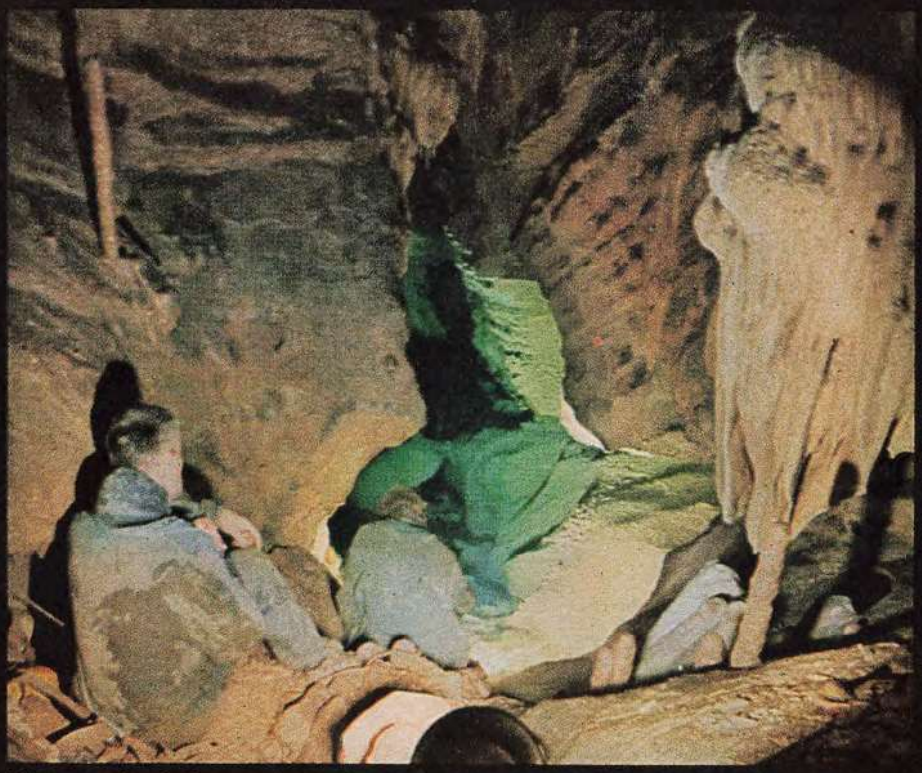
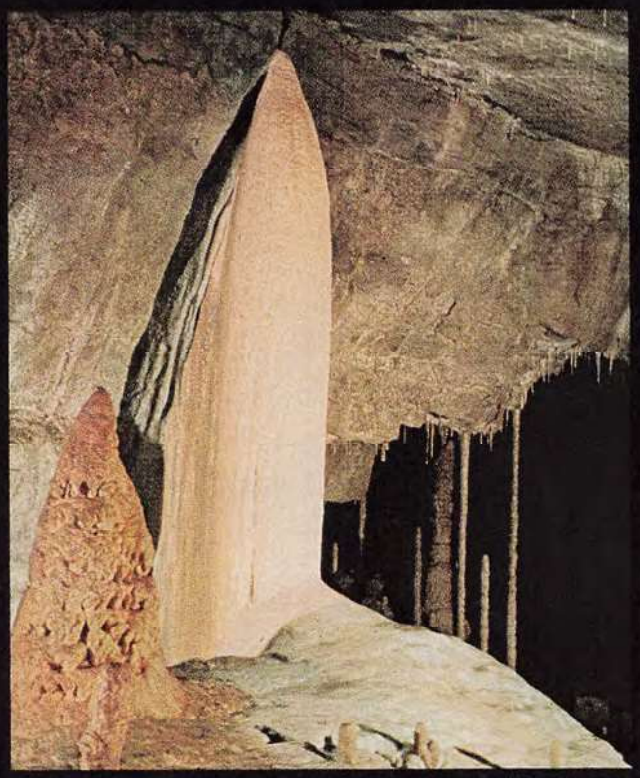


We went back for many exploratory trips to investigate all of the numerous branching galleries of a beautiful cave where no one had ever been before us.

There is beauty in this netherworld, but awesome danger too



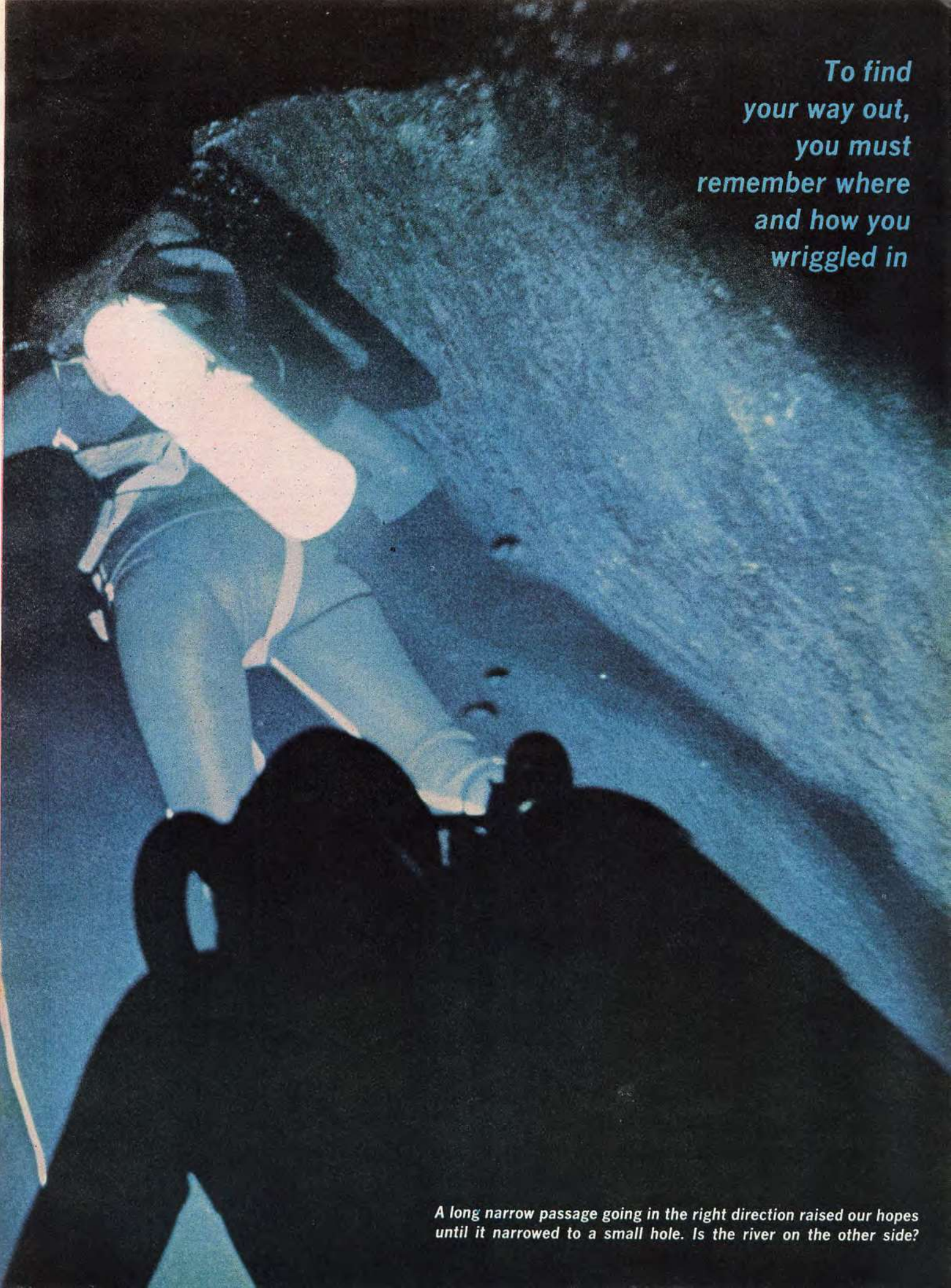
The main room of one cave is decorated with a forest of ancient stalagmites—columns 20 to 40 feet high.

Continued from preceding page

didn't free his line or call on his laryngophone or turn on his other air tank. He had made adventure his way of life, many times taking thought-out chances, but this time for some reason, he had lost.

Though Pierre is gone, there has been no letup in our seeking out and digging through strange caves. To go on is an irresistible challenge. You are exploring a rock cave, it becomes muddy, goes down a soft slope and ends in a clear sheet of water. You may sail a rubber dinghy or swim until the rock ceiling comes down to meet the water's surface. Then you must dive in the now muddy water. You can't see through the murk; your lamp is a reddish blur. You must feel your way with one hand as you try to keep your guideline free with the other. The water is cold and the silence absolute, deep in the heart of the mountain. All you can hear is the rhythmic whisper of your air regulator and the loud bangs of your steel tanks against the rock. When you feel rock all around you in the darkness and there is no way to go on, you turn back to follow your guideline out. But now you have to remember how you came in as you float along with no sense of up or down. You are searching for a hole large enough for your body to go through. Finally, you fold yourself as small as possible, squeeze into a niche, up a chimney, along a horizontal crevice and at length you are back inside the cave.

Despite death and some near-fatal escapes, we continue. There is always the tantalizing possibility that beyond that last rock wall lies the unknown river and the next deep pool we dive into may bring us up into its onward flowing current—and the solution at last to the mystery of the Lesse River.



A long narrow passage going in the right direction raised our hopes until it narrowed to a small hole. Is the river on the other side?

HE CAN SEE WHAT YOU CAN HEAR . . .

[*Continued from page* 31]

Gulping down black coffee, Kersta worked through the night. As he checked out one voiceprint after another, he explained to the State Department observer just what he was doing.

It was 4 a.m. when the scientist matched the last set of voiceprints.

"Well," he said to the observer, "I'm satisfied that's Nasser on both tapes. How about you?"

The State man nodded agreement, and the news of scientific confirmation of the Israeli pickup went out to the world.

Kersta's work as a sound sleuth began 20 years ago in the Bell Telephone Laboratories in Murray Hill, New Jersey. He had been at Bell since he was 19, and was already a veteran research scientist, with a number of basic patents to his credit in radar, on which he worked during the war. After its end, he tackled a project aimed at coding voices for giving instructions to computers. What was needed, Kersta soon realized, was a machine that could create visual representation of voices, so that a computer could perform the vastly easier function of analyzing a "picture" than a spoken command. The task of developing the device took a huge amount of engineering effort, but finally, 15 years later, the modern sound spectrograph was perfected.

It was just about then, one day in 1961, that a call came in from the FBI. Trying to track down a series of telephoned bomb threats to airlines, the G-men were wondering whether the electronics wizards of Bell might have something around that would identify voices.

Kersta was called in by company officials. Could the sound spectrograph be used for this purpose? Kersta said he had been toying with that very idea. He wasn't quite sure of his facts yet, but he had the hardware. Give him a few months, and he would run tests to determine whether voices really were as different as the research done so far indicated. Bell told him to go ahead, and Kersta piled up thousands of voiceprints in proving his method out.

"It was kind of a game we played," he recalls, "trying to outwit the spectrograph."

The machine couldn't be fooled. Test subjects tried everything. They shouted, whispered, held their noses, talked with their mouths full of marbles. Their voiceprints could always be identified.

"We even taped the slurred speech of some subjects who'd had a few drinks too many. Didn't make any difference," Kersta says.

News of Kersta's discovery brought a flood of inquiries from police departments, and the scientist found himself playing the involuntary role of detective in cases like that of the bomb threat in a large Stamford, Connecticut, plant.

The threat began with a rasping voice snarling out a phone warning to the plant manager.

"Get everybody out. There's a bomb in the plant. It's going to go off . . . soon."

The receiver clicked. The sweating executive reached a quick decision. It might be a hoax—but he couldn't risk the lives of 2,200 employees. Quickly he ordered the plant closed for the day.

No bomb was found, but police had a hunch there would be more threats. As they came, they were piped directly from the telephone to a tape recorder. Comparison tapes were then made of the voices of employees in the plant, in an elimination process, and voiceprints were developed from them. Soon a print turned up that matched those from the phone. The employee at first denied the charge, but when confronted with his voiceprints, he admitted his guilt. He had dreamed up the bomb gimmick to get some time off.

But Kersta could foresee many uses for sound spectrographs in industry and medicine, as well as in fighting crime. Bell was not interested in such auxiliary applications of the device, since its main concern is with communication. Kersta, therefore, decided to set up his own company, with the best wishes of Bell and a gift of the research material he had amassed in his work on sound identification. He was also awarded the exclusive right to make and sell the sound spectrographs.

Voiceprints, Inc., the name of his new firm, was off to a profitable start on its first day of operation, April 11, 1966. The prints broke into the news as, for the first time, they were used in a case brought to court.

On that day, when Kersta walked into the Westchester County Courthouse, in White Plains, New York, he was not sure he would even get to the stand. The district attorney, Warren Schneider, had warned him that the judge was not required to accept his testimony or to admit voiceprints in evidence. But if he did allow them, their use would establish a precedent.

The case alleged perjury on the part of a policeman. He was charged with lying in claiming he had not tipped off a gambler of an impending police raid. The district attorney had tapes of both the accused officer's voice and the voice picked up in a legal wiretap on the gambling joint. Kersta had already voiceprinted the tapes.

The atmosphere was tense as he took his place in the courtroom. A number of visiting lawyers were present because of the excitement in the legal world over this new form of evidence.

"What we've got is a whole new issue of law," commented Samuel Dash, head of the Institute of Criminal Law and Procedure at Georgetown University Law Center.

Defense attorneys fought to keep Kersta off the stand. "Unproved technique,"

[*Continued on page* 68]

TRUE

"Never mind what I want to know for!"

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Chevrolet Tri-Levels have all the comforts of home.

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Almost.

Chevrolet's field. You also get up to 12 cubic feet of lockable load space under the floor. And if that's not enough, a small investment in a luggage rack will convert the upstairs.

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CHEVROLET **Chevrolet Tri-Levels**

Gift ideas for the Dad who *doesn't* have everything

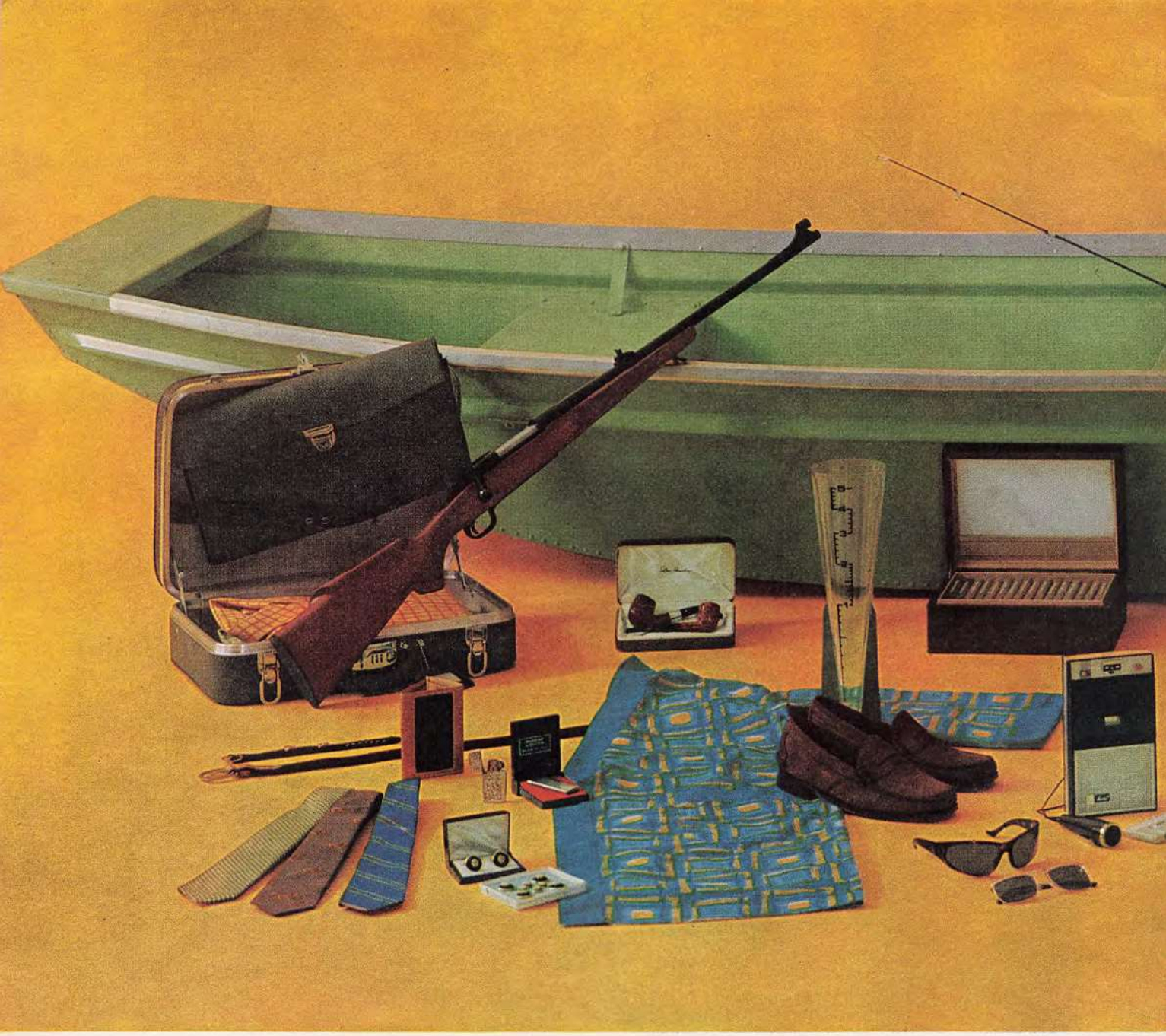
PRODUCED BY RICHARD HUBBARD
PHOTOGRAPHED FOR TRUE BY IRV BAHRT

■ "The man who has everything" is a mythical person who supposedly baffles relatives and friends on those big gift-giving occasions. If the father in your life is already the proud possessor of every one of the items on these pages ...well, we envy him. But for the millions of dads who really *don't* have everything, here is a dazzling selection of gift ideas to help you make this Father's Day his most memorable one. So peruse and choose, starting with the odd-looking vehicle on the right. It's the Amphi-Cat, equally at home on land and water, sand and snow, with a rugged one-piece body made

of Cycolac plastic. Manufactured by Mobility Unlimited (Detroit), $1,295.

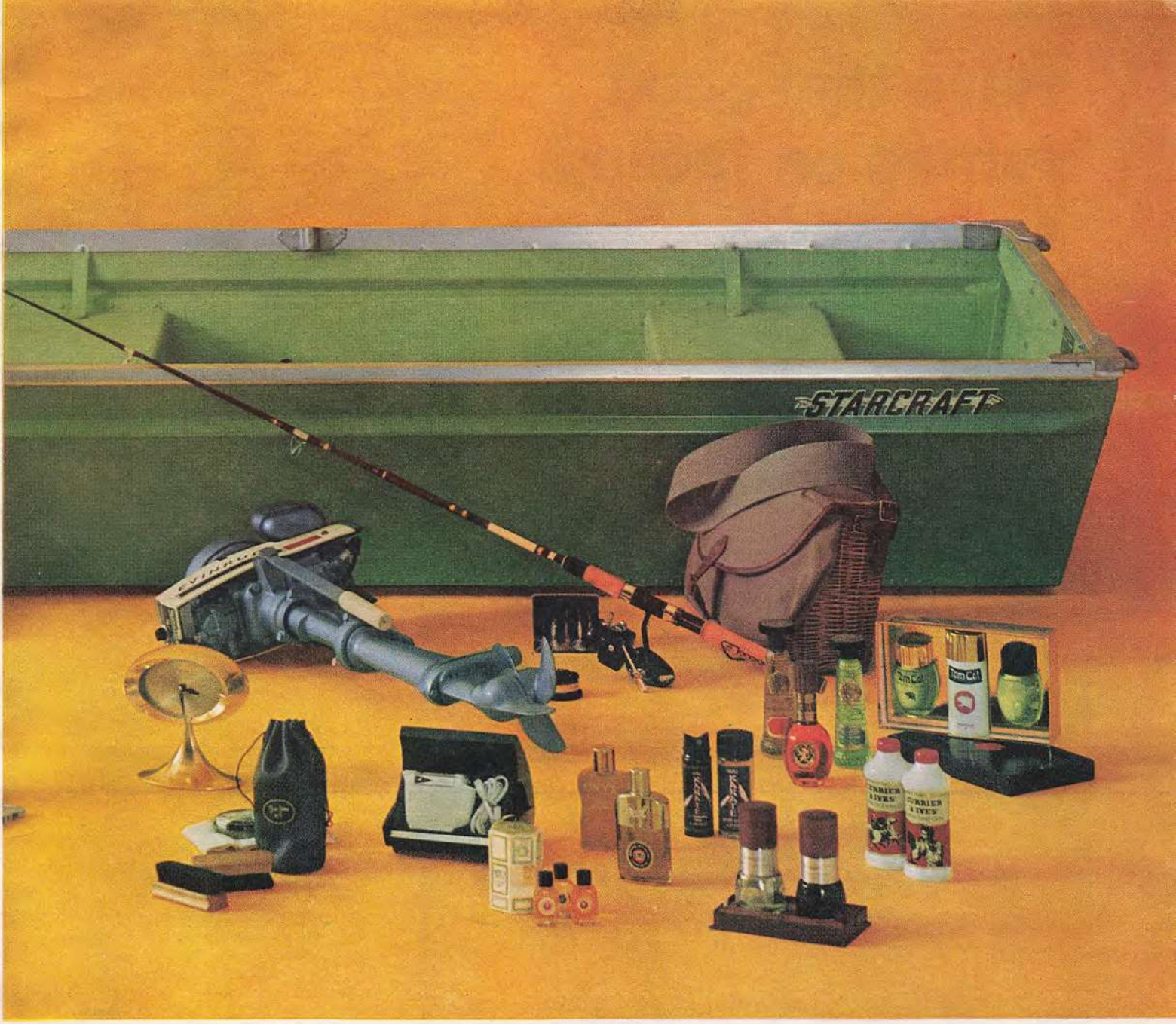
On the left is the Brunswick "Celebrity" pool table, $495, complete with balls, triangle rack and cue sticks. The golf clubs are Louisville Sluggers by Hillerich and Bradsby: Set of four woods, $104; set of nine irons, $180. In front of the pool table is a Panasonic Console-Aire tape-recorder system, $329.95. Other gift ideas, from left: Pentax Spotmatic camera with f1.8 lens, by Honeywell, $249.50; Bavarian crystal decanter, hand engraved with game motifs, $37.50, and set of six cordial glasses, $48, all from Hunting World; Portsmouth outdoor temperature/humidity gauge by Honeywell, $6.50; box of 12 initialed Titleist golf balls (sold only at pro shops), $14.85; set of six rifled fiber glass arrows, $17.50, and Super Necedah bow, $69.50, both by Shakespeare; Red Wing "Irish Setter" waterproof boots, $34; a 17-day TWA safari to East Africa from New York for as little as $1,525; Tasco electric zoom binoculars, $149.95; "Weekender" combination travel clock and FM/AM radio from RCA, $45; Burgess Battery Company's Safari Lite, $29.50, complete with batteries.

TURN PAGE



More gift ideas to make Pop pop with pride

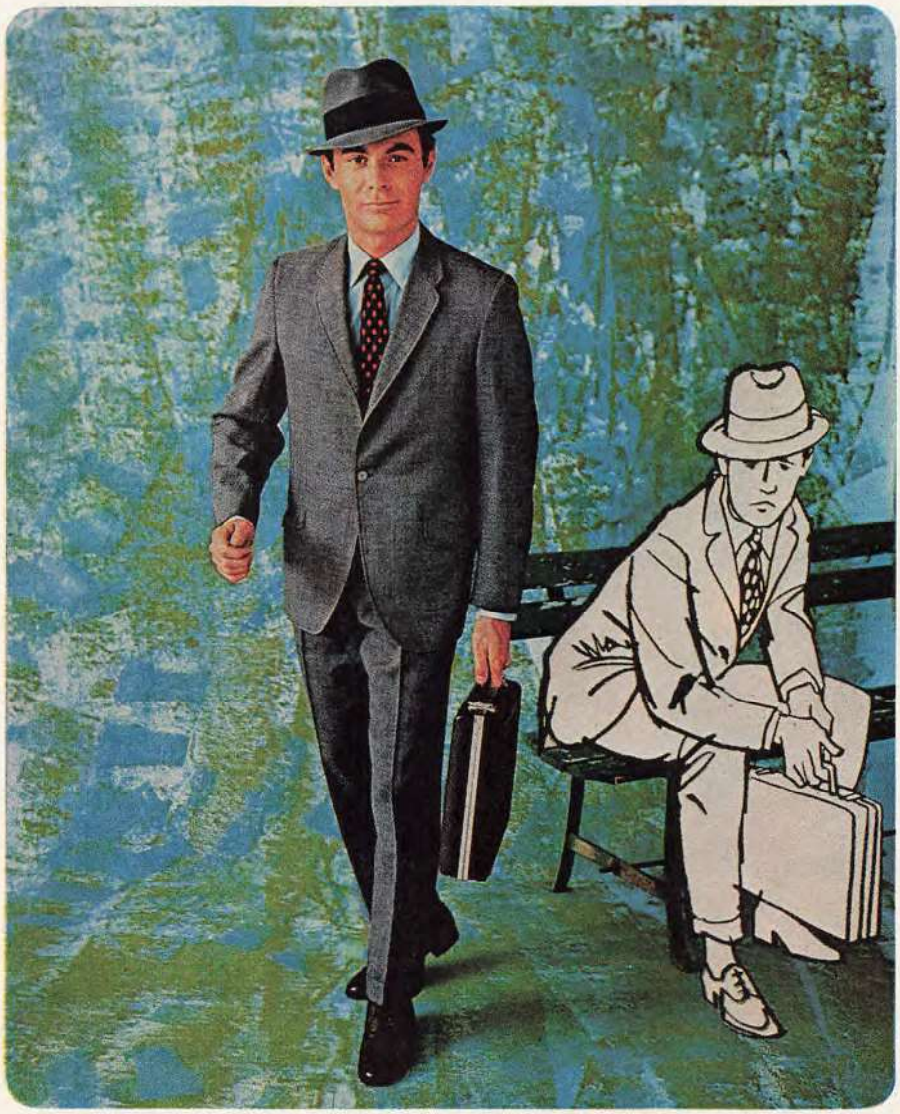
The boat is a 12-foot all-aluminum pram by Starcraft, $155. Alongside pram, starting from left, are: XEC attaché case with removable folio file by Ventura, $42.50, with Van Heusen shirts, $5 each, inside. Rifle is a .270 caliber Winchester, Model 70, $157.95. Gift set of two Dr. Grabow "presmoked" pipes, from $11.95 to $20; walnut desk humidor from Cigar Institute of America, about $12; Evinrude 1½ horsepower "Mate" outboard, $137.50; Garcia's freshwater fishing outfit: #2508 rod and 410 spinning reel, less than $40, and 100 yards of eight-lb. test monofilament line, about $5. Behind the reel is a package of five lures by ABU, $4, and to the right of the rod is the "Conway Combination" creel with detachable trout bag, from Hunting World, $27.50.



In the foreground, from left: matching watchband, $2.50, belt $4, and wallet, $8, all by Canterbury Belts; neckwear by Berkley Cravats, $4 each; enamel and gilt cuff links, $15, and matching set of blazer buttons, $25, made in Sweden and distributed by Iron Gate Products. Behind the cuff links is a Storm King "Florentine" lighter, $1.95, and in the box next to it is Scripto's "Riviera" butane lighter, $10.95. The sleep-shave-lounging "Toga" coat is by Pleetway, $8; Hush Puppies "Mohawk" loafers, $16; rain gauge by Honeywell, $6. Sunglasses in front of the loafers are both by Beaumont: tortoiseshell-wraparound model, $14, and "Executive" style with gold or silver frame, $18; Norelco portable tape recorder (uses easy-to-handle tape cassettes), less than $64.50. Bulova's "Caravelle" cordless electronic desk clock, $24.95; deluxe shoeshine kit with leather carrying case, from Amity Leather Products, $6; Sunbeam Shavemaster, $31.95 (suggested retail). Men's toiletry items: Kings Men Cologne Trio, $1.50; Onyx cologne by Lentheric, $5; British Sterling cologne in "Dad" bottle, $5; two kinds of aftershave lotion from Hai Karate: foam, $1.75, and regular, $1.50. Behind them in the curved bottle is Bravura aftershave, $2.75, and a pair of Max Factor's Royal Regiment colognes: spray, $4, and dry lime, $3.50. To the front is Kanøn's aftershave and cologne set, $11. White bottles are a Currier & Ives combination of spray deodorant and instant lather, $2.50; boxed assortment of cologne, aftershave and shave foam is by Tom Cat, $11.

Have that good turned on feeling.

Fresh, Vital, Alive.



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[*Continued from page 62*]

they cried, and tried to demean the scientist. But the judge ruled that "the competency of the witness is a matter for the jury to determine."

Kersta took the stand. "May I have the courtroom darkened?" he asked. When the curtains were drawn, both jury and spectators leaned forward to stare at the squiggly lines projected on the screen. What they were looking at, explained Kersta, were voiceprints of five different people saying "you." For an hour he explained the principle of voiceprints.

The court then adjourned until the next day, when Kersta again took the stand, this time to show the prints of the voices on the tapes. The print of the policeman matched perfectly that of the voice which had warned the gambling house. They had to be from the same man.

Though the jury brought in a verdict of guilty, there was some uncertainty that voiceprints alone were responsible for its decision. The first conviction based strictly on voiceprints came a few weeks later, on May 26. At Travis Air Force Base in California, a court-martial of 11 officers sat in judgment on an airman charged with making obscene telephone calls to women volunteers in the base hospital. Kersta's testimony convinced the judges that the accused man was guilty.

Savage grilling on the stand by defense attorneys is something Kersta has come to expect. But particularly galling to him are attacks by fellow scientists called as counterwitnesses. "Mostly their statements are based on misinformation—or no information at all—about voiceprints," Kersta says. He regularly invites unbelievers to come to his laboratory for a more intimate look at the print-making operation. One eminent voice specialist came into a courtroom with no knowledge of voiceprints except the conviction that they "couldn't possibly work." As Kersta, on the stand, outlined their theory and presented stacks of evidence, the witness was obviously impressed.

Finally came the moment when the specialist was asked under oath, "And how reliable, doctor, do you consider voiceprints to be?"

"I consider them to be," said the shaken witness, "very reliable indeed."

Many attacks on voiceprints boil down to the question, "How do you know that no two voices are alike?"

"Let me tell you how the FBI answers the same question about fingerprints," Kersta usually replies. "The Bureau says, 'We don't know for sure that no two persons have the same fingerprints. After all, we have only 93 million prints on file so far. But no two of *them* are alike.' "

The court case Kersta rates as his toughest was the trial of an alleged arsonist in the Watts riots in Los Angeles. The story began on TV, before millions of viewers. On a CBS documentary, a young rioter (with concealed face) boasted of the fires he had set.

After considerable detective work, police arrested a suspect, 18-year-old Edward Lee King. They had plenty of evi-

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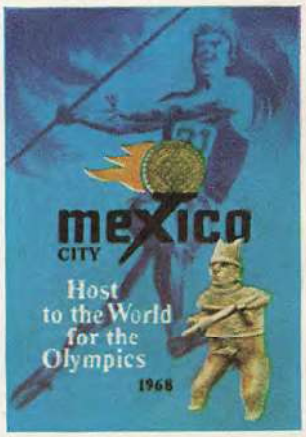
Time was when visitors to Mexico thought mostly of Mexico City. There indeed, is the focus of the country's complex history. But modern transportation makes other fascinating areas equally accessible. Take, for example, Guadalajara. Mexico's second city, it preserves its own colonial atmosphere. With unrivaled year round climate, Guadalajara glows in colorful folkloric tradition, music and dance. Its popular arts are irresistible. Nearby Lake Chapala, Mexico's biggest, is for boating and fishing. Puerto Vallarta, glamorous debutant of Mexico's sparkling coastal resorts, is an hour distant by air. While 1968 is Olympic sports year in Mexico, just about every kind of sport goes on throughout this country, every season. And Guadalajara and Puerto Vallarta offer some of Mexico's most modern hotel accommodations.



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dence, but nothing conclusive. The CBS interviewer on the documentary refused to reveal the identity of the person he had interviewed. The crucial evidence then came to the spoken confession on the film taken for the TV showing.

Tapes of the telecast and of the suspect's voice were sent off to New Jersey, where Kersta analyzed them. "Same voice," he reported back.

In the trial, which began October 24, 1966, the attorney for the defense zeroed in on voiceprints. For four and a half days Kersta was on the stand, as his relentless questioner tried to trap the wearied scientist into some inconsistency.

Finally the judge excused the jury and called the lawyers to the bench. "I've kept a little record," the judge said to the defense attorney. "Do you know you've asked Doctor Kersta the same question 34 times?"

The jury found the defendant guilty, but the case has been appealed to the Supreme Court in an effort to have voiceprints disallowed as evidence.

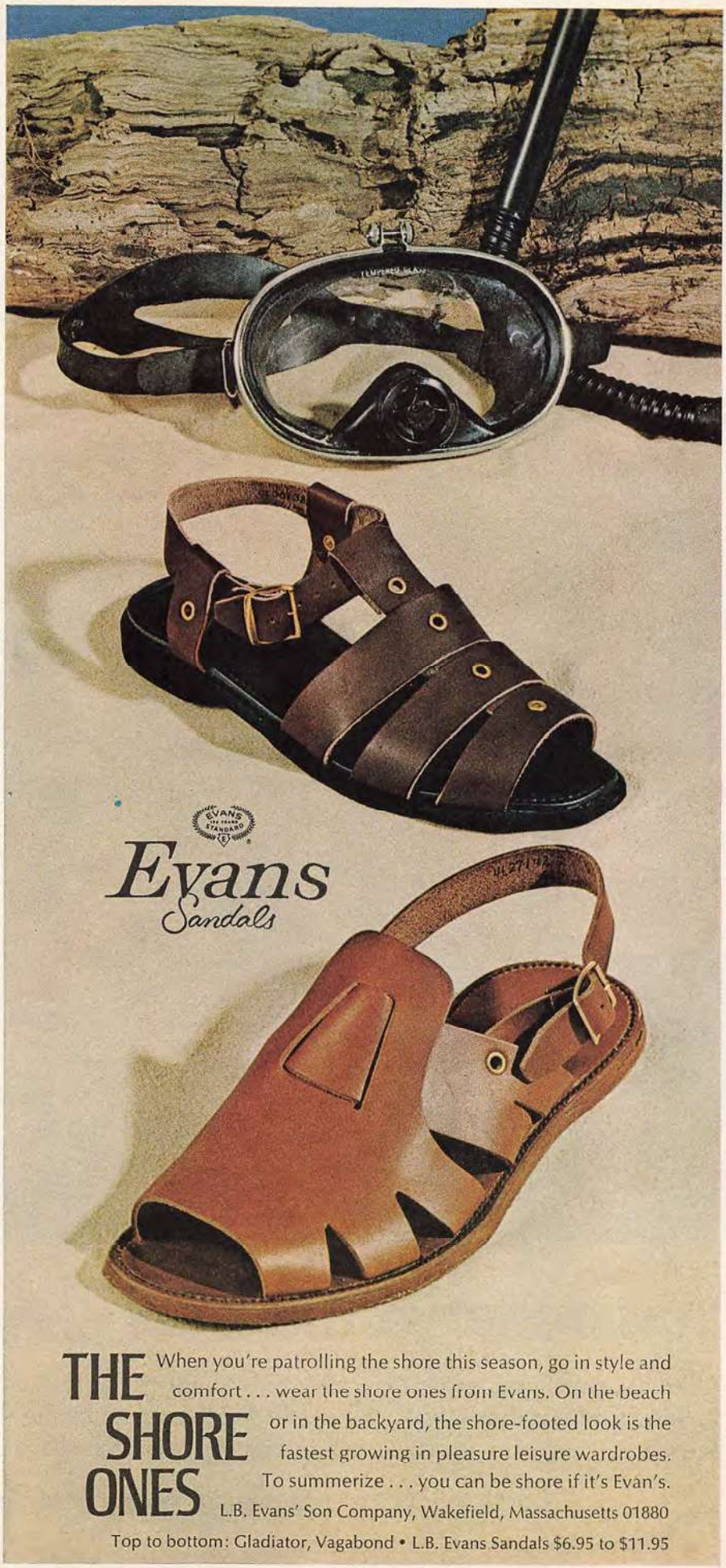
Kersta hopes he'll be able to abandon court appearances soon, although he has no intention of giving up his role as scientific sleuth. At his lab he has been training others to be voiceprint experts. A typical class recently included state police officers, a noted physicist, an assistant district attorney, several city policemen and a federal officer. Some of the graduates of "Kersta's College" have already taken the stand as witnesses.

"Voiceprint matching," Kersta says, "isn't hard to learn."

He has ample evidence in thousands of voiceprint identification tests. One run of 2,000 done by untrained amateurs produced an error of only one percent. In a test using high-school girls with one week's training, voiceprints were matched with 99.2 percent accuracy. These tests all used a variety of words for bases, some of which show less individuality than others. If confined to the word "you," for example, matching was 100 percent correct, as it was on the words "I," "on" and "it."

The biggest obstacle in the way of wider use for voiceprints in law enforcement is the fact that police departments have skimpy budgets. Not many can afford to send men to Somerville for a course, even though Kersta makes no charge for his time. So far, fewer than a dozen law enforcement agencies have been able to pay the $12,500 a sound spectrograph costs. It's not necessary to own the machine, of course. Kersta voiceprints and checks out a tape for $100, and a flow of tapes comes in from all over the United States. Later, when a program for computerizing the matching of voiceprints is completed, regional sound spectrograph centers may serve law enforcement agencies for a large area.

Kersta visualizes the day when a vast accumulation of voiceprints will exist in central police records, as fingerprints are now filed with the FBI in Washington. The voiceprint of a suspect in any of a variety of cases—extortion, blackmail, obscene phone calls, bomb threats—could be instantly compared with the established voiceprints of known criminals.



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Such central files hold promise of being a boon to honest citizens in the cashless, checkless credit world of tomorrow. With losses from lost or stolen credit cards already running into millions, some foolproof means of identifying the user of a card must be found. Voiceprints, Kersta believes, can do the job. The system would work like this:

When making a purchase, a man would says, "My name is Joe Doakes. I live at 1010 West Road." A gadget in the clerk's pocket picks up the voice and transmits it to a central computer, where a voiceprint is instantly made and compared with Joe Doakes' authentic print on file there. The whole task is performed in a fraction of a second. A green light flashes on the pocket instrument, indicating that the purchaser is the real Doakes. A red light would warn the clerk that a credit card thief is using Doakes' card.

All this activity means not only more efficient crime fighting, but money for Kersta's firm. When Voiceprints, Inc. was first set up, with six employees, Kersta received a number of offers of considerably more capital than he himself could put into it. But until he knew the directions the company's service would take and had had a chance to evaluate them, he was content to go along with his own limited investment.

The wisdom of that policy has proved out. With the increasing success of Voiceprints, Inc., a dozen blue chip corporations expressed interest in buying into, or buying out, the new firm. Kersta finally accepted the best offer, which came from Farrington Manufacturing Co., Inc., a major maker of credit cards—and obviously concerned with their protection. Voiceprints, Inc. was made a division of Farrington, and Kersta, although remaining president of this new division, also became a vice-president and director of the parent firm.

The money his various moves as a businessmen have generated has pushed Kersta well into an earnings bracket not often reached by scientists. After 39 years as a sheltered researcher, he is becoming a financier. New applications of voiceprints to industry show promise of creating a bonanza on their own.

One such use lies in analyzing the "voices" of machines. Sound spectrograms provide astonishingly accurate diagnoses of the ills that befall machines.

"Any machine makes a noise," Kersta explains. "When it's working right, it makes one kind; when it's malfunctioning, it makes another."

To analyze what's wrong with a machine, first a "signature" of each possible malfunction must be obtained. Engineers install individually a cracked bearing in a machine, a worn bushing, a misaligned shaft, each time making sound spectrograms of the machine in operation and replacing the defective part before putting in another. When these signatures can be stored in a computer, they will be ready to tell what's wrong with a machine that's not working properly. A record of the sounds from the ailing machine will be made and voiceprinted, and the print will be fed into the computer. In a fraction of a second, it will compare the print with the previously recorded sound spectrograms of abnormal operation, match it to the signature of the particular malfunction and produce a diagnosis.

Prints of machines in trouble have already been helpful in many industries—aircraft, power, space—and in numerous secret military applications.

All these uses have proved highly profitable to Kersta, but the biggest jackpot may come when voiceprints are used in automotive service garages. A mechanic would simply transmit by telephone the actual sound of the engine to a sound spectrograph-computer center servicing a region. Instantly the computer, comparing the test engine's print with the signature prints of various troubles in the same model engine, would tell the mechanic what the difficulty was.

Kersta is working on using the same principle to diagnose some of the diseases of the most important machine of all—the human body. Heart specialists cooperating with him are optimistic about the possible role of sound spectrograms of the heart beat to ascertain the organ's condition. Right now they are gathering the signatures of different heart ailments.

The task is not easy. It took two years to find 20 signatures of pure stenosis—a narrowing of the heart's passages. The problem is that most heart patients have more than one condition, and a combination has little value as a signature. When, eventually, the pure signatures of all possible heart ailments have been assembled, diagnosis of any possible single ailment, or any combination of them, will be possible.

At present, the "heartprints" are read by doctors. In the future it is expected that the whole operation will be computerized for instant diagnosis.

As the number of signatures mounts, doctors may be able to spot the particular patterns that indicate early stages of heart ailments, thus predicting heart attacks before they happen. Uses already made of other "body prints" hint at a host of possible applications in medicine's future. They've been employed, for example, to chart the effect of various treatments on asthma patients; the patterns made by breathing are different at different stages of improvement.

Rewarding as the medical developments for voiceprints are, Kersta still finds most exciting their use in scientific detection. He's always ready to accept the challenge of a new case. The toughest one he has encountered so far concerned a Pacific Air Lines F-27 Turbo-Jet which had slammed into a California hillside, killing all 44 aboard.

Why had the plane crashed? Civil Aeronautics Board investigators believed the answer might be found in the voice of the copilot, Ray E. Andress, recorded on an Oakland control tower tape. The words were too blurred to be distinguishable, even to CAB sound experts, though they were plainly a cry of terror.

Was there a chance that Kersta could reconstruct the words with voiceprints, the agency asked.

Kersta didn't know, but he was willing to try. When he listened to the tape, he was dismayed. It was impossible to make out a single word. Furthermore, there was a lot of extraneous noise—static and engine sounds.

Kersta's first objective was to get rid of the interference. This he did by a complicated process involving an electronic filter as well as a computer to calculate the possibility that he was eliminating voice sounds along with the unwanted ones. The process took more than a week of slogging effort. He emerged from it with a number of sounds made by a human voice, still wholly unintelligible.

Now he was ready for the sound spectrograph. Carefully he voiceprinted each of the sounds on the filtered tape. Then one by one he studied them. His examination of thousands of prints had enabled him to recognize some voiceprinted words. In spite of individual differences, there is a general similarity in the prints of a given sound.

His next step was to utter the sound he thought each of the voiceprints might represent. Then, making a print of his own voice, he compared it with the one of the control tower tape. Soon the first word of the message began to emerge. "Stick. . . ." No, that wasn't right. "Skit. . . ." No, that wasn't it either. How about "strip"? Wrong again.

Try "skip." That was it! The voiceprints almost matched. But there was more to the word. "Skip . . . skipper." The word was complete. No, there was something more. An "s" sound, maybe? Right. The first word had to be "Skipper's."

Encouraged by this triumph, Kersta went on to sweat out the next word. A day went by before he had that one. It was "shot."

Three weeks and hundreds of trial voiceprints later, Kersta had deciphered the complete message. It told a strange story.

"Skipper's shot . . . we've been shot . . . tryin' ta help. . . ."

That was all. Seconds later the plane had crashed.

The revelation of a bizarre crime in the air was confirmed when investigators found in the wreckage a .357 magnum revolver registered to a passenger. The solution was another triumph for the man whose remarkable voiceprints make it possible to see the human voice.

—Norman Carlisle

COMING . . .

When the "best team in baseball" finished sixth last year, it was time for

A TOUGH NEW MAN IN STEELTOWN

Meet Larry Shepard, the unknown manager whose job is to make pennant winners of the dissension-torn Pittsburgh Pirates

NEXT MONTH IN TRUE

THE GREAT SAIGON SEX SWINDLE

[*Continued from page 37*]

territory. Many of the girls' husbands and brothers are Viet Cong and they are too, because, as you saw for yourself, they've got nothing to lose."

We went into another red-light district. It was like the first except that it was right in the center of the town. There were a hundred brothels here. I talked with one of the madames. She was lying on the ground like an enormous furless cat, wearing black silk pajamas and smoking. Her fingernails, which were lacquered aluminum blue like the shell of a scarab, sparkled in the light of a small oil lamp of the kind used to prepare opium. I asked her how the money a girl makes is divided up. She smiled and didn't answer. Finally she asked, "Why do you want to know?"

Taking 200 piastres out of my pocket I offered them to her. I watched her movement closely. It was a gesture I was to see repeated again and again. The nails stretched out towards the 200 piastre notes and then seized them anxiously, almost as if they might disappear during the time it took to reach them. Once the money had been seized, the return movement of the hand was quite slow. Afterward it was as if all relations between us were at an end, and that once she had the money the woman no longer had any reason to talk. Her bored gaze wandered here and there, and there were long pauses between her replies.

"I get the same cut as every other madame—35 percent of the girl's price. Out of what remains the girl then has to give 15 percent to the procurer, 10 or 15 percent to her protector, and five piastres to the boy who goes to find her and brings her here."

"What's the difference between a madame and a procurer?"

"The madame has to provide the girl with clothes, food, and sometimes even a place to live. The procurer rents the rooms. The procurer's children fetch the girls from their own homes and bring them to me, and then we go together to the procurer's where the client is waiting."

"Why such a complicated procedure?"

At this question she burst out laughing and patted me on the back. "Everyone's entitled to his cut, and there are a lot of us here in Saigon who've got to make a living."

My last question was to ask her why, even in this part of town, Americans were not allowed. She replied simply, "Because they aren't."

Then where do the Americans go to find a girl? They go to the thousands of bars that are lined up, like booths at a fair, along the main streets of Saigon. Every evening they wander around the streets where the asphalt is warm and soft and studded with beer-bottle caps and where the air is a white and poisonous cloud of exhaust fumes. Their faces are lit by the neon signs of the bars—"Eldorado," "Miami," "Tahit," "California," "Diamond"—while a crowd of cunning little men drive round and round them in small cars, circling and maneuvering closer and closer with a deafening uproar until their victims have been hemmed in so closely that they are forced to climb in. If they do succeed in escaping from this swarm of motorized pimps, they still have to get beyond the "cyclo-pousses" (bicycle rickshaws) which are waiting in ambush in every dark corner or at crossroads and which cut across in front of them, the drivers repeating the same few phrases in English: "Nice girl, very young girl, girl number one, foki foki, exciting movie." Finally they enter one of the bars.

This is the moment when tens of thousands of Vietnamese girls begin their fraudulent, parasitic work, clinging to the body of a GI like smiling and very delicate little spiders; and every evening, in the darkness of the private rooms, there begins once again a colossal practical joke at the expense of the conventional, industrial and puritan ethics of American civilization. The bars, in fact, are a masterpiece of Vietnamese cunning, a sort of erotic guerrilla warfare which, in its methods and results can be compared with the tactics of the Viet Cong. This is how it works:

A young GI comes back from one of the war zones after months of exhausting missions searching the forests where, more often than not, he has succeeded in finding absolutely nothing. He goes to Saigon on leave and the first thing he wants is a girl. He has two ideas of what Vietnamese girls are like. One, which he has gotten from films and paperbacks, is the conventional technicolor picture of the Asiatic woman as a gentle, extremely feminine, submissive and tenderhearted creature who falls in love with a foreigner—something on the lines of *Sayonara* or *Madame Butterfly*. The second and opposite idea is the one put over by the announcements on the Armed Forces television programs, in which the Vietnamese woman is depicted as grasping, cunning and avaricious. These announcements which, in line with the usual American methods, may interrupt a crime movie at its high point of suspense, show the GI a house, a car and a pile of dollars. Do you want them? They're yours. How? Save your money, don't waste it on *Saigonte* (the tiny cups of tea that the girls drink and which cost about 200 piastres each). Keep away from the bars in Saigon.

The young GI is confused. Somewhere between these two pictures there exists the reality, the warm smooth body of the girl standing next to him in the dark bar. Her chirruping voice whispers words of love to him and she fondles his hand while he kisses and strokes her face. After a few hours the boy suggests that they spend the night together. The girl is shocked. She says that her body is too small and fragile and the American's is far too big; they're out of proportion. This phrase, which is a standard part of the repertory of the bars, appeals either to the young man's better feelings or else to his conventional ideas of love in the East. He decides that they need time—at least a couple of evenings—and that they should "be in love." The next evening he comes back to the bar, but the girl can't go to bed with him that evening because her grandmother is sick; maybe tomorrow evening. The boy goes back the next evening, and the evening after that; in fact he spends all the evenings of his leave in the bar. Gradually, without realizing it, he falls into a state of morose drunkenness. Every so often he becomes suspicious. Sometimes when he leaves he sees the girl laughing as she gets on to the back of a motor scooter driven by a young man who is waiting for her. The GI asks who he is. My brother, or, my husband who treats me badly and takes all my money, or, my father, who is very strict and won't allow

TRUE

"All right, Fletcher, you get the first two weeks in September."

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me to go home by myself. Finally the last evening comes around. This time the girl has promised that she'll spend the night with him. She gets up, goes to the toilet and disappears. It's half past 11, getting close to the hour of the curfew. The young man looks for her, he throws himself against the door of the toilet and starts hammering on it with his fists. He's thrown out of the bar, which is closing, and finds himself out in the street—drunk, alone, and unhappy. But here once again are all the pimps and touts. Indefatigable children swarm around him, prodding him with bamboo sticks tipped with little pieces of sugar cane. . . .

"But don't they complain?" I asked a bar owner, a Vietnamese woman of about 35 who spoke fluent French and wore European clothes. She had a large diamond ring on her finger.

"Of course the GI's complain, but it doesn't do them any good and they always end up by coming back. They tried getting the government to do something and there were posters and police everywhere, but it didn't come to anything. Then they said that since the prices were so high the girls should get the same kind of drinks as they do. They sniff the girls' drinks and if they can't smell any alcohol, they refuse to pay for them. They go into long arguments and take out paper and pencils and arrive at sums to prove that they have a right to insist on this. They're crazy. These girls never touch alcohol, so how could they swallow 20 whiskies in an evening? It would kill them."

"Do the girls sleep with the customers?"

"Very few, and then only after a long time and if they're in love. Most of them are respectable girls who live with their families. Others have jobs during the day and come to the bars in the evening to supplement their salaries."

"What percentage do they get of the price of the drinks?"

"Half."

"How much do they make a month?"

"It depends on the drinks. They can make between 15- and 40-thousand piastres a month."

"How much does a middle-ranking government employee earn?"

"Officially he gets five or six thousand piastres, but with what he makes on the side you can never really tell. Some of them drive Mercedes."

"What about a university professor?"

"About 15-thousand piastres."

On the last night of his leave the young GI, drunk and with only five minutes to go before the curfew hour, finds his way to one of the brothels. A typical example was one in the center of Saigon, on the third floor of a building which was still under construction but was already old and decaying, the wall crumbling from the damp and the hallways littered with garbage. It consisted of a single room with six large beds. The beds could be closed off by a curtain to form a cubicle with cloth walls. Two of the beds were in use, a fact which was made obvious not just by the closed curtains. A few women were lying on the other beds. Their ages varied but none of them were young. They were made up in the crude manner of Oriental prostitutes, which made them look like large, cheap Chinese dolls. One of them, a peroxide blonde, was twisting about on her bed and complaining. She had a fever, and a friend was bathing her forehead with a wet handkerchief.

The door onto the landing was open. Men, women and children were going up and down the stairs, glancing indifferently into the room as they went by. In the back wall there were two doorways without doors; one led into a small kitchen where an old woman was preparing food, and the room was filled with oily smoke that smelled of fish. The other, which was covered by a curtain, led to the toilet. The women lying on the beds looked at me with bored expressions, and then one after the other they mechanically patted their hands on the dirty sheets, inviting me to join them. No one spoke. There was movement from inside the two occupied cubicles and one of the beds suddenly collapsed, with loud shrieks from the woman inside. A very loud and panting voice swore a single oath in English and the shrieking stopped. There was another long silence and then a soldier emerged from one of the cubicles. He was wearing his combat uniform and hat, and he had brought his helmet, automatic rifle, armored jacket and even his canteen with him. He finished dressing and left without saying a word.

"My wife and I live in peaceful coexistence—she's in Lima, Peru."

The sick woman asked me where I came from. To simplify matters I told her I was French. Her friend smiled and began to talk to me in French. She at once started to complain about the Americans.

"The Negroes are the worst. They fix a price for the whole night, but they never go to sleep and want to make love seven or eight times. If a girl doesn't want to, they ask for their money back. It's not fair. I've been doing this work for 15 years, but it was a lot different with the French. The houses were legal then and controlled by the police. Now no one protects us and this job's become very dangerous. Often the Americans who come here are furious because they haven't got anything from the bar-girls and they want to get their money back by not paying us. . . ."

"You can speak French, can't you get any other work? So far as I can tell from the newspapers there's a big demand for people who know French."

"I make more money this way. We're in a cooperative."

"How does that work?"

"The only people we give a cut to are the 'cyclo-pousse' who brings the clients and the boy who stays downstairs to protect us."

"Wouldn't you rather do some other kind of work?"

"I'd like to have a bar."

The cost per square foot of living space is higher in Saigon than in any other city in the world, including even London and New York. The houses where a European can live are very few and very expensive, and are mostly occupied by Americans. But even for the Vietnamese there is a housing shortage. Almost 2,000,000 of the 3,000,000 people living in Saigon are packed into the slums. These slums, which contain the lowest brothels, are not confined to the outskirts of the city but spring up wherever there is an empty patch of ground, for example, along the railroad tracks. Until they are about five miles outside the city the trains have to go at a walking speed.

Vung Tau, 75 miles from Saigon, is a little town that faces the South China Sea and is the site of the largest "rest and recreation center" for American servicemen in the whole of South Viet Nam. It consists of two hotels side-by-side, only a few yards from the beach. The larger of the two has a sort of patio of red-hot cement surrounding a little pool containing brightly-colored fish. The patio is surrounded by a high wall surmounted by a thick network of barbed wire three or four yards high. During the day, GI's of all ages, wearing Bermuda shorts, lie stretched out in silence on deck chairs that have been set out in the patio under umbrellas. Every now and then one of them gets up from the disk of burning-hot cement and makes his way through the crowd to the sea. He dives in and soon afterward returns to his deck chair, where a Vietnamese girl wearing a bathing suit brings him an iced drink.

At night the patio is illuminated by powerful floodlights. The umbrellas have been removed and the patio has become a nightclub for single men. Needless to say, no women come here. In the center of the patio a small band plays American tunes which are sung by Vietnamese girls, but the noise of the electric generator almost drowns out the band and the singer. The men stand motionless; they look decent but sad. From time to time, one picks up his glass from the table with a slow and mechanical movement and takes a drink. But most of the time they stand as stiff and rigid as plaster casts dressed in checkered shorts and imitation Chinese satin shirts of pistachio green, canary yellow or China blue.

A few yards away was the hotel where I stayed and where American soldiers who can't find a room at the rest and recreation center keep arriving in a continuous stream. The entrance hall of the hotel is usually crowded with women waiting for the new arrivals.

The "cyclo-pousse" who brings them to the hotel also takes them up to the rooms. The hotel manager pays him 100 piastres, and he also gets a third of what the girls make.

Between the rest and recreation center on the one hand and, on the other, my hotel, which is little more than a brothel, the hundreds of other brothels—stables jammed with fat women who doze and complain—and the thousands of filthy bars, there exists the same relationship as that between American puritanism and sin. On one side there is the rest and recreation center where practically everything is forbidden, with its pure men neat and refrigerated like a row of Coca-Cola bottles, and on the other there is life with all its explosive and mysterious disorder, its animal movement, its smells, colors and throbbing blood. It's the relationship between unreality and reality.

In one of these bars I met a 19-year-old boy who had been wounded four times in combat. He had his girl on his knee and was quite willing to talk with me. He was a "quiet American."

It seems fitting that I should end this article with our conversation. We talked, naturally enough, about Vietnamese women. He was enthusiastic about them:

"They're fantastic—gentle, tender, passionate. But they've also got personality. I've known them for more than a year, so I know what I'm talking about. Prostitution? The bars? But there's nothing unusual about that; the women are forced into it. With their living conditions, what else could they do?

"See this girl? Let me introduce her to you, she's my fiancée. She's called Han, which means 'orchid.' What a poetic name. Yesterday I asked my commanding officer for permission to marry her."

"And do you let her work in a bar?"

"She doesn't do anything wrong, and besides she's the one who wants to go on doing this work."

"Are you sure you don't mind?"

"Quite sure. Anyway, look at her. Can't you see that she loves me?"

As he said that he took the girl by the chin and turned her face toward me. I looked at her. She, too, was a child, and not good-looking. Her long and deceitful eyes pretended to smile while she stroked her young man's cheek. She did it with cool calculation, but it needed more than a 19-year-old American boy to realize that. So I answered that yes, she certainly did love him.—**Goffredo Parise**

THE JEW WHO PLAYED ARAB

[*Continued from page 52*]

A year passed. Cohen had replaced his Egyptian Arabic with that of Syria—the two dialects differ widely. He was learning to act, think, even eat like a Syrian. Cram course followed cram course.

Finally he was drilled mercilessly on details of a past life which never existed, complete with boyhood memories of a remote Syrian village.

The transformation of Elie Cohen ended. Now he was a wealthy merchant of Syrian origin, a sleekly-groomed bachelor with a penchant for night life, a loud-voiced Arab patriot ever ready to denounce the Zionist conspiracy. His new name was Kamel Tabet, and he had a forged Syrian passport to prove it.

In late 1960 Elie rejoined Nadia and the children for a last visit before his departure on assignment. He could not tell her where he was going.

In virtually every great port city of the world there is a small community of Syrian businessmen. One exists in Buenos Aires. The Syrians there are an affluent, close-knit minority. They have integrated into Argentine life only on an economic level, because home to all of them is back in Syria.

When Kamel Tabet joined them in January, 1961, his passport showed a long residence in Europe. World trade was his line, he explained to local Syrian leaders, and he lost no time in setting up an import-export business on a grand scale.

Tabet was a cool character. He did the expected, but no more, never pressing his friendship. Once it was apparent that he was making money, he was invited to join the local mosque and the Moslem fraternal society.

Wherever Tabet was invited, the mere mention of Israel would launch him into a violent speech. On one occasion, after a diatribe worthy of a hardened Nazi, he was congratulated by a stout, graying man in the uniform of a Syrian army general. It was the military attaché at the local Syrian embassy, Amin el Hafez. The two men became friends, and the friendship would prove significant.

In time Tabet's friends noted that he talked increasingly of Syria. He admitted he was homesick. His health was none too good. He'd done well in business. Why should he not make a visit back home?

Because, as he explained, he expected to return, he applied for Argentine citizenship. It was granted immediately, thanks to his good record, and he was given an Argentine passport—a genuine passport to replace his forged Syrian one.

When Kamel Tabet finally set sail for Syria, a sad crowd of Arabs waved him farewell from the Buenos Aires docks. It was January, 1962.

Early in World War II, a Russian spy manual entitled *Recruiting and Contact Procedures* fell into Nazi hands. The Nazis translated it, and it became known as a primer of espionage whose message is still valid: the spy should aim high in contacts with the enemy, for the simple reason that more information lies there.

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Kamel Tabet took a leaf from the Red manual. He was playing for top stakes, and he needed top people in his game. Now, on shipboard, he turned on the charm for a rich Syrian, Sheik Majed el Ard. The sheik was well traveled, wore European dress, and called himself a businessman; he had the hard, wizened face of a crooked camel trader. The two men became constant companions.

Beirut loomed ahead, the gateway in Lebanon through which funnel passengers and produce for Syria and Jordan. Tabet's pulse must have quickened as his ship entered the harbor—he had no Syrian visa on his passport. Tel Aviv had instructed him not to apply for one at the Syrian embassy in Buenos Aires. There was always the chance that some eager clerk might check too closely. He was to get to Beirut, make himself known, then apply for his Syrian visa.

Casually Tabet told his new friend the sheik that he had neglected to get his Argentine passport stamped with the necessary visa. The sheik laughed, literally pushed Tabet toward his own chauffeured limousine, waiting at portside, and promised to arrange everything.

Shortly afterward, at the Syrian frontier, the sheik entered the customs office, called a high official in Damascus, then handed the phone to a border policeman. The order came through: Kamel Tabet was to be permitted immediate entry into Syria.

Elie Cohen was in. That night, in the luxury of Damascus' Semiramis Hotel, he knew for the first time the fear of a spy in a hostile land. But whatever he felt, as Kamel Tabet he began to play the prodigal son of Syria returned to the fatherland. He soon made friends, thanks to the sheik and to numerous letters of introduction from Buenos Aires.

Tabet was taken into Damascus high society, where the political power lay. His own politics, he stated loudly, consisted of three principles: the Zionist conspiracy was the root of all evil; Israel must be obliterated; Syrian military potential must be increased.

All this time, money flowed in from Tabet's bank in Buenos Aires. The Shin Bet supplied it, of course, and continued to do so when he revived his miraculous import-export business in Damascus. Its financial windfalls were notable, and Tabet began to cut in certain of his new friends on lucrative deals.

These friends now included government members, politicians and ranking army officers. He was especially friendly with a Colonel Hatoum, a stocky, broad-faced Syrian who commanded the army's elite parachute commandos, and a Colonel Dalli, an older man for whom military life was but a stepping-stone for his political ambitions.

After some months, Tabet announced he must be returning to Argentina. But no one would hear of this. The country needed native sons like him at home. He was offered a post in the government-controlled radio and TV network as chief of programs to Spain and Latin America,

and he accepted. Tabet's friends had succeeded in keeping him in Syria.

Soon Tabet changed his style of living. He moved into a luxurious villa in the fashionable residential quarter of Abou-Remanne, directly across from the Government Palace. He equipped the place lavishly and began to pay back his social debts in a nonstop round of receptions, dinners and parties.

Kamel Tabet played. But Elie Cohen worked, setting up a photographic laboratory complete with microfilming equipment in one of the villa's many bedrooms. His first reports to Tel Aviv went out as dots of film the size of a pinhead, hidden in playing cards sent to an old "friend" back in Buenos Aires. The dots contained amazingly accurate information on Red arms shipments to Syria. More urgent information went out on Tabet's wildly anti-Israeli broadcasts in Spanish, through a word code the Shin Bet had worked out.

Naturally Tel Aviv was exultant; its man in Damascus had exceeded all expectations. To aid Elie Cohen still further, the Shin Bet smuggled into Kamel Tabet's sumptuous villa a tiny handbuilt marvel of a sending-receiving radio.

The first night Cohen used it, Tel Aviv was waiting to hear its code name . . . DERVISH . . . DERVISH. . . .

Dervish acknowledged. Cohen gave a long message he had coded the previous afternoon. When it ended, Dervish replied with another: Kamel Tabet was to manifest sympathy for the extreme left, pro-Russian Baath party, because yet another of the frequent, violent changes in regime common in Syria was in the offing.

The next day Tabet veered left. He became a member of the Baath party that week, and within the month it took over the government of Syria by *coup d'état*. Among the dignitaries at the victory festivities was suave, dapper Kamel Tabet. His invitation had come from the office of the new president, his old friend from Buenos Aires, Gen. Amin el Hafez.

For a time there was talk of Tabet's becoming a minister in the new government. But this possibility was complicated by his Argentine citizenship—fortunately. It was wiser for him to stay safely on the sidelines.

His old friends, Colonel Dalli, Colonel Hatoum and the aging Sheik el Ard, were, for his purposes, quite enough. The two officers kept him up on military affairs. Both were woman chasers, and Tabet gave them the keys to his villa for their amours. Only his own double-locked bedroom was off-limits to them.

The sly old sheik was something else, a wily spider whose web encompassed all of Syria. What he didn't know, he could find out. He knew everybody, from big businessmen to bazaar thieves. He could, and would, arrange anything—for a price.

The year 1964 began with a slight change in Tabet's operational plan. The receptions and dinners continued as before, but now, for certain important friends he wished to cultivate, he began a series of parties which were less innocent.

Nothing was spared for these events. The only thing homegrown was the hashish. The caviar came from Russia, the whisky from Scotland, the liqueurs from France. The tables sagged with goodies to sate the most demanding appetite.

Toward midnight the low hubbub of intimate political talk would stop. The lights would dim. The girls would arrive —usually a couple of belly dancers, a small troupe of Oriental ballerinas, and several of Damascus' elite ladies of easy virtue. Their dimples and enticing wiggles were hidden more by the strangely acrid smoke of hashish suffusing the room than by their frothy silk costumes.

For Tabet himself, joining in the after-hour orgies must have taken the difficult art of a polished actor. For back in Tel Aviv, Elie Cohen had been known as a stay-at-home family man.

The harvest from the friendships nourished and the connections made at Tabet's parties was such that soon there was but one remaining secret that Tel Aviv wanted desperately: the plans of the fortress at Golan.

To Tabet's Syrian army friends, the themes of his speeches did not change—except for a curious new emphasis on the inadequacy of the country's frontier defenses. They were ridiculously weak, he proclaimed. The Israelis could pierce them in 24 hours. When he conferred with his friend President El Hafez in the summer of 1964, he again decried the shocking state of border defenses.

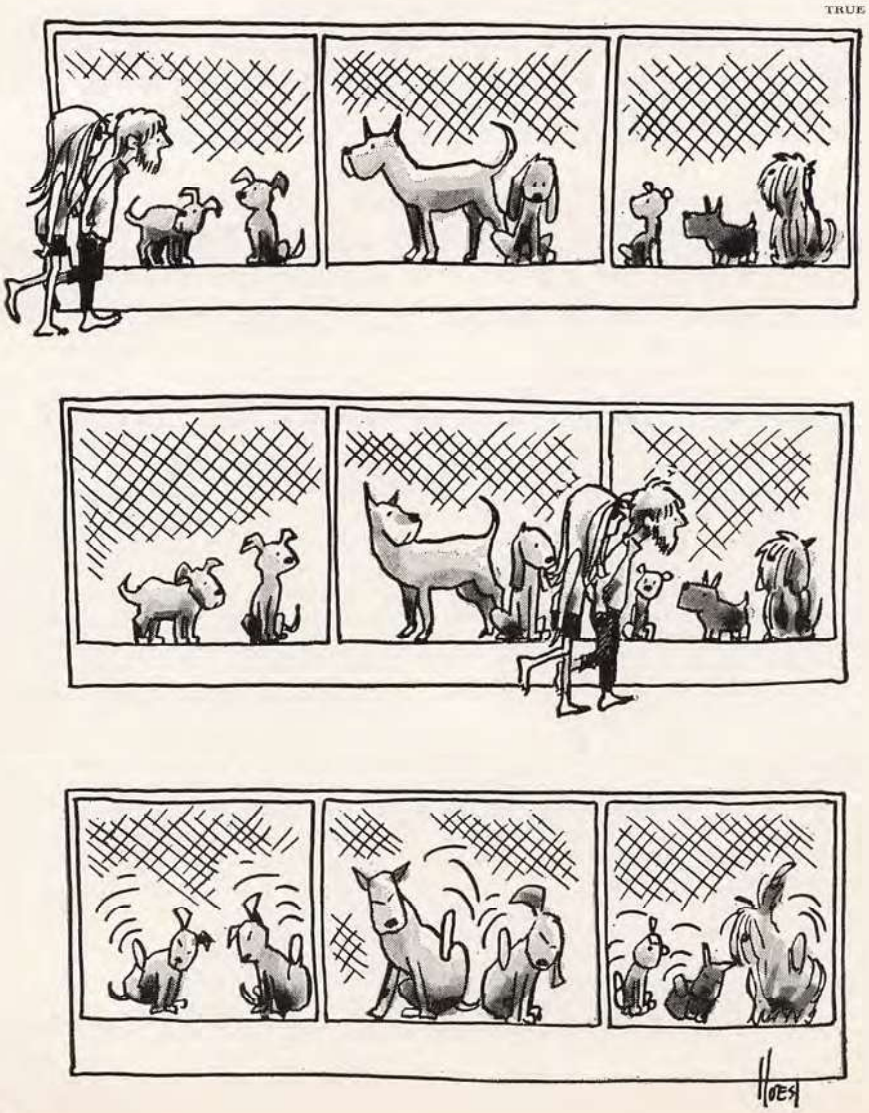
This time his complaint went from the president's office to the Syrian high command, where it was decided that Kamel Tabet's ignorance must be rectified. Not only was he badly misled as to the frontier situation, but he was putting the army in a bad light.

That week the brass gave Tabet a detailed tour of frontier installations to prove that any Israeli attack could be thwarted. The tour lasted two days. Naturally Kamel insisted on spending the night on the Heights of Golan, the greatest of the Middle Eastern forts.

Whatever emotions Elie Cohen felt as he looked down onto Israel's Huleh Valley far below, Kamel Tabet ignored.

"What if the Jewish dogs come from this direction?" he asked.

The Syrian officers smiled and pointed to a recoilless cannon here, a heavy artillery piece there, a rocket-firing Katusha behind a crag. The field of fire was perfect except for a few sheltered ravines, which Tabet duly noted. He continued playing the amateur strategist that night in an officers' lounge deep in the mountain until the Syrians amusedly hauled out maps of the fort. Some hours later,



"It's the new longer length."

when Tabet retired, his head was full.

Back in Damascus the next day, Tabet admitted to the army chiefs that the defense situation was better than he had imagined. In fact, he was so reassured, and so grateful for his tour, that he wrote out a check to the Syrian army for $35,000. In Arab lands where the army is the only effective power, such donations are a common kind of insurance against the effects of political upheavals.

Dervish had no message from Tabet that night. Nor the next. Apprehension mounted, then ended when Elie Cohen, himself, arrived in Tel Aviv headquarters. He had left Damascus on the pretext of a business trip, flown to Zurich, then doubled back to Israel. With him, he brought the plans he had scribbled of the fort on Golan. He dumped them on Shin Bet's most important table and dashed home, to find his wife Nadia and their children well and full of questions he could not answer.

Cohen's family interlude was not only brief, but interrupted by lengthy talks with the Shin Bet. In a few days he flew back to Zurich and from there returned to Damascus to pick up where he had left off.

As often as not, when a spy is blown, it is the fault of home base. The Shin Bet's fatal blunder with Elie Cohen was the radio. Wonderfully made instrument though it was, it was bound sooner or later to destroy him despite the fact that he could not do without it. Because what Cohen also could not do without was what the spy trade calls "cutouts." Any regularly reporting espionage operation worth a radio is worth three men *at the minimum:* the information source (in this case Cohen himself), a radio operator removed from the information source, and a courier to insure liaison between the two. Cohen was supplied with neither of the latter.

Perhaps the source of the blunder was overconfidence, for Kamel Tabet had become a name that counted in Syrian affairs. He was on a first-name basis with the nation's notables and on intimate terms with the military clique who ran the country. Maybe it was simply too good to last.

Late on an autumn night of 1964, radio-room technicians of Syrian counterintelligence picked up a strange sound from the airwaves over Damascus. It was a whining, garbled wail lasting only a few seconds. The time and wavelength were duly recorded.

At the same time the following night, the counterintelligence men waited for a repetition of the signal. It did not come. Weeks passed before it was picked up again, the same whirring blurb of a noise. Oddly, it was at a different time and on a different wavelength.

Sophisticated equipment is not needed to locate an illegally operating transmitter. The main thing required is patience, for time schedules, no matter how varied, repeat themselves. It took the Syrians some days to plot the specific location of the strange noise. It came from Kamel Tabet's villa. They closed in promptly to find a sight none quite dared believe: Tabet was in the middle of a broadcast to Israel. About him, scattered over the room, was an array of the most modern equipment, including an ultrahigh-speed tape recorder.

It was the end of the line for Elie Cohen.

The news of Tabet's arrest was too sensational to be kept secret. It spread through Syria's stunned ruling circles, then down to the people, despite an official blackout. A week passed, then, on January 24, 1965, Damascus Radio announced that "a dangerous Jewish spy has been captured."

Meanwhile, a case of spy jitters had shaken the country. Syrian counterintelligence announced the capture of 13 new spies, although some people said they were merely members of the local political opposition. Whatever they were, they

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were given trials publicized on TV and sent to the gallows.

For a while there were hopes of saving Elie Cohen's life. His wife Nadia and the Israel government hired Jacques Mercier, one of Europe's greatest trial lawyers, for his defense. Mercier flew from Paris to Damascus and won a promise that he could represent Cohen.

Somewhere in Europe, Israeli and Syrian officials met in secret to discuss Cohen's fate. There was a leak, and London's *Sunday Times* announced that "$28 million, plus army lorries, tractors, and a large quantity of pharmaceuticals have been offered for the life of Israel's master spy." The offer was refused by Syria.

Israel then proposed to exchange 10 captured Syrian spies for Cohen. The Syrians again refused.

Elie Cohen's trial began before a five-man military tribunal headed by Kamel Tabet's old buddy, Colonel Dalli, with good friend Colonel Hatoum second in command. The proceedings were conducted in utter secrecy except for one point, when the embarrassed Syrian government allowed a brief TV shot of Cohen and the 37 others accused with him. The names of the others were never announced, but gossip said 20 of them were small-fry officials and junior officers taking the rap for their superiors, and the remaining 17 were Kamel Tabet's party girls.

On camera, Cohen looked pale and tired, yet calm. His face wore the odd, mocking little smile of someone amused by a fantastic joke.

The trial was of little importance. Cohen's fate was already decided. Lawyer Jacques Mercier was not even notified when the trial ended, as he had not been notified when it began.

Shortly before dawn on May 18, 1965, Elie Cohen was led from his cell to a scaffold in Damascus' Great Square. By the time the sunrise call to prayer blared from the minaret nearby and the early merchants had set up their street stalls, he was dead. His body was draped by a stark white sheet of paper on which was written in Arabic script: *Executed For Having Transmitted Security Information to the Enemy.*

A more comprehensive appraisal of Cohen's achievements appeared the next day in Beirut's Arab daily *El Hayat:* "The sad truth is that Elie Cohen's success was stupefying. Damascus would make a decision in the morning . . . Cohen sent it to Tel Aviv that night."

Since the day Elie Cohen was buried in an unmarked grave in Damascus, many of Kamel Tabet's old friends have passed from power. Ex-president Amin el Hafez lies in jail. So does Colonel Dalli. Colonel Hatoum faced a firing squad. But none of their fates were connected with Kamel Tabet; they were merely victims of Syrian politics.

Frontiers have become vague, and old landmarks have disappeared. The unused goats' path which once led up from the Israeli-Syrian border has been replaced by a military road. It climbs from Huleh Valley, peaceful for the first time in 20 years, to the Israeli-patrolled Heights of Golan.

About the road, on all sides, are the charred hulks of tanks, bulldozers and armored cars, wrecked derelicts of the battle for the fort. One day the Israelis should put a plaque on the cruel slope. On it should be written: "This hill was taken, thanks in part, to an Arab by the name of Kamel Tabet."

It would be an appropriate epitaph for a Jew named Elie Cohen.—**Dan Willis**

TRUE

"General Apperson is a World War III buff."

UP, UP & AWAY—
[*Continued from page* 49]

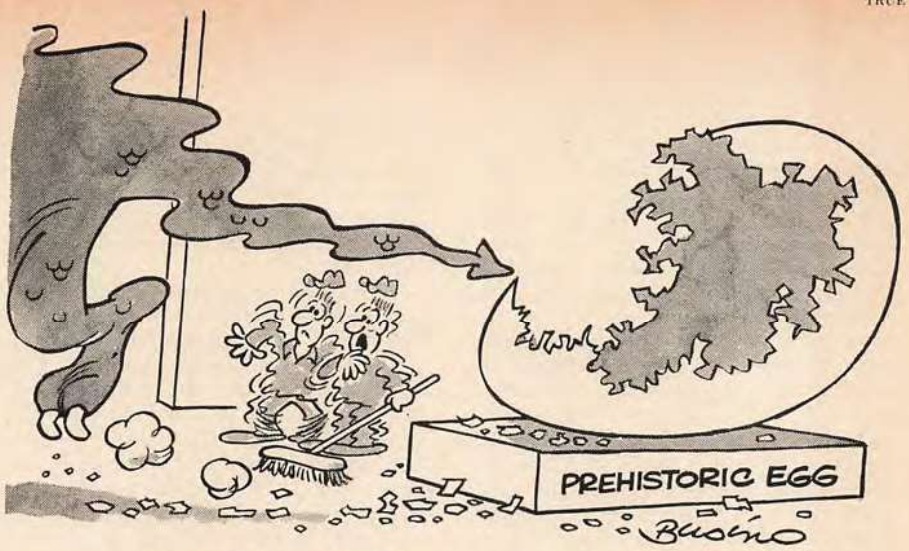
it-yourself craft that so far have actually taken off all follow Welch's stipulation of light weight and wide wingspread. The first to fly was *Sumpac*, named for the Southampton University Man Powered Aircraft Group. On November 9, 1961, it sped 200 yards at six-foot altitude in eight seconds. The plane had an 80-foot wingspan and an empty weight of 124 pounds. Commented one of its builders, "Isn't it wonderful to be doing something for a change out of which no one can make any money?" But *Sumpac* tended to give loops and yaws, and after four years of tests, it crashed one day from a low altitude, and has not flown since.

A week after *Sumpac's* historic flight, on November 16, 1961, a competing group, the Hatfield Man Powered Aircraft Club, watched its work of love rise briefly into the air—a craft name *Puffin* for its resemblance to the bird of that name, and also, unfortunately, for the pun with what the pilot does. Crowning centuries of attempts, these two successes are credited as the first real man-powered flights, because earlier claims involved extra help in getting the craft off the ground.

The British were at it from the first: in 852 B.C. the tenth king of Britain, Bladud, had a go at winged flight; in 1507 the physician to James IV of Scotland broke his thigh in a brave leap. An English philosopher of the 13th century, Roger Bacon, postulated an ornithopter: "An instrument may be made to fly, if one sit in the midst of the instrument and do turn an engine, by which the wings, being artificially composed, may beat the air." Three centuries later, Leonardo da Vinci drew plans for such a craft.

A more recent wing-flapper, operated by one Hans Werner Krause, did fly 250 yards in 1929 in Germany, but it had a "bungey" launch—a send-off by stretched rubber cord. More recently, John S. Elliott, an engineer at the Royal Aircraft Establishment, and other members of the Farnborough Man Powered Ornithopter Club, built a mechanical bird designed to rise straight up when the pilot within causes the wings to move by a rowing motion on two levers; he sits with his back to the prow, rowboat style. Another such bird, with 36 feet of feathered wings moved up and down by the pilot's hands and feet working levers and pedals, is the work of London sculptor Emil Hartmann; it has flown only when towed behind a car.

Men have died in the cause; Ivan the Terrible executed one hopeful birdman for the "unnatural act of trying to leave the earth." A winged man named Vincent de Groof dropped to his death from a balloon in London early this century. The same fate attended an American, Clem Sohn, in 1937, and a Frenchman, Leo Valentin, in 1956. Typical of such stunt men who push their luck is the recent leap, with feathers flailing the air, of a certain Donald Partridge from Hammersmith Bridge directly into the Thames below ("I feel akin to the birds. I am called Partridge and my first name is the same as Donald Duck's!"). He was fished out alive, but this lunatic fringe really has nothing whatever in common with the painstaking care and aeronautical logic characteristic of the men who actually have flown on their own power.



"Judson! Y-you didn't keep an eye on the thermostat!"

The best known of these is the 45-year-old designer of *Puffin*, John Wimpenny, chief engineer of Hawker Siddeley aircraft, and spark plug of the Hatfield Man Powered Aircraft Club, whose 35-odd members are all aircraft engineers and technicians. I knew that Wimpenny still held the man-powered distance record, set six years ago in *Puffin*, of 993 yards, and, wanting to meet the man and see the bird, I drove out to the Hawker Siddeley hangars in Hatfield one misty morning recently. Wimpenny would be busy until noon, but another club member, instruments designer Terence Fairbairn, happily led me out to *Puffin's* hangar. *Puffin* is a beauty, quartered behind a padlocked gate in a fence that makes a private area, donated by the firm, within the vast building. Her amazing 94-foot wings, as wide as those on a Dakota, show, through transparent plastic skin, a fabulous balsa-wood fretwork. Fairbairn said she had taken two years to build; club members, working evenings and weekends, found that their wives were known as "Wimpenny's Widows." But she flew the first time out of the hangar with a test pilot named Jimmy Phillips in the driver's seat. The group's employers, de Havilland Aircraft (since absorbed by Hawker Siddeley), allowed them early morning and weekend use of the airstrip for tests; club members spent nearly as much time on *Puffin* as on the job. After six months of longer and longer flights, Wimpenny, who in working hours designed the Comet, made what now stands as the distance record of 993 yards, or well over half a mile.

Wimpenny is no athlete and has never piloted a conventional plane. But he trained by riding his wife's bicycle to work, five miles each way, every day—his own had already gone piecemeal into *Puffin's* cockpit. His record flight brought him an unofficial prize of $140 from the Royal Aeronautical Society, and caught the imagination of the British public. Banner headlines shouted the news in every paper: FLYING HIGH—IT'S WIMPENNY'S WONDER; SUCCESS! BRITAIN'S BIRDMAN TAKES OFF. Wimpenny told reporters: "I hardly noticed the takeoff, but it's hard work once you're up there. The technique is to get up full speed on the ground, and then to zoom up to a height of about eight feet. I settled down at a steady height of five feet, and after a minute got my second wind. I felt a bit uncertain, but then I knew I could do it. I feel that it should be designed so that any average fit chap can fly it indefinitely. I don't really think I've achieved very much until the mile course is achieved, with all its turns. I could have gone on farther, but after I saw I was well past the half-mile mark, I started to experiment, and to try flying more slowly. Thinking about the way the aircraft was behaving made me pedal less strongly, so we landed."

Everybody in England was talking about flying bicycles, and it remains a lively subject. Political cartoons replaced the traditional Ship of State with a man-powered aircraft, prime minister in the saddle. A *Daily Telegraph* editorialist dourly foresaw traffic jams in the sky, writing of such craft that "their sale must be restricted to those who are capable of pedaling slowly and majestically through the sky, bicycle clips well-adjusted, alone and meditating on their own quiet thoughts. Let us have no hordes of uniformed aerial bicyclists, bolted to their machines, heads well down over the handlebars, sucking glucose through attenuated tubes, seeing nothing of the green world below as they pass rapidly overhead, whirring like a swarm of monstrous insects."

But in spite of *Puffin's* good prospects, neither Wimpenny nor his colleagues could keep her in the air long enough to make the tricky turns stipulated by the Kremer competition rules. After another year of tests, the club decided to put a racing cyclist named Chris Church into

the saddle. Alas, Church was not a pilot, and he pranged—cracked up—destroying the butterfly-delicate wings and damaging the fuselage. It was back to the old drawing board. And so, Fairbairn told me, the craft I was admiring was *Puffin II*, made of many of the same parts as the first plane, but with redesigned wings.

A Hawker Siddeley computer figured the configuration of the new wings, which have 4,532 pieces of balsa in them, each carved by hand at kitchen tables and workshops through the long winter. The wing ends have an 11-degree dihedral angle for stability. The entire plane, including the balsa propeller, is covered with Melinex transparent plastic 1/3000th inch thick; this wrinkled unmanageably at first until it was found that the stuff could be pressed neatly onto the plane with an iron. The pilot perches on a bicycle seat, crouched over in racing form, his feet on pedals that turn the single bicycle wheel that takes the craft to takeoff speed—18 mph.—and at the same time spin the nine-foot propeller, placed at the rear so that the wings may encounter "virgin" or untroubled air. After he's in place, a balsa-framed enclosure fits snugly around him to form the nose of the craft—so snugly, in fact, that in his first test with *Puffin I*, Wimpenny nearly suffocated, and an air intake had to be installed at the level of his face.

The fuselage is only 20 feet long, so that with the wide wings, and the lightweight magnesium-alloy controls, the total weight is only 136 pounds; thus a moderate wind can pick up *Puffin* and tip her over. A 10-mile-an-hour wind is absolute maximum, which accounts for the comparatively few opportunities there have been for flight tests. Summer dawn or dusk is best. *Puffin II* has nevertheless flown over a hundred times in three years.

Fairbairn invited me to climb up onto a test rig for pedaling—a bicycle frame bolted to a platform, pedals geared to a propeller with the same resistance as that on *Puffin*. I started pumping, and the prop made a fine loud whirring sound as I went. "Faster!" cried Fairbairn. I speeded up, until he told me to keep it right there. After a minute, though, I'd had it. "Just do that for 10 minutes," he told me, "and you're flying." When ready to fly, the pilot has to pedal along at 70 rpm.—not very fast until you feel the resistance that both ground wheel and prop give you—and then at the crucial moment he twists the right handgrip on the motorcycle-type handlebars to move the aelerons and take off. All at once the resistance is off the ground wheel and the prop spins faster; you're flying.

The drag of *Puffin* has been measured by using a spring balance in a towline to a car—it is only eight pounds. But making turns increases the drag and raises other problems; the craft has to fly high enough so that the long wing can clear the ground as it banks, and the banking has to be exact, or the plane will either drop onto one wing or else float sideways clear out of the competition course. A pilot trying to make these fine adjustments is of course pedaling constantly to the very limit of his strength; it's something like asking a record mile runner to take along a fine watch and adjust it during a race. In order to test this turning ordeal, the Hatfield crew temporarily attached a nine-cc. model aircraft engine alongside *Puffin's* nose; this was enough to fly the plane once in the air and permit the pilot to experiment with full attention to his controls.

Fairbairn showed me a film of *Puffin II* flying, the graceful wings jouncing springily as the craft soared into the air so slowly it seemed dreamlike; the pilot, his legs tirelessly pumping, pumping, pumping, was clearly visible in the transparent nose as the craft wafted gently along, some 10 feet above the airstrip. I asked Fairbairn if he'd like to fly her; his eyes sparkled: "We all would. But only after we've won the prize. Until then we want only the best qualified among us to fly her." He took me to meet Wimpenny then, a wiry, serious man with a determined chin. "We've made successful 180-degree turns in her," he told me. "I think *Puffin* can win. You know, if I didn't have this job, and a wife and children, I'd do nothing but train, and eat steaks, and go to bed early, and win that prize myself. But now I've realized we need a younger man; we're looking for an athlete right now whom we can train as a pilot."

Puffin's current competition is both lively and international. A Russian group, with government backing, is working on a wing-flapping contraption. A group of South Africans is building something. The Canadian Aeronautics and Space Institute in Ottawa is readying a two-seater. According to competition rules, any number can fly, but two persons will probably be the limit because of weight-to-power ratios. Australians, Japanese and at least one American are also working on craft for the contest.

But *Puffin's* most numerous competitors are homegrown English, ranging from homemade crates held together by wire, works of single fanatics, to highly sophisticated machines, built by professionals. In the first category are the likes of 59-year-old H. R. Barnard of London, whose "flycycle" has a 25-foot rotor spinning over it. At one time Barnard hoped to get woman cycling champion Beryl Burton to fly it for him. The craft was built mainly in dim light, for Barnard's house is still lighted by gas; his father, an electrician, never got around to wiring his own place. Another foot-powered helicopter, Warrant Officer Spence Bailey's "cyclopter," with a 20-foot rotor, was reported hovering for a moment at one-inch altitude at an R.A.F. hobby show. A bird requiring the pilot to run to get into the air was the creation of 23-year-old Mick Walton, of Taunton, England. Running full speed down

TRUE

"I hope you won't take offense, but I'm for Rockefeller."

Creech Barrow Hill, and hanging onto the beast for dear life, Walton tripped and fell on his face. It is such unforeseeable mishaps that have given rise to public suspicions that the birdmen are a gang of crackpots.

Some are, of course, but the serious contestants are a breed of working aeronautical engineers who somehow got fascinated by this nutty idea and whose craft truly do fly. For example, there's a side-by-side two-seater, built on the premise that one man can keep pedaling in a mad sprint while the other can do the piloting while also pedaling; many enthusiasts have concluded that there's just too much for one man to do to be able to power a plane around a curving course. This two-seater, called *Mayfly*, was built by 20 members of the Southend Man Powered Aircraft Group working in a Nissen hut. The 90-foot wings were made in 30-foot sections, but even so the builders found they had done the classic boat-in-the-basement caper, and had to widen the doors of the hut to get the plane out. *Mayfly* takes off almost too easily; says group secretary John Hume of a 300-foot flight two years ago: "We weren't intending to fly it that day, but it took off all of a sudden when we were merely testing the controls on the runway" *Mayfly* can carry two men because though the passengers' weight is doubled, the total weight is not; the craft itself weighs only 146 pounds.

In the opinion of many, it's the Hertforshire Pedal Aeronauts who have the best chance of snatching victory from *Puffin II's* jaws. They are 15 aircraft technicians of the Handley Page firm in St. Albans, and their baby is a tandem two-seater, *Toucan*, with the longest wingspan yet—120 feet. *Toucan* will weigh under 150 pounds and carry twice that weight in pilot and copilot.

One other craft that has flown is the design of Daniel Perkins, senior experimental officer at the Ministry of Aviation Balloon Establishment in Cardington. His craft weighs only 70 pounds, has inflatable wings, and folds up to go into a car trunk. Though lighter-than-air devices are not permitted under the Kremer competition rules, the inflated wing, containing compressed air, is acceptable, being slightly heavier than air. Perkin's *Reluctant Phoenix* has a 33-foot wingspan and has actually flown in zero-wind conditions inside the 800-foot-long balloon shed at the balloon base.

The contest is being run by the Royal Aeronautical Society. Robert Graham, an officer of the Society and retired director of aircraft research for the British government, is more or less in charge of the competition.

In making the rules, Graham and his associates kept a wary eye out for possible shortcuts on the part of contestants. Only one wing handler is allowed, for example; this is enough to keep the craft level while taking off, while two handlers could be accused of giving a plane an illegal shove (if a single handler tries this plane will just swing around). No batteries, clockwork, rubber bands or gases are allowed either, and, says one rule, "No member of the crew shall be permitted to leave the aircraft at any time during takeoff or flight." Nor may anything be jettisoned while in flight—the wheel used to reach takeoff speed might, theoretically, be dumped to save weight.

One of the toughest stipulations appears deceptively simple—that, in both the main competition and in the slalom course, the craft must be at a minimum altitude of 10 feet at the start and at the finish. The disadvantage here is that because of what is known as ground effect—it works with a plane in the same way that it keeps afloat one of those Frisbees that you scale over the lawn—it is much easier to keep a craft going at a foot or so above the ground than it is at higher levels. And when a man's legs are doing all the pushing and lifting, a slight advantage means a good deal. This compressing of the air between the plane and the ground provides so much buoyancy that it can reduce drag by 75 percent.

With current models, pilots may decide to climb to 10 feet, drop lower during the crucial competition course, and then climb back to 10 feet at the finish. But the problem of turning remains; unless a craft is able to turn without banking, the wing will scrape ground at low heights. Nonbanked turns are thus being tried. Obviously at these heights of from one to 10 feet—20 feet is thought to be the maximum possible level for any of these birds—there is not much danger of serious injury in crackups.

Graham says the Society provides technical reference works and general advice for all would-be flyers, but, he says, "We will not tell anybody how to build an aircraft." Nor will the Society divulge any details of competing machines not made public.

The new rules permit the competition to be held anywhere in the world—attended by Society-sponsored officials. The higher the air pressure, the easier it is to keep a craft afloat. Where is the highest air pressure to be found? Below sea level, over the Dead Sea, for example, or in Death Valley. Obviously the gain would be slight, but the few feet of altitude between defeat and victory might be slight as well.

Some of these determined pedalers are already making plans (no date set) for a race across the English Channel. Good luck, I thought, but in spite of all this infectious flying spirit I'd found everywhere—in serious aeronautical engineers, in happily daft tinkerers—I was still prey to an American brand of show-me-isms: what good is it? To my surprise, I found a press release from the Royal Aeronautical Society asking itself this same question: "What can man-powered flight achieve?" Its honest reply is: "Perhaps there is no reasonable answer to this question."

Well, yes, but, hell, *Puffin* flies, doesn't she? Who wants to be reasonable?

—Roy Bongartz

COMING . . .

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NEXT MONTH IN TRUE

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man to man answers

From the staff of TRUE

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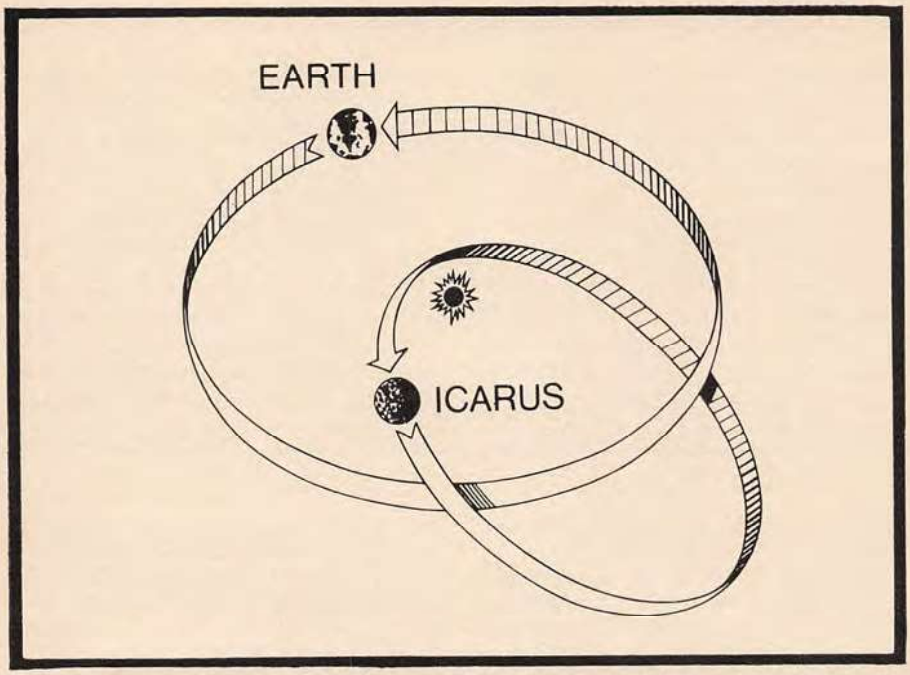

Scheduled proximity of asteroid Icarus to the Earth this month worries some people.

"I hear that an asteroid called Icarus might collide with the Earth on June 15," writes Ralph August of Terre Haute, Indiana. "What are the chances of a collision, and what would happen if it occurs?"

A collision is always theoretically possible. Our planet is engaged in a perpetual game of dodgeball with the countless objects whirling through space, and in geospatial terms Icarus is scheduled to come pretty close. In fact Icarus, whose diameter of three-fifths of a mile makes it one of the smallest asteroids known, comes closer to the sun and the Earth in its 19-year orbit than any other planetary object whose orbit has been established. And on June 15 Icarus (named after the mythical Greek youth who flew so close to the sun that his wings of wax melted) will pass just a little more than four million miles from Earth—a stone's throw away, astronomically speaking. A change of only a few degrees in its orbit at the point where the asteroid crosses Earth's orbit would make it possible for Icarus and our planet to be in the same place at the same time.

The destructive potential of a collision can only be surmised. The famous Meteor Crater in Arizona, which measures 4,000 feet across and 570 feet deep, was made by a body that was probably about 110 feet in diameter—less than 1/20th the size of Icarus.

Asteroids are irregularly shaped chunks of rock or iron which are believed to have come into existence from a collision between planets. Usually they orbit peacefully around the sun somewhere between Mercury and Mars. Some of them, however, have hard-to-track, comet-like orbits that periodically bring them very near us. Icarus is one of these.

Authorities agree, however, that there is little cause to worry. The "keeper of the planets" for international astronomical societies, Dr. Samuel Herrick of the University of California, points out that the four million miles between us and Icarus offers an adequate margin of safety. "In our terms that's really only a block away, but it's still far enough to prevent Icarus from affecting us," he says. And the assistant chairman of New York's Hayden Planetarium, Dr. Kenneth Franklin, says flatly the chances of Icarus colliding with the Earth are ". . . absolutely zero.

"We're traveling around the sun at 66,500 miles per hour in one direction," says Doctor Franklin, "and Icarus is going 85,000 miles per hour at right angles to our orbit. The mathematical possibilities of a collision are so remote we can say they don't exist."

For further reassurance, there's the fact that three asteroids have come even closer to us than Icarus is likely to. In 1932 Apollo passed within two million miles; in 1936 Adonis came within a million miles, and in 1937 Hermes brushed by at a mere 485,000 miles—a proximity record which still stands.

Q: I heard that Richard Nixon said the idea of running for President with Nelson Rockefeller as his Vice-Presidential candidate was impossible because they both live in the same state. Why is this so? ***George Gilbert, St. Petersburg, Fla.***

A: It's not exactly impossible, but it's highly unlikely. The Twelfth Amendment to the Constitution specifies that members of the electoral college, when casting votes for President and Vice-President, can vote for only *one* candidate from their own state. What that would mean in practical terms is that Nixon or Rockefeller would lose the New York vote—and that's not good politics.

Q: I read that in 1926, miners at the Eagle Coal Mine at Bear Creek, Montana, dug out the bones and skulls of two giants. How big were the giants? ***Walter Brenneman, Mahopac, N.Y.***

A: There were none. This is a persistent, but untrue story. All that was found was a tooth, perfectly preserved in a matrix yielded in a coal deposit of the Fort Union formation, lowest of those laid down in the eocene period. The tooth was smaller than a similar tooth in man today.

Q: Since my girl friend has been giving it to me for weeks now, I'm curious to know how the expression "cold shoulder" originated. ***Bennie Columbo, Detroit, Mich.***

A: It was customary in medieval France to serve hot roasts when entertaining guests. If a guest overstayed his welcome, the host indicated his displeasure by serving, instead of hot meat, cold shoulder of mutton or beef.

Q: Has any major-league team ever finished last in one season and then gone on to win the pennant during the very next season? ***Cory Emerson, White Plains, N.Y.***

A: Yes. In 1889, Louisville finished last in the old American League. The following year it won the pennant, thanks mostly to the departure of the defending champion Brooklyn team, to the National League and to the exodus of many other American League players to join the newly formed Players League.

Q: Were the Pilgrims really the first Europeans to see a turkey? ***Jerome Blake, Bangor, Me.***

A: Probably not. Most historians credit Hernando Cortez, the conquerer of Mexico. In 1519, during one of his explorations, Cortez came upon an Aztec emperor feeding a large domestic bird to some meat-eating animals in his menagerie. The bird, believed to be a descendent of the North American wild turkey, was also considered excellent table fare. Cortez is said to have brought one back to Spain, thus introducing Europe to its very first gobbler.

Frederic Lewis

Q: Are there any manatees left in the United States? ***Thomas St. Charles, Boston, Mass.***

A: Only a few. Aquatic, plant-eating mammals which grow to 12 feet in length and weigh up to a ton, manatees are still found in Florida waters. Because their meat is savory and because of the commercial value of their hides, oils and fat, manatees are disappearing fast. Florida conservationists hope to keep them in existence because an adult manatee can eat as much as 100 pounds of underwater plants a day, helping to clear Florida's fast-choking waterways. Manatees have a blunt head, small eyes, thick lips and a bristly muzzle. Their meat tastes much like beef.

Q: Since paper is made from wood, why couldn't newspapers be used as humus for soil? ***Mrs. Joseph Tomm, McDonald, Pa.***

A: They can be. Newspapers can be shredded and used as a basis for making compost. As with leaves or straw, a little nitrogen and a bit of garden soil helps the process. The idea is not very practical, however, considering the low cost of such things as sawdust and wood chips.

Q: Who is ranked as the world's most accomplished linguist? ***Brian Smith, Glouchester, Mass.***

A: Cardinal Giuseppe Caspar Mezzofanti, who lived from 1774 to 1849. Chief keeper of the Vatican library, he could translate 114 languages and 72 dialects, and he spoke 60 languages fluently.

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Q: How can astronomers predict eclipses of the sun and moon? ***E. D. Armstrong, Wall Lake, Iowa.***

A: Even before the time of Copernicus, who formulated the true picture of our solar system with the sun at the center and the planets moving around it, man was able to predict eclipses because the sun and moon do not move about at random on the face of the sky, but are restricted to certain routes. The sun's apparent path throughout the year is on an imaginary line called the ecliptic, which keeps its position fixed relative to the stars for long periods of time. Similarly the moon's apparent path among the stars repeats itself each month and its path is inclined to the ecliptic at a small angle of five degrees. All the astronomer has to do to predict the eclipse is calculate those times when the sun and moon are at the points where the moon's path and sun's path meet.

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MR. TURBINE TRIES AGAIN

[*Continued from page 39*]

with his 1967 car. He argued that its apparent superiority was not the result of too much power, but the result of an integrated design and a great driver at the wheel. It was a classic clash of forces. On one side was the conservative USAC Establishment, arguing that prudence and safety prompted their decision; on the other side were the Granatellis, up from racing's ranks (and defended by Richard Nixon's law firm), colorful as antipasto, and by long, self-taught tradition, interested only in going as fast as possible. Summed up, they had only one short sentence for what had happened: "We was screwed."

They are that tough, these three Granatellis. They have come from poverty and hunger, from a hundred dark garages and as many dirt racetracks, from danger and endless disappointments. Today, however, they are respected engineers and businessmen. They wear fine clothes, drive Cadillac Eldorados, live in comfortable homes and make good money. But underneath they are the same hard men they always were. When USAC killed their car, they had four letter words ready for what they thought of the action. And when they lost in court, they also had a plan to come back to Indianapolis with turbine power anyway. "I'll be there with the Turbocar even if I have to park it outside the track gates," said Andy. "I'll push it into the garage area and let USAC try to push it out." But in addition to defiance and anger there was also a standby plan to compete in 1968 with new cars and smaller turbine engines.

The Granatelli family story begins in Texas during the Depression and it moves around a lot and very few people who didn't follow racing or hot-rodding in those days would remember much about the brothers. Today, it may seem that Andy Granatelli has always been connected with something called STP which comes in a can and is supposed to be good for your car. Thanks to a *blitzkreig* advertising campaign, the names STP and Andy Granatelli are now so interrelated that even if you cared, you couldn't tell which came first. Like Gillete and the razor. Together, they represent a triumph of promotional skills: a beer-can-size container of oil additive that has captured the marketplace—and a beer-barreled-size man who has promoted himself and his product into a sort of living Andy Warhol poster on a national scale.

Andy Granatelli is 45 years old, about 5 foot 10 and he weighs 274 pounds, he says. Some other people say it's more than 300. It doesn't matter; he's quick. He gets around—the U.S. and the world. Because of his size, he huffs and puffs a little—"I defy all medical science," he says. "My doctor says there's nothing about me that's unnormal"—but when he settles into a first-class seat on an airliner, he can and does pull both legs up under him like a yoga. When the stewardess asks him what he wants for dinner, steak, chicken or lobster, he says bring 'em all, honey, I'm a big man.

"You can say I'm a millionaire now," says Granatelli, "but the money doesn't matter any more. I don't do all this for money. I just like to work. I work 365 days a year, but, hell, the money's nothing. Just the other day I found a cashier's check for $27,000 in my desk at home. I'd forgotten all about it. . . ."

Home for Granatelli is a large estate in suburban Chicago where he lives with his second wife Dolly, a sultry Lebanese beauty he married in 1955. He has one son, Vince, 26, by his first marriage and a second son, Andy, Jr., age 10. But being president of STP (a division of Studebaker-Worthington Corp.) doesn't leave much time for homelife.

"I tell you," says Andy, "I got a fabulous wife anyway. No matter where I am, I call her two or three times a day. And if I called her up right now and said, 'Honey, I'm bringing in three guys from New York for dinner, man, she's got it ready."

For her part, Dolly appears to understand her man. "I know he likes my cooking," she says, "because I've put 80 pounds on him since we've been married.

"At home," says Dolly, "Andy lets me be the queen."

"Yeah," says Andy, "I'm never home."

One man who has worked closely with Andy for several years calls him "the wildest executive type I've ever known. There could not be another like him. He's full of eccentric ideas, like his office can't be warmer than 65 degrees. You go in there, it feels like the inside of a Fresca commercial. And he don't like you to smoke around him. Says it gets into his sinus which was all smashed up in some accident."

"Yeah," says Andy, "nobody wants to try to keep my schedule. First of all, I sleep only two or three hours a night. Maybe I'll wake up at 3 or 4 a.m. and decide to drive over to my office. (STP headquarters are in nearby Des Plaines, Illinois.) I drive myself over there in the Cadillac and I get maybe 20 minutes of news on the car radio. The news is very important to me, you see. I'm a businessman now, not just a race-car owner. I read a lot—all the motor magazines, the sports pages, the stock market, *The Wall Street Journal*. You know, I even pay $34 a year for a French newspaper. I can read a little of it. . . ."

The first thing most people are aware of about STP is the stickers—all red, white and blue and oval in shape. This is because Granatelli gives away two million of them every month. And if you wonder where two million stickers could possibly get stuck, and what good it does, just look around the whole U.S.A. Look on the windows of all the hot, sporty cars; look on the milkman's van or on your son's skateboard, or on the next bulldozer you see—or sanitation truck or outboard motor—or on the cover of kids' school notebooks, or, not impossibly, on the nose of the first Apollo rocket to the moon. STP, like Kilroy, is everywhere. Or at least Granatelli sees to it that the stickers are. In the lexicon of 1968, he has made them a sort of in symbol which says the wearer is with it—racy, reckless and ready.

In reality, the initials STP stand for Scientifically Treated Petroleum, an amber-colored gunk with the consistency of honey on a cold day in Vermont.

Some wise kids who have never had a serious reason to buy a can of the stuff will tell you the letters stand for Sex Takes Patience—or Stop Teenage Pregnancies—or, if you're a Hippie, maybe it means Serenity, Tranquility and Peace. It's a game people play: think of something funny or clever or dirty that STP stands for. Andy Granatelli should give a prize for the best one—but he doesn't have to. He's got people talking about his product—even people who don't buy it.

Not all the publicity is good. In certain regions of New York's East Village or San Francisco's Haight-Ashbury, you buy some hallucinogenic junk which is

TRUE

"Oswald has stereo in every room of the house."

reputed to be more powerful than God Himself and which is also called STP, but nobody, least of all Andy Granatelli, knows why. Maybe it's because the initials have come to mean, more than anything else, speed, power and a quick trip to wherever you're going.

That's what they mean at Indianapolis and other race tracks around the U.S. where Granatelli spends a quarter-million dollars a year to have drivers use his product. That's where STP is, according to Granatelli's radio and TV commercials, "the racer's edge."

Put my stuff in your car, says Andy, and make like all the big-time hotdog drivers: Parnelli Jones, Mario Andretti, A. J. Foyt. STP, man, that's the stuff to use. Andy may not have time on the air to explain exactly what this elixir is going to do for a car's engine—he says it "fights friction"—but for $1.35 a can, how could anybody with an ounce of sporting blood dare do without it?

"When I took over the company in 1962, the first thing I told my people was never to use the word magic or anything like that to describe STP. There was a swami or a Houdini on the can in those days. I cut that out. And I also told the

COMING . . .

The grim, unfinished story of the heroic Swedish diplomat who became

RUSSIA'S MYSTERY PRISONER

Now the Soviets concede his arrest, but say that Raoul Wallenberg died years ago. But did he? Sweden labels his case: "Open"

NEXT MONTH IN TRUE

salesmen, 'If you ever tell anybody that our competitors' stuff—like Wynn's or Bardahl—is no good, I'll fire you.' I want people to believe that all additives are good—ours is just better."

In five years under Granatelli, STP has gone from 13 percent of the market to 59—and in the same period, the number of motorists using an additive has more than doubled. Andy doesn't take credit for all of this, just most of it.

"In this country, with enough brains and ingenuity and budget, you can sell anything—bags of air, bags of manure. But with a product which sells for only $1.35, you can't afford to sell the customer every time. You sell him once—after that, the product has to sell itself."

STP's incessant commercial message is part hoopla, part history. One of the radio spots says the whole business "started 30 years ago on Chicago's Northwest Side" when this kid named Granatelli started taking engines apart and putting them together again so they'd go faster. It actually started before that. . . .

"We were born near Dallas, Texas. Joe was the oldest, then me, then Vince." Granatelli likes to remember his youth,

[*Continued on page* 89]

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BY IRVING WALLACE

Farmer Henry and a trophy of his victory.

THE FARMER VS. THE PARKING METERS

■ In 1935 an Oklahoma City man produced the first successful parking meter. His invention has never been popular with motorists, who have to shell out more than $100 million a year in pennies, nickels and dimes. Nevertheless, the curbstone Cyclops have established themselves in more than 4,000 American communities. There are about 2,500,000 parking meters in 49 states—but there is not one in North Dakota. For this is the home state of farmer Howard Henry, a man who didn't like parking meters—and who did something about them.

Back in 1948 Henry visited Minot, North Dakota, to purchase some new machinery and other supplies. While placing his orders he had to return hourly to his car and deposit a coin in the meter. One time he arrived just as the red flag in the meter popped up. As he reached into his pocket for another nickel, a policeman stepped up and began writing a ticket.

Henry, a pleasant and easygoing man, started to explain that he was just putting in the coin. "Too late!" interrupted the policeman.

Howard Henry did a lot of thinking on the way to the police court. His memory flashed back to previous years when he and other farmers did not have the price of a fine or even an extra nickel. Going before Judge Carl B. Davis did not bother Henry. He had been there before. This time it would be different.

"There isn't a business concern in this town that doesn't depend upon farm trade," Henry told the judge. "Yet you charge us to park on streets that taxpayers maintain. From this day on, I am one farmer who is not going to pay for the privilege of parking my car."

Henry took a dollar bill from his pocket and continued: "So, Your Honor, it's now a question of whether Minot would rather have my dollar fine for today's overtime parking or my business."

The judge was at a loss for words momentarily, then said quite formally: "The parking meters are legal, so I will have to fine you one dollar."

Henry laid down the dollar bill with one hand and picked up a phone with the other. He called one business place after another, canceling his spring orders.

Howard Henry gave the subject considerable study while driving home to his farm. "Maybe if I would visit the officials in our cities and point out the inconveniences the meters cause the farmers they will do something about them," he reasoned.

His goodwill trip was a total flop. The officials received him, promised nothing, told him he was old fashioned.

"It was after I was sneered at by Minot officials and politely ignored at Grand Forks, Fargo and Bismarck that I decided to take the issue to the voters of the state," Henry said. A spring statewide primary election was nearing. Henry took time off from spring planting to fly about the state in his private airplane and leave petitions with friends. If the required number of signers could be filed with the Secretary of State in time, the parking meter question could be voted upon.

By now the same daily newspapers that had lauded Howard Henry for his national recognition as a potato and wheat grower were trying to belittle him by treating his antiparking-meter campaign as a joke. But he obtained and filed enough signatures to put it on the ballot.

When the votes were counted the North Dakotans, by a margin of 2,522, voted a ban against the use of parking meters.

All this started back in 1948. The name of Howard "No Parking Meter" Henry remains a popular household name in his native state, for there is still no such thing as a parking meter in North Dakota. ■

[*Continued from page 87*]
not because times were easy, but because the hardships of the Depression pulled the family together in a warm bond. It exists to this day.

"My brothers are the unsung heroes of the Granatelli family. There's a wonderful thing about it . . . a loyalty to being brothers and being Italians. We're warm people. When we meet each other, we kiss. I still kiss my father."

The senior Granatelli was a grocer in Dallas. "My father didn't know anything about cars. He couldn't even change a tire. He was always a white-collar guy.

"My mother died when I was 12 and my father took over the family. Man, were we poor. We'd moved around from Texas to Kansas City to California, to Rochester, to Chicago. That Depression was tough. We literally didn't have enough to eat. We'd get these chicken heads and feet for free at butcher shops and we'd cook 'em up and make soup. In California we ate oranges, skins and all.

"By the time I'm 15, we're living with my brother's godfather. This is WPA. We can't afford to live with ourselves, we got to live with somebody else. Our diet by this time is steady potatoes. I'm working 12 or 14 hours a day, seven days a week, in a grocery store for $6. I set up a little cut-flower business of my own on the street in front of the store. You couldn't get out of that place without buying flowers from me.

"But there was never enough money to live. To make more money, I go peddling. I peddle tomatoes and corn and potatoes. We live in the slums, of course, but I got this 1927 Buick and I'd get up at 2 a.m. to go to the big market, buy fruit and vegetables and then drive to the North Side. I'd go down the alleys selling stuff. I'd make maybe $20 a week, plus $14 WPA. We gave all our money to our father. You got maybe a half a dollar back.

"Sometimes we sat at the table at night and I would notice my father wasn't eating. He always wanted to be sure there was enough for Joe and Vince and me.

"Then I went into the coal business. I would carry two bags of hard coal weighing 180 pounds. I only weighed 175 myself. If a guy lived on the third floor of a building and he wanted a half ton of coal, I'd hustle it up the back stairs to him. It would take 12 trips. There weren't any elevators in those places."

But in addition to groceries and coal, automobiles had already entered the young Granatellis' lives. For a time they lived with two uncles in Rochester, New York. One of the uncles worked for the old Cunningham car company and the other, according to Joe, "was inventing something for cars all the time." Joe started doing auto-repair work on the streets in Rochester. He had no garage and very few tools, but he'd tackle any repair job.

"It was the same no matter where we were," Joe remembers. "Every penny we made came home to my dad. Even if I won $3 playing cards, I gave it to my dad. The thing I remember about those days is that we got more out of nothing than most people get out of something."

Joe wasn't the only brother who was learning about cars. Andy says, "Since I was eight years old, I could start a guy's car on the street. I was so crazy about cars, I'd work on anybody's car. It didn't matter what kind of weather. I'd do a transmission job or a rear-end job right on the street. If a guy wanted an overhaul job, I'd pull his car right up in front of Harry's Auto Parts in Chicago, get under the car, drop the pan, punch the pistons out, go in the place and get new rings, go back outside and put 'em in right in the street in front of the store.

"About this time there was a girl I thought I wanted to marry. But she wouldn't have me. She told me, you'll never amount to anything. You'll never get your head out from under the hood of a car. Now, she says, if you could be a milkman or something, I'd consider marrying you. Milkmen in those days made $30 a week and that was a lot of money."

The milk business was never going to get anybody named Andy Granatelli, not as long as he could be around an automobile. In 1941, when he was 18, he found a used Duesenberg he wanted.

"It was a supercharged 'J,' one of the last ones, a 1936 or '37. It was blue, two-toned, two-door convertible with chrome side mounts and chrome spoke wheels—the whole works—a fantastic machine. Now I worked at that time for 35¢ an hour, $15.60 a week. I looked at this car and I asked the man who had it how much he wanted for it and he said six and a half, so I went home that night and couldn't sleep all night, but I knew there was no way in the world I could raise $650. I was married to my first wife then and I even talked to her about selling our furniture and I thought about borrowing some money from Joe or my dad. Finally I figured out that if I could buy the car for $500 and sell my Model A for $125 that somehow I could make up the $375 difference and get the car. So I went back to the guy to offer him $500. I knew I was going to have to give it to him in payments or something, but I went up to him and I said, 'I'll give you five for the car.' And he said, 'I'm sorry, Andy, but I just turned down 6,000 this morning.' You guessed it. I was thinking he had offered the car to me for 650 dollars. While he was talking thousands, I was thinking hundreds. But that taught me a lesson I never forgot about always thinking big enough."

By the time World War II came along, Joe Granatelli was 22, Andy 18. Joe went into the service as an Air Force mechanic. When he got out, he came back to Chicago and started a gas station. He named the place Andy's Super Service because Andy had gone into the Army by then and Joe thought the place would be a fitting memorial in case Andy didn't ever come back. But Andy came back after nothing more than a boring tour of duty washing jeeps and the two brothers went to work with a vengeance to make some money.

Andy remembers this time well. "We worked one year like absolute dogs. Every weekend we worked from 7 p.m. Friday until midnight Saturday. Seven days a week. We sold customers everything. We washed cars by hand all night. The war was still on and you couldn't buy a new car, so it wasn't hard to find work on almost any car. We found out that when a guy came into the station to buy gas, by the time I got through with him, he'd have bought four new tires, a new radiator core and a major overhaul. This is where I found out for the first time that I was really a salesman. It was hard work, but we made a lot of money and we just lived on Benzedrine or whatever it took to keep going.

"My father thinks I'm nuts to be doing this. I'm married by now and my first child, Vince, is born on January 10, 1942. My father thinks I should be going to barber school or something so I can make a steady living.

"By now you realize, however, that Joe and I were completely crazy about cars, especially fast cars. We wanted a fast car of our own, but we didn't know how to get one or build one. We used to

TRUE

"Frankly, Walter, our outfit needs a man with your lack of conscience."

"Well, just remember I was the one who wanted to go to the mountains!"

go everywhere to just look and listen. If we heard there was a dual manifold for a Ford or a set of dual exhausts, we'd go see. Speed equipment of this sort was almost unheard of in the Midwest in 1944. I remember driving clear to southern Illinois one time when I heard there was a dual manifold in a junkyard. I'd never seen one before . . . imagine."

Although the Granatelli brothers were drawn together by their love of cars, by hard work and by family ties—"attached to each other by the heart strings" is Joe's phrase—there was always one problem that wasn't easy to solve. Andy explains it.

"By the rules of an Italian family, my brother Joe expected to be boss. He was four years older. But I was coming up and he knew it. We had some terrific fights. We loved each other, but we'd also belt each other if we felt like it."

Joe remembers the biggest fight.

"I'd been telling Andy not to drive on the street like it was a racetrack. This day he took off like a wild man and I took off after him. Pretty soon I caught him and when I did I slapped him good, four or five times. I guess he decided that was going to be the last time I'd get away with that. We had a big fight then and I left for California."

Andy remembers the fight too. "He'd have never caught me that day except I slowed down. I didn't want him to get hurt. . . ."

Joe's trip to California may have been the most important thing that any Granatelli had done up to that time because around Los Angeles, Joe discovered the speed-equipment business—small shops and mail-order firms which were designing and selling custom accessories to make cars—mostly Fords—go fast. California had traditionally been a hotbed of hot-rodding even before World War II. When Joe Granatelli got there he felt like a kid turned loose in a toy store. He was so excited about what he found that he soon forgot his quarrel with kid-brother Andy and headed back to Chicago with a trunk full of goodies.

"He came back with Thickstun dual manifolds, and Edelbrock manifolds and dual exhausts and all sorts of stuff we'd never seen before in Chicago. There were only a couple of hot rods in the whole city at that time and we used to go absolutely fruit looking at them. Now we knew we could build our own."

Which, of course, they did. Andy's '32 Ford coupe had a supercharged '38 Ford engine in it and it would turn 8,200 rpm. which was pretty nearly unheard of in 1945. Everywhere the car went, it drew crowds of potential customers who wanted one just like it. As a result, Andy saw a way to make more money out of the gas station. He borrowed $500 from a friend who was a tailor and spent it all for California speed equipment. He knew it would make the Granatelli shop famous as a place to buy high performance.

Things were just starting to look up for the brothers when thieves broke into Andy's Super Service one night. "They took everything—our truck, all our tools, all our speed equipment—and our two hot rods." Andy still shakes his head despondently when he tells the story. "To this day," he says, "we've never found any of that stuff." You get the feeling he would still like to look for that long-lost first hot rod. The robbery cost the boys $15,000. They had no insurance. They had to begin again.

In six months they had borrowed another $500 and had a new shop—Grancor Automotive. The name was derived from Granatelli Corporation. In the next 10 years, it would become the most famous name in the speed-equipment business.

It wasn't long before Grancor was, as Andy tells it, "going like gangbusters. We started building little Ford V8-60 race engines at $500 apiece. These engines we built could beat the Offenhausers on the racetrack and we sold 'em like they were going out of style, three or four a day for months. We also built big V8 engines. We also started building complete cars on a large scale. In 1946 I sold maybe 25 brand new, hopped-up cars. It was unheard of. The Californians at this time were still working out of the back of their garages."

Now Andy built himself a new hot rod. It was the fastest car in town. It may have been the fastest flathead Ford V8 in the world. No one will ever know. "I blew off every guy in town like he's standing still," says Andy today. He still gets excited when he talks about it. In October, 1945, Joe and Andy drive to California in the new car. Along the way, they drag with anyone who offers a challenge. In Kansas City, in Denver, in Los Angeles, the local talent growls out onto the back roads to see what this smart-ass Italian kid has got. They find out. He's got a 118-mph. Ford, that's what he's got, and after he's made all the locals eat dust, Andy Granatelli gets the boldest idea of his young life. He's going to Indianapolis to win the 500.

"I tell Vic Edelbrock (a leading California hot rodder) that I want to go to Indy in 1946. I've never really seen a racetrack in my life. I've certainly never seen the one at Indianapolis. But, hell, I'm 22 or 23 and what difference could the track make when I know how fast I can make a car go? Edelbrock laughed at me, though. He says, 'Andy, you're crazy. You can't build a Ford to compete against the Novis and Alfas and Offys and all the other big stuff at Indy.' Never mind that, I say, you just build me the parts I need. I'm a hot rodder. I can do it with a Ford."

Of course, it takes more than an engine to win the 500. It takes a chassis too. "I read in a hot-rod book that Ford had been at Indy in 1935 with 10 front-drive cars—the two-seater variety used back in the days when a mechanic rode along with the driver in the race. I knew those old Miller-designed cars were over 10 years old now and at least two years obsolete, but I also knew where I could buy one for $5,000—which was cheap for a race-car chassis even if it wasn't exactly cheap for me. Anyway, I scrape the money together and I build an engine for the car and we go to Indy in May, 1946."

It was the Indianapolis Establishment's first encounter with the Granatellis and it was as unforgettable as the arrival of a caravan of Gypsy jugglers. Even though over 20 years have passed, witnesses still say it was the most cock-eyed show that Indy's famed Gasoline Alley had ever seen. One veteran 500 observer remembers, "They came in like carnival people with that funny old car with the two seats—the Great Granatellis—see them shot from cannons. That's what it was like—a circus act."

Andy remembers it somewhat the same

way now. "After I got the car built, the only way to get it from Chicago to Indy is to drive it—180 miles. We can't afford a trailer, we're completely out of money, so I put headlights on the race car and a regular starter and battery and I put license plates on it and we go. It is completely ridiculous, but we do it. Well, when we pull into the garage area, everybody laughs at us, naturally. Nobody had ever seen anything so absurd. No car in the history of the 500 had ever had license plates on it. Well, this is the first race after the war, see, and even though the cars weren't very fast by 1968 standards, still they were Offys and Maseratis and all that sort of thing and there were all the big drivers too—Ted Horn was there and Rex Mays and Mauri Rose and Bill Holland, all of them. No wonder they laughed at us."

For most of the month of May, the Granatelli crew slept in the garage with their car. Nobody knew for sure who all these Italians were. There seemed to be uncles, father, cousins and sons. Joe says today that nine slept together in one room. Andy says that those who stayed at a motel "all slept in the same bed."

Within a few days, other drivers and owners started calling them the Katzenjammer Kids and the name stuck. Tom McCahill, the automotive writer, remembers that they wore farmer-style overalls.

"When we had to go to the store or a drive-in," says Andy, "we would just jump in the race car and go. It was our only transportation. We'd stop and look at a Novi like it was God. And people looked at us like we were nuts. After all, our car was just a hot-rod roadster. One day Luigi Villoresi, the great Italian driver, comes over and looks at our car and he says to Joe, 'How fast you guys think you're going to run with that thing?'

"'Oh,' says Joe, 'about 123, I guess.' That was like saying 173 today. Villoresi just laughed. He was driving a $50,000 Maserati."

When it was time to try to qualify for the race (only the fastest 33 cars get into the Memorial Day event) the Granatellis put a driver named Danny Kladis in their car and lined up with the high and mighty to await their turn. When it came, hardly a railbird turned his head. For one thing, nobody thought the hot rod could finish the 10 miles required. For another, the car seemed to make very little noise. It still had passenger car mufflers on it.

"Here we come, purring down the track with the mufflers," says Andy, reenacting the event like a sportscaster. "We turn the first lap in 123.678 mph. Unbelievable! This is only a couple of mph. below the pole position speed." But Kladis, who had never driven at Indianapolis before, isn't so quick on the next three laps and the Grancor Special ended up with an average of 118.890—just fast enough to make the race.

On Memorial Day, the Granatelli car went out after 46 laps (115 miles) because Kladis forgot how to switch over a fuel valve. It was a terrible disappointment to the Great Granatellis, but it was also a beginning.

They tried again in 1947 with another hot-rod Ford in the same obsolete chassis. This time they finished 11th. There were still some snickers, but nobody was really laughing any more.

In 1948, dissatisfied with the drivers he had been hiring, Andy decided to have a try at driving his own car. "I'd paid $10,000 for my first Offy and the guy I've got driving it for me can't get any better than 117 mph. Hell, I say, I've run 123 in a Ford. So I ask Wilbur Shaw (then president of the Speedway) if I can drive my car myself. He says if I can go out on the track and turn four laps at race speed, he'll personally give me a license for the race.

"The track is really green. Grass is growing up between the bricks and rabbits are hopping all over the goddam place, but I get in the car and give it a try. I've never driven this car before, never driven an Offy in my life. I take five laps to get used to things, then I stand on it. I ran 121 on my first lap, 123 on my second, 125 on the third, 127 on the fourth and 129.7 on the fifth and I was just getting ready to really turn one on when they flagged me in."

Joe remembers how hard his kid brother drove to qualify for the '48 race. "Oh, my God, Andy drove on the outside of the track, at the top of the bank, all the way around the track, throwing rubber off the tires. He drove like every lap was his last lap and he didn't care if he lived or died."

In 1948, he almost died.

"I had one more lap to go to qualify when the right-front tire opened up and the tube flew out. I'm running 145 mph., so I turned myself sideways in the cockpit and ducked my head. I knew I was going to hit the wall and I did. When I hit, my helmet flew off and people who saw it thought it was my head which had

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come off. Now I'm upside down along the top of the wall for 200 feet. I've got a leather jacket on and it has turned inside out and it is choking me. When the car finally stops, demolished, my hands are all meat, my elbow is clear out of its skin and I've got a broken wrist, broken hand, two broken collarbones, two broken ribs, a broken ankle, a broken toe, 11 teeth are knocked out—and I've got a skull fracture. But the worst part is that I can't get my arms down from over my head because of the goddam jacket. My brothers think I'm trying to give them some kind of signal. In the ambulance, I refuse to lie down because I know Vince and Joe are going to catch up with us before we get to the hospital and I want them to see that I'm not dead." Andy was in the hospital three weeks in Indianapolis then was moved to another hospital in Chicago for three more. He says that damage to his thyroid gland in this accident is what caused him to gain so much weight in later years.

The Granatelli Circus came back to Indy in 1949, 1950, 1951, 1952 and 1953. Andy didn't try to drive again, nor did a Grancor car win the race, but Jim Rathman did come through with a second place in 1952.

If the Granatellis couldn't win races at Indianapolis in these years, they were showing how to win dollars in Chicago. Grancor was developing into a money-making giant. By 1955, when he was 32, Andy was selling $14 million a year in speed equipment. "I was making so much I couldn't count it," he says. He was also promoting auto races at Soldier's Field (where he outdrew the annual All-Star football game) and he still had time to function as the first technical editor of *Hot Rod* magazine.

"People were in line to get into our place. They were sending us blank checks. If they wanted the Granatellis to work on their car, they made an appointment in advance and paid $20 deposit just to have us look."

Andy Granatelli the supersalesman was beginning to cash in. He was also getting restless. In April 1955, after 14 years of marriage, he divorced his first wife. "That," he admits, "cost me $97,000." Then, on August 14, 1956—he remembers the date like he would remember a lap speed—he met Dolly.

"I went ga-ga when I saw her. I said, this is for me. My son is 13 then, so I take him to dinner that night with Dolly and her father. After 15 minutes, I told her I was going to marry her."

They were married on October 6. "It was the beginning of a new life for me," says Andy.

At age 34, with a new wife, Andy decided to sell out all his Chicago enterprises and call it quits. "I wanted to retire while I was still young enough to enjoy my money," he says. He was by then head of five separate corporations and he says he was worth several million dollars. He was also, without question, head of the Granatelli clan now. Joe and Vince were ready to go wherever Andy went. Which was California again.

"We had money now," says Vince, "but we were still very close. We went to a bank in Los Angeles and rented a safety-deposit box. We didn't put anything in it, but we all had duplicate keys made and we put 'em on key chains and wore them. We were still the Granatelli Brothers—share and share alike."

The Granatelli Saga could have ended like that in a golden, premature sunset, but restless Andy couldn't stay away from business. In 1958 he bought Paxton Products, a Los Angeles supercharger firm, for $450,000—"cash." By 1959 he had turned the company from red ink to a profit. By 1962 he was ready to sell out again. Studebaker Corporation reportedly paid $1.5 million for Paxton and took Andy into their firm. Later they tapped him to head up what was called the Chemical Compounds Division—meaning STP.

After being away from Indianapolis for seven years, Andy was now anxious to return. In 1961 he had bought the fabled Novi race cars from Lou Welch for $111,000—"cash" again. He put Novis into the starting field in 1963, 1964 and 1965—but the Granatelli luck was still running poorly. In 1966 he backed driver Jimmy Clark in a rear-engine Lotus Ford and took a disputed second place.

"I won the goddam race that year," says Andy, "in case you don't get the message. I can prove that Graham Hill didn't win it. It was just the same old thing; the same Granatelli luck."

But win or lose, while the Novis and Fords were carrying the flaming STP colors in the early '60's, Granatelli was preparing his ultimate race car—the jet-powered Turbocar that set off the 1967-1968 controversy.

The car was built in Studebaker's Paxton Products shops in Los Angeles under the direction of the Granatellis and engineer Kenneth B. Wallis. The chassis consisted of a single massive "spine" of aluminum alloy held in stress with thousands of rivets. The structure was strong enough to withstand a crash impact of 30 G's. Into this revolutionary car, Granatelli put a 550-horsepower Pratt & Whitney gas turbine engine. USAC had originally permitted builders to design turbine cars for engines of unlimited size. Then, in January, 1967, the rule was changed to limit the air-intake opening to 23 square inches. (The power of a turbine is in almost direct proportion to the opening through which it gulps air.) Granatelli's Pratt & Whitney turbine fell safely within this limitation. Nevertheless, such was Andy Granatelli's reputation as a hot rodder that wild rumors were soon born. They said Andy could take 1,000 hp. out of the engine "simply by turning a screw." It wasn't true, but it sounded plausible to some and when the car almost swept the race clean, it was widely believed. USAC, fearful that it had allowed turbines too great an advantage, once again limited the rules to permit only 15 square inches of intake opening. This struck a fatal blow at the most exciting car the Speedway had seen in half a century.

Despite losing the court battle against USAC, the Granatellis will be back this year—and with turbine power. Four new turbine cars designed at Paxton and built in England by Lotus will carry the STP colors. Andy says they won't be as fast as last year's car with the now-outlawed 23-inch engine, but it is clear that the new cars will be both competitive and startling in design. It was tough to have to bow to USAC, but after 22 years of trying it would be even tougher for the Great Granatellis to give up on Indianapolis. —Charles N. Barnard

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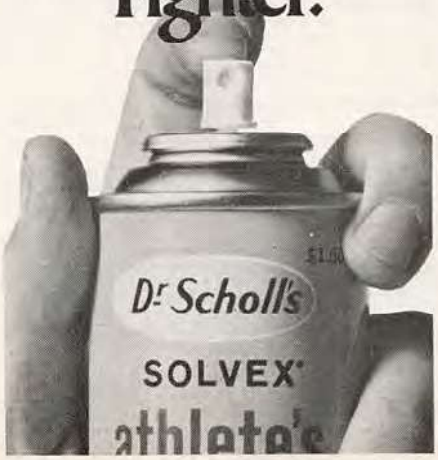

[*Continued from page* 27]

elaborate exercises, forming law firms within law firms, to separate themselves from their partners' government practice. Most have at least signed agreements that they will not share in any income their law firms may collect from federal practice.

There is nothing at all heroic about this attitude; it is the least congressman lawyers must do to avoid federal prosecution. For the law expressly forbids them from accepting pay for intervening with the federal government in behalf of law clients or anyone else. They are conspicuously less virtuous about barring clients who might benefit from legislation. Indeed, most congressmen's law firms represent clients with considerable interest in what Congress can do for them. The authors have made a study of 50 typical law firms with partners serving in Congress. These have a remarkable similarity of clients. They represent the vested interests of America: the banks, insurance companies, gas and oil interests, great corporations.

There is no doubt that the vested interests have sought out and systematically engaged the services of congressmen who are lawyers. This practice may account for the conservative bent of Congress and for the fact that the President is frequently more liberal than the Congress. Whether the predominance of corporate clients is purely accidental or a calculated tactic can never be resolved. But the situation is an ominous reminder of the days when the robber barons controlled the Senate. Why, for instance, do major corporations go all the way to Peoria, Illinois, to seek the legal services of Davis, Morgan and Witherell? Could it have anything to do with the fact that Senate Republican Leader Everett Dirksen is associated with the firm?

EVERETT DIRKSEN: THE VOICE OF RIGHTEOUSNESS

The gentle breeze caught the balloon and started it swaying. The rockaby motion made it difficult for the second lieutenant in the gondola to keep his sights fixed on the trenches, two-thirds of a mile below. The young officer in the gas balloon was Everett McKinley Dirksen, who later in politics was to rise on hot air to a greater height than he ever attained over the battlefields of France.

Although his career in France in 1918 was not particularly heroic, it made for grand conversation when the boys got together at the American Legion post in Pekin, Illinois, in the 20's. He had left the University of Minnesota's law college a year away from a degree to ride his balloon as an artillery spotter. Back in Pekin, the hours aloft were a pleasant memory to be shared as shoulders sagged and bellies blossomed. At the Legion meetings, Dirksen's voice rose above the others. He had more to talk about than just the Great War. He was the one who planned the post's entertainments, and he appointed himself master of ceremonies. He also joined the Veterans of Foreign Wars, the Eagles and the Elks and the Moose, the Masons and the Shriners.

"I had an uncommon interest in drama all my life," Dirksen once admitted. "I fixed the habit in high school, and it persisted. It gave me slightly distorted ambitions. I began to make plans to pursue a theatrical existence, which I confided to my widowed mother. But she had a typical old-country, small-town, puritanistic view of the stage as a wicked domain. She demanded that I assure her right there that I would not essay it as a career. I gave her that assurance, but that, of course, did not destroy the urge. I *had* to appear before people. So I decided on politics."

Dirksen's parents were German immigrants, as unquestioning in their faith in the Republican party as they were in Calvinism. Their Sundays were spent with the church, but their saints were drawn from the party. They named their oldest son for President Benjamin Harrison; Everett McKinley got his middle name from an even less distinguished President, and his twin was named for Thomas Reed, the Speaker of the House in 1896 when they were born.

Those who knew young Dirksen recall his political style more than his political philosophy. In his first try for office in 1926, he was elected as Pekin's commissioner of finance. In 1930 he unsuccessfully challenged Rep. William E. Hull in the Republican primary. Dirksen kept up his rounds of speeches and, by successfully painting Hull as a friend of Prohibition and therefore an enemy of the district's corn farmers and distillers, won the nomination two years later.

That was in 1932—a year of hunger and despair, of breadlines and soup kitchens, of Franklin D. Roosevelt and hope. In his fall campaign Dirksen spoke well of the Democrats, and he won in November by 23,000 votes.

The security of anyone in politics is, of course, fragile, and even in Dirksen's solidly Republican district, FDR was making friends. Dirksen charted a careful course, supporting the New Deal when he thought he had to, voting as a conservative when he thought it was safe, many times playing it both ways. In 1937 he bragged how he had supported FDR's programs. "I have taken a rather fine pride," he said, "that I voted for the National Recovery Act and voted for the Social Security Act, for the Agricultural Adjustment Administration and for a great many other measures that were proposed by the President in the hope of lifting this country from the slough of Depression to the high road of sunshine and prosperity."

Less than a year later he protested that FDR was grabbing

a stranglehold on the nation. "People humbly and willingly submitted themselves," he said, "to many sweeping bills that came into this chamber, such as the Agricultural Adjustment Act, the National Recovery Act. . . ." Before he left the House, his views on agriculture had flip-flopped 70 times. He was equally dependable on foreign affairs. During his years in the House, he changed his position 62 times on isolationism and 30 times on military preparedness.

Despite an ability to keep his balance on the reeling deck, Dirksen had anxieties about his future. Unlike most other members of Congress, he had no financial backstop at home. There was no business, no bank, no law practice, no inheritance. With some other backbenchers from the House, he enrolled in a legal cram course to prepare for the District of Columbia bar examination. On Lincoln's Birthday, 1936, he got his insurance policy against the fickleness of the voters; he later was admitted to the Illinois bar. Like most insurance policies, this went into a drawer to be kept for an emergency.

His Congressional career continued to prosper, as the voters kept sending him back.

Off the House floor, meanwhile, Dirksen became a worried man. He awoke one morning in 1947 and saw what he called "cobwebs" in front of his eyes. Doctors in Washington told him he had chorioretinitis, a serious inflammation of the retina, and suggested that his right eye be removed. He went to Johns Hopkins University Hospital in Baltimore, seeking a more hopeful diagnosis, but the recommended treatment was the same. Dirksen could not go through with it. On the train to Baltimore, "I got down on my knees and uttered my prayers, whether blindness was to be my lot," he said. "I called on the Big Doctor —the Big Doctor Upstairs—and the answer was no."

The eye was cured, but not easily. Long rest was prescribed, and Dirksen was compelled to retire from the House on January 3, 1949, giving up 16 years of seniority.

Home in Pekin, Dirksen rested only a little while. He was soon campaigning for Republican Presidential candidate Thomas E. Dewey in 22 states, and by the spring of 1949 was actively running again himself, this time for the Senate seat of Democratic Leader Scott Lucas. He also had exercised the privilege of his insurance policy—he joined the prosperous law firm of Davis, Morgan and Witherell in Peoria, a few miles from Pekin. "I began as a full partner, not altogether active, of course," Dirksen said. "It was firmly understood that I was not to participate in any federal actions by my firm or to receive any remuneration for such actions. I didn't like the arrangement, though. It looked dubious even though I abstained from federal cases."

Said Arleigh Davis, a senior member of the firm, "As soon as his eyes improved and he decided to run for the Senate, he made a definite understanding that he would take no part at all in anything relating to the federal government."

The agreements were, for the moment, of small importance. Dirksen won the nomination for the Senate in April, 1950, and won election by 294,000 votes.

In the Senate, Dirksen remained a prickly personality when the programs of the Eisenhower Administration were being considered. He continued to vote on both sides of foreign aid. He was also an unyielding supporter of Sen. Joseph R. McCarthy of Wisconsin, even though McCarthy had switched his tactic and was attacking Republicans as well as Democrats.

Still, Dirksen had the good political sense to keep from irritating the Establishment. It accepted him, and he defended it. "I am always delighted to think of the Senate as a club," he said, "because it seems to me the Senate functions effectively and functions earnestly if we never quite lose the 'clubby' spirit. . . ."

As the Republican membership in the Senate dwindled, Dirksen's power increased, both on Capitol Hill and in the nation.

Both his hair and his sentences grew longer. As he toured the country, moving from podium to podium, he found that a paragraph did not have to be particularly well constructed, either in grammar or in logic, to make a good impression on audiences. They had come to see a senator, and Dirksen projected that image. At the suggestion of a public-relations adviser, he added a pair of lensless, black-rimmed glasses to his wardrobe, to hide the bags under his eyes from the merciless probing of the TV cameras. Some said he was a caricature of a senator. They were wrong; he did not wear a frock coat and a string tie.

There were few other tricks, however, that escaped him. His early practice at the Legion meetings paid off. Like a fighter who has trained long and hard for a lazy opponent, Dirksen was ready for the Senate. His 16 years in the House, if not a negotiable commodity in the Senate, gave him an intimate knowledge of the background of the issues and the ways of Congress.

Despite Dirksen's frequent opposition to Eisenhower legislation, Ike had no objections to Dirksen's taking over as the Senate Republican Leader in 1959 after William Knowland left to gamble away his political fortunes in a race for California's governorship. Everett Dirksen and Lyndon Johnson, then the leader of the Democratic majority, worked well together, and Dirksen learned the art of loyal opposition from the man who was one of the Senate's greatest tacticians. But Dirksen was not the least cowed by Johnson's prestige. Congress had been in session only a month before Dirksen took the floor to needle LBJ. "One of the most delightful things about the Majority Leader is that he can often persist in error," said the Minority Leader, going on and on.

The ability to tweak Johnson subtly increased Dirksen's stature. Strangely enough, he gained even more power after John F. Kennedy took over the White House and the Republicans became a minority in all areas of the government. On many occasions Kennedy found that Dirksen was easier to work with than the southern Democrats. Dirksen's price, however, was never cheap. He could be coaxed to support a Kennedy bill but only after it had been modified to suit Dirksen. Kennedy paid the price with a wan smile, and a warmth developed between the sophisticated Bostonian and the corn-pone midwesterner.

It took more than friendship, however, to keep Dirksen's opposition in bounds. He was willing to cooperate with the President, but he complained that every federal appointee from Illinois came out of Adlai Stevenson's law firm. It happened that Dirksen's own law firm had a candidate for the Federal Power Commission, which regulates interstate gas and electric rates. It has make-or-break power over interstate pipelines, and one of the Peoria firm's better-paying clients was Kansas City's Panhandle Eastern Pipe Line, which does a huge business in the Southwest yet reached outside its territory to retain the Dirksen law firm.

When a vacancy occurred on the FPC, Dirksen had a recommendation: Harold Woodward, a former assistant Illinois utilities commissioner. The President quickly decided Woodward was just the man for the job. Perhaps too quickly, as it turned out. A subsequent investigation disclosed that Woodward's father, a federal judge, had been impeached for awarding bankruptcy cases to his son's firm, an adventure that had raised Harold Woodward's salary from $4,000 to $13,000 a year. In all, the firm had collected $225,889.89 in fees from these cases. At the Senate hearing, Woodward unhappily admitted that he also had continued in law practice while serving on the state commission and had passed on a rate increase for a company in which he was a stockholder. But Dirksen, putting his prestige on the line, sat loyally at Woodward's side and saw him through the Senate squall. This open backing got him confirmed.

The lineup of corporations that retain Davis, Morgan and Witherell is impressive. In addition to Panhandle Eastern Pipe Line, there are International Harvester, International Paper, Pabst Brewing, Pepsi-Cola Bottling of Peoria, Illinois, State Farm Insurance, Mid-States Steel & Wire, Keystone Steel & Wire, Brass Foundry, National Lock and some two dozen others. They span manufacturing, oil and gas, timber, mining, utilities, and the savings-and-loan, banking and insurance industries. The fact that these corporations went all the way to Peoria to seek legal counsel may simply speak well for the talents of the firm. Yet the question of what the law firm, through Dirksen, can do for these clients is inescapable. Invariably Dirksen has sided in the Senate with the interests that his law firm represents. He fought against the "truth-in-lending" bill, which was opposed by the banks and the savings-and-loan institutions. He fought to save the "right-to-work" laws, a stand that must have pleased his manufacturing and mining clients.

The big drug companies, if they didn't retain Dirksen's law firm, raised thousands of dollars for his reelection campaign in 1962. While he counted the contributions, he moved into the forefront of the drive to stop Sen. Estes Kefauver from tightening federal regulation of the drug industry. Dirksen permitted drug lobbyists to use his office, write his speeches and prepare

his legislation on the subject. Indeed, he went so far as to let the drug industry's attorneys represent him in actual Senate negotiations. In 1962 he sent two lawyers for the industry—Lloyd Cutler and Marshall Hornblower to represent him at a secret legislative meeting in the office of Judiciary Chairman James Eastland, D-Miss. Kefauver, the moving spirit behind the drug reforms, was not invited. Hornblower and Cutler brought into the meeting with them a draft of a compromise bill that Dirksen later offered, verbatim, as his own.

His role as a senator lawyer, Dirksen once told an interviewer in a not-so-flowery phrase, is "none of your business or anyone else's." The senior partner, Arleigh Davis, was equally tight-lipped about the firm's financial relationship with Dirksen but was willing to talk about Dirksen's contributions to the firm.

"He does come down here fairly regularly," Davis said. "Oftentimes we will contact him, since he knows the ropes so well in Washington, as to where to go or whom to see." But Davis emphasized, "We get many, many calls asking us to bring some political pressure on Mr. Dirksen. We have refused 100 percent." The requests, he said, have come from individuals, not corporation clients.

Senator Dirksen, having reconsidered his remark to the interviewer that his law practice was no one else's business, told the Senate this much: "I went to that firm when I thought I was going blind; and I got elected to the Senate; and I said, 'The partnership is off.' Now they have my name on the door as of counsel. You will find that all over the United States. There are three names on that door—of counsel. If they want to counsel with me, I am glad to do it for free; and if there is anything federal involved, there will be no emoluments from the law firm, I can tell you. I keep a pretty careful set of books, because I keep them in part myself, and Mrs. Dirksen, who was a professional auditor, does the rest. So, you see, I know where I stand and what I am doing."

Dirksen has made it clear that he doesn't intend to open his carefully kept books to the public. "I've been on the platform before my constituents since 1926," he thundered from the Senate floor. "Any man, any citizen, could stand up and say, 'Dirksen, what do you own?' if he wanted to know, and he would have received an answer. But I am not going to see it done by compulsion. . . . Now it is proposed that I be reduced to a Class B citizen. I did not give up my citizenship when I came to the Senate. I do not propose to do so. Public office would not be worth it." These words, or ones very close to them, have been reiterated with increasing intensity by Dirksen on almost every occasion that the financial disclosure issue has come before the Senate in the past few years—and as recently as March, 1968.

From time to time Dirksen has been caught in minor embarrassments that must have strengthened his resolve not to advertise his affairs. It leaked out, for example, that Nationwide Food Services, Inc., had been footing the bill for his annual birthday ball. This event four days after the New Year has become one of Washington's most glittering extravaganzas, attended by its brightest celebrities. The role of Nationwide has added a trace of tarnish to the grand affair; for Nationwide operates the Senate restaurants, and Dirksen always champions the company at appropriations time. Thanks at least in part to his intervention, Nationwide now gets an allowance of $365,000 from the taxpapers to help feed the senators.

In the back rooms of the Senate, Dirksen had also been one of Bobby Baker's counselors and confessors. Senate investigators, looking into Baker's dealings with Freight Forwarders, discovered that the company had picked up Dirksen's bills at Bobby's Carousel Motel in Ocean City, Maryland.

These are not the things that Dirksen would like future students of American politics to remember.

SERVICING THE CLIENT

Everett Dirksen, who has spent all but four of his years in Congress as a member of the political minority, can be counted with the majority in the matter of law-firm affiliations. Indeed, lawyers have dominated the legislative branch since the Continental Congress, 31 of whose 55 members came out of the law firms of the day. Moonlighting for private clients has become a cherished American tradition.

Congressman lawyers whose legislative records have been checked against their law clienteles have been found to represent their clients—if not always their constituents—faithfully. They have promoted legislation that would benefit banks, utilities, airlines, railroads, oil companies, insurance firms and other corporations that have retained their law firms.

A bright young congressman can also find other ways to serve his law clients on Capitol Hill. He can make quiet calls to regulatory agencies, arrange appointments with the people who count, apply political pressure on government officials, and slip beneficial amendments into bills on their way to becoming law. (The average congressman, of course, would explode with righteous wrath over the offer of a bribe. Yet the same congressman, if he has a law practice back home, might not hesitate to accept a legal fee. Thus his influence might be for sale not merely if the price is right but if it is given the respectability of being called a retainer.) Through his contacts in Congress he can also line up law firms with the right political connections in other states.

Such forwarding fees are not uncommon on Capitol Hill where legislator lawyers sometimes trade in political influence. They are not the least deterred by the Canons of Professional and Judicial Ethics, which declare: "No division of fees for legal services is proper, except with another lawyer, based upon a division of services or responsibility."

Perhaps the most celebrated case of this type was that of Sen. Edward Long, D-Mo. the rotund Rotarian who accepted $160,000 in forwarding fees for referring cases to St. Louis attorney Morris Shenker. Critics unkindly called attention to the coincidence that Shenker happened to represent the convicted Teamsters boss, James Hoffa, whose lobbyists had urged Long to investigate government wiretapping.

Another who had discriminating taste in legal talent was Bobby Baker, the embattled ex-Senate aide. He sent the Sweet Water Development Company, in search of legal advice on amending the Helium Gas Act, to the New York law firm of Rep. Emanuel Celler, who had worked on the bill. Impressed, Sweet Water hired the Celler firm for a $10,000 yearly retainer, which shall stand forever as a testimony to Celler's political tolerance. The company was owned and controlled by Clinton W. Murchison, Jr., best known for his right-wing political activities. Congressman Celler, elected to Congress from a liberal Jewish constituency, has vigorously opposed the right wing. But clearly he was too big a man to let personal politics influence the selection of clients for his law firm.

Baker was rewarded with a $2,500 check, though one of Celler's law partners, Murray C. Spett, said no services were performed for the forwarding fee. Celler later claimed his firm had been hired to examine supermarket leases, most of them on New York property. Bedford S. Wynne, a Sweet Water director, told a different story. "We wanted an opinion regarding application of the Helium Gas Act as proposed for legislation," he said. "Celler had something to do with the bill when it was introduced." Postscript: the firm's first government contract, an engineering contract for water desalinization, was approved in May, 1962, for $75,000. A year later the figure for the company's government contracts climbed to almost $1,000,000. The company promptly ran into trouble with the Army, whose audit report was highly critical of, among other things, legal expenses.

Spett shed additional light on the attorney exchange market that operates on Capitol Hill. "Whenever we have any matters in another state," he said, "we usually ask Mr. Celler to recommend a congressman or a senator lawyer in that particular state to handle it and, conversely, [other members] who are not permitted to practice in New York refer matters to us." Spett explained that the usual forwarding fee for referrals "is a third, anywhere up to a third. As a matter of fact, we sent some matters down to a congressman in Alabama, and he sent us a forwarding fee of 50 percent."

Celler is one of those congressman lawyers, incidentally, who abstain from government practice with a great show of piety. Celler's law firm has erected an elaborate façade of separating its clients in a way that leaves the congressman unsullied by cases directly involving the federal government. What the firm does in the name of ethics, of course, is required by law, which prohibits congressmen from taking fees in federal cases. Celler has not been the least inhibited, however, about sharing law fees from clients who have had an interest in legislation.

The door to Celler's law layout displays two signs. One identifies the firm of Weisman, Celler, Allan, Spett and Sheinberg. The other omits Celler's name. All cases involving the government are assigned to the firm without his name. A pros-

pective client might have difficulty, however, in distinguishing between the two firms. Both have the same telephone number; indeed, they share furniture and fixtures as well as phones. While they keep separate books and bank accounts, the same staff is used by both firms.

Most congressmen covered in our survey claimed they receive little more from their law practices than the payouts from their preelection accounts. Presumably their nameplates, which appear on the doors of law firms across the country, are mostly ornamental. They might be more convincing, of course, if their firms would divulge the identities of all clients and the division of the spoils. The voters might like to know, too, what arrangements have been made for the congressmen to return to full partnership and whether they will collect retroactive benefits if the next election does not turn out well.

Certainly if some clients are not paying extra for legislative favors, they must be among the most undercharged law clients in the history of jurisprudence. The Greyhound Bus Lines, for instance, retained the law firm of Kimble, Schapiro, Stevens, Harsha and Harsha in Portsmouth, Ohio, a city not renowned as a great bus center. One of the Harshas happens to be Republican Rep. William H. Harsha, Jr., who on June 22, 1964, led the House fight against the Mass Transportation Act.

Congressman Harsha also introduced legislation to limit the importation of fuel oil, which must have pleased two other law clients, Phillips Petroleum and Ashland Oil and Refining.

Pittsburgh Plate Glass went into the West Virginia mountains for legal advice and selected the law firm of Moore and Moore in Moundsville. The firm's last surviving Moore is Rep. Arch Moore, a most sophisticated hillbilly, huskily handsome, with a clean-cut, all-American look, who is also the only surviving Republican in the West Virginia delegation. He has chosen the glass industry as one of his great political causes to champion. Specifically he has become the stirring defender of the plate-glass industry. "The American flat-glass industry," he told his colleagues in one glorious speech, "is a significant part of the total glass industry, producing approximately one-third of the entire dollar value of all manufactured glass." He quoted other statistics to dramatize the importance of plate glass in the American way of life. But the industry had come upon hard times, he lamented, because of imports. He called for a raise in tariffs or other protective measures, and appealed to his colleagues not to let any lesser consideration, such as international relations, stand in the way of plate-glass prosperity.

To Rep. Thomas Curtis, a Missouri Republican, it isn't glass so much as lumber that seems essential to the national welfare. There are no virgin forests in the St. Louis suburbs from where Curtis comes, and no big-muscled, hard-swearing lumberjacks among his constituents. Yet when the domestic timber industry was threatened by Canadian imports, Curtis joined in sponsoring a bill to curtail lumber imports, an issue that would not win him any glory in St. Louis. But it should have pleased two of his law clients: J. R. Perkins Lumber Company and Egyptian Tie and Timber Company. The congressman's law firm—Biggs, Hensley, Hughes, Curtis, and Biggs—also represents the American Urological Association, Inc., whose members were opposed to Medicare. Curtis led the fight inside the House Ways and Means Committee against Medicare.

Some legislator lawyers can benefit their law clients at the same time that they advance the legitimate interests of the state. For example, New Hampshire's Democratic Sen. Thomas McIntyre, whose Irish eyes smile in the traditional manner, reared up in the Senate on April 10, 1963, to plead for import quotas to protect the shoe industry. "The position of the shoe industry is a matter of urgent concern to many American communities . . . ," he said. In following years he echoed this theme again and again.

His law firm, it turned out, represents the Laconia Shoe Company. Yet it is only fair to state that New Hampshire has another 54 shoe plants, not his clients, which he is supposed to represent as senator. These plants contribute to the livelihood of more than 18,000 of his constituents.

McIntyre is troubled over the ethical problem. "I don't ever remember getting so much as a traffic ticket back home," he added, "but when you come down here you are suddenly suspected of every crime in the book. I'm very concerned that young people will turn their backs on politics as a career because they grow up thinking it's dirty. Of course, we all come down here with built-in biases. If you've been associated for 20 years, say, with a finance company, you naturally bring your experience and modes of thinking with you to a committee meeting. That does not mean, though, that a vote in favor of the finance companies was made because you have any financial interest in the company any more."

Yet a spot check indicates that corporations having an interest in legislation deliberately seek attorneys who serve on the relevant Congressional committees. We found that insurance companies that have received special tax benefits thanks to the benevolence of the tax-writing House Ways and Means Committee had retained the law firms of committee members. Defense contractors had hired the firms of members of the Armed Services committees. And corporations doing business in interstate commerce had shown a preference for the firms of Commerce Committee members.

Rep. James Utt, the ultraconservative Republican from California, made a startling admission about congressmen's law firms. "The greatest conflict," he stated flatly, "is in immigration cases. They will charge from $500 to $1,000 to sponsor a private bill. It's an open door." Rumors about the "sale" of private immigration bills (passed to admit a specific individual into the country) have been heard by reporters for years. The Immigration Service investigated charges that a New Jersey congressman had been cashing in on immigration bills through his law firm, but the evidence was insufficient to press charges.

Through the years, Congress after Congress has rebelled against setting guidelines to govern the outside income of its lawyer members. As a result, the only guidelines are the general ones set for criminal behavior. A series of laws in Title 18 of U.S. Code make it a federal crime for a member of Congress to receive compensation for rendering any services before a government agency, to practice law before the court of claims, to enter into contracts with the government, to accept payments or gifts (or campaign contributions) for any service or for any particular vote or to conspire to defraud the government.

These statutes, however, are seldom enforced. *Congressional Quarterly*, the highly respected and impartial reporting service, has said: "The statutes have a major drawback: they concern areas in which it is difficult to obtain proof of wrongdoing and thus they were not extensively tested in the courts. In conflict of interest cases, for instance, it is often hard to show a cause and effect connection between a gift or a campaign contribution and service rendered or a vote cast."

While not binding, the American Bar Association's Canons of Professional and Judicial Ethics advises congressmen not to represent opposing interests in the roles of lawmakers and lawyer. Also, the Bar Association decrees that a law firm should not appear before a legislative committee while a member of the firm is serving in the legislature, even though the association is disclosed and no fee is accepted. But the Canons have had little effect on Congressional behavior. Congressmen rarely if ever bother to request an opinion from the Bar Association's Committee on Professional Ethics as to what is morally expected of them in a specific instance. Writing in the *Federal Bar Journal*, Erwin G. Krasnow and former Representative Richard E. Lankford of Maryland, both attorneys, candidly reported that "although the American Bar Association's Canons of Ethics apply to lawyer members of Congress, many such members appear to continue to enjoy a robust law practice without the intervention of any professional ethics committee either of the national or law bar associations."

When the Association of the Bar of the City of New York called for a code of ethics to guide congressman lawyers, it received polite attention but no action on Capitol Hill.

In the last analysis, the congressman lawyer, even in the broadest sense, is not a free man. He must serve two masters—his private client and his constituent. The voters generally are unaware of the conflict let alone how it is resolved.

LOOPHOLE LEGISLATORS:

The Oil Depletion Allowance

THE GREAT DRY HOLE MYTH

The nation's tax coffers have sprung so many leaks—loopholes of all sizes—that half the money due the government now escapes into the pockets of the privileged. Sen. Paul Douglas, in his last Senate debate, pleaded that the tax rate could be cut in half, without reducing federal revenue a single cent, if

Congress would only plug the tax loopholes. "Last year," he said, his voice ringing with indignation, "a charwoman earning $55 a week paid more in income taxes than an oil company whose income was $26 million."

The 75-year-old Douglas, tired after 18 years of lonely battles in the Senate, went down to defeat in the 1966 election—an event that provoked celebrations in the paneled boardrooms of the oil companies.

At the end, Douglas stood before a press conference, his white head held high, his Indian-chief face unflinching, to announce his return to teaching and to concede his failure to end tax favoritism. "The tax system is like a sieve," he said. His accusation was directed at the depletion allowance, a form of legalized tax evasion that permits privileged producers to deduct a percentage of their taxes. The size of the loopholes varies from 27½ percent for oil down to five percent for common gravel. "The depletion allowance for oil and gas," added Douglas, "has spread like a great disease."

True, the oil depletion allowance, which became law in 1926, was the loophole that started all the other loopholes. It excuses petroleum producers from taxes on 27½ percent of their income on every barrel of oil they pump out of the ground. Although the 27½-percent figure has taken on almost religious significance to oilmen, it was simply a compromise between the Senate and House figures. The House had voted for a 25-percent depletion allowance; the Senate had favored 30 percent. The figure also bears absolutely no relation to the amount of oil depleted. The producers can go on taking the tax write-off eternally, or at least until their wells dry up. For the average well, they save in taxes 19 times the original investment.

The appearance of this lovely loophole brought other lobbyists swarming over Capitol Hill like high-school students at cherry-blossom time. Rather than plug the tax dike and send them all home, Congress obligingly punched dozens of new holes in the statutes. Now almost 100 minerals get some depletion allowance—among them bismuth, clam shells, clay, coal, lignite, limestone, mica, rock asphalt, sand, shale, soapstone and vermiculite. Douglas noted ruefully that "the list does not include soil, sod, dirt, turf or mosses from seawater. But I understand that there is a lawsuit now pending in an attempt to include water in the depletion allowance." But the most gaping loophole, through which an estimated $2.5 billion seeps each year, is still the old oil allowance. Almost as wondrous, however, are the drilling and development deductions—"golden gimmicks," one investor happily called them—which permit oilmen to deduct many of their intangible costs. The deductions can be taken in advance and amount to as much as 80 percent of the costs, which makes oil speculation a singularly attractive investment.

To justify these benefits, oilmen have perpetuated the great Dry Hole Myth. For years they have given anguished testimony that for every gusher there are eight dusters. This has been quietly contradicted by no less than the holy writ of the oil industry—the *Oil and Gas Journal*, which has confessed that the average is closer to two successes for every dry hole. Only the wildcatter takes the risk; and after he has bet his last borrowed dollar on a rig and a prayer, has drilled deep into the landscape and has found black gold at the bottom of a hole, then the big companies move in. Sometimes they buy their way into an oil strike; other times they simply siphon off a generous percentage of the profits for the wildcatters must go to the oil giants to get their oil processed and marketed.

If oilmen are hard-pressed to explain the economic justification for their tax privileges, they solemnly assure doubters that the granting of such advantages is the patriotic thing to do. They can become positively lyrical over how vital oil is to national security. Such a consideration might conceivably justify a tax break for the discovery and development of domestic oil, but oilmen consider it equally patriotic to drill for oil in faraway places with strange-sounding names, especially since they are permitted to deduct against their U.S. taxes the royalties, disguised as "taxes," they pay to foreign potentates.

Thus, Standard Oil of New Jersey—to take the giant—claimed tax payments of $740 million in 1966, the last year of record. Yet the real fact is that the top 22 oil refiners, combined, paid the federal government only $585 million in 1966—less than Standard Oil alone claimed to have paid.

The same 22 refiners, as a result of all their federal blessings, paid only four percent of their gross income as United States income tax in 1964. This caterpillared up to 6.9 percent in 1965 and, breaking all records, finally hit 8.5 percent in 1966. The rate for wage earners and small businessmen was around 20 percent; for the average American corporation, it ran close to 49 percent. Some of these statistics were released by the usually humorless Internal Revenue Service in a pamphlet decorated by a rambling ranch house, swimming pool and bikini-clad bathing beauties, with oil derricks in the background. The ironic montage was removed after complaints from sensitive oil producers, who were not amused.

For more than a decade, the craggy Senator Douglas assaulted the oil depletion allowance with the same results he could have expected if he had been attacking the Declaration of Independence. His chief opponent was Robert S. Kerr, oil millionaire, uranium king, cattle baron and senator from Oklahoma, who dominated the Senate's back rooms in the late 1950's and early 1960's. He worked his will with the finesse of one of his prize bulls. He was a one-man stampede, who simply trampled down his opposition. Five years after a heart attack felled him on New Year's Day, 1963, they were still talking about Bob Kerr on Capitol Hill.

BLATANT BOB KERR: "HELL, I'M IN EVERYTHING!"

Robert Kerr was born in Ada in 1896, when Oklahoma was still Indian Territory. He was the oldest of five sons (he had one older and a younger sister). Although the family had little money, the boys were encouraged to get an education.

Kerr passed through more than one college but never earned a degree. He started at the East Central Normal School in Ada, transferred to Oklahoma Baptist University, returned to East Central and finally enrolled at the University of Oklahoma. Even without a degree, he passed the state bar examination in 1922. He was commissioned a second lieutenant in the field artillery during World War I, and was married in 1919 a few months after his discharge. His wife died five years later, and Kerr plunged into business. He tried the farm produce business, and was wiped out by fire. He was $10,000 in debt, earning just barely $3,000 a year, when he married Grayce Breene in December, 1925. Bob Kerr had already resolved to go after three things: a family, a million dollars and the governorship. He was to get them exactly in that sequence, beginning with four children.

Like many others in his generation, he began his political rise in the American Legion, becoming state commander in 1926. His experience in the Legion convinced Kerr that he had the political skill to become governor. While he waited for his opportunity, he jumped feet first into the oil business.

Everyone knew there was oil under Oklahoma City, but most drillers did not have the nerve to go down after it. Tragedy had dogged the few who had tried. City Hall finally placed the downtown sections off limits, and required a $200,000 bond against accidents for each well in the residential areas. The risk seemed too great for the big companies.

Kerr did not share their timidity. It was 1932, and the Depression increased his hunger. He had been in the oil-drilling business for six years, since he and his brother-in-law, James L. Anderson, had borrowed $30,000 to buy out the drilling company that had employed Anderson as its chief fieldman. The new firm was called the Anderson-Kerr Drilling Company.

Their early ventures were modest and did not bring in nearly enough money to cover the ante for a drilling operation inside the Oklahoma City limits. Kerr solved the financing by selling Continental Oil Company a half interest. Continental Oil paid Anderson-Kerr $360,000 plus a $15,000 advance against their earnings when each hole was completed. Anderson-Kerr sank six holes, and all of them paid off. The partners cleared almost $2 million.

Kerr's reputation was enhanced as much by the deal with Continental Oil as it was by the strike itself. K. S. "Boots" Adams, the assistant to Phillips Petroleum's president, Frank Phillips, was so impressed that he put through a call for Kerr in 1935. The Anderson-Kerr strikes in Oklahoma City had emboldened the big companies, but the ordinance restricting wells to the residential areas was keeping them off land that seemed rich in deposits. Phillips Petroleum held a number of leases on downtown sites, and Adams decided Kerr was the man to charm the voters into granting downtown drilling permits through a popular referendum.

Kerr agreed to run the campaign, but refused pay for his work. All he wanted, he told Adams, was a contract to sink the wells for Phillips. Kerr successfully wooed the voters to change drilling laws, and his oil rigs moved into the high-rent district. A year later, Kerr was tapped to talk the voters into approving another referendum to open up more of the city, and shortly thereafter derricks began sucking oil from the grounds of the state capitol itself.

Brother-in-law James Anderson, satisfied with his share of the business, retired in 1937, and Kerr offered partnerships to two young men in the Phillips organization. One was Dean McGee, who at 33 was already making a name in the oil industry. Phillips Petroleum regarded him as the best oil geologist in the nation.

To repair his relationship with Phillips Petroleum, Kerr worked out a 10-year deal that gave Phillips a half interest in oil lands that McGee discovered for Kerr's company. In return, Phillips had to foot three-quarters of the cost. Under this agreement, oil was found in Alaska, Latin America and the Louisiana tidelands.

With his Dun and Bradstreet rating as a millionaire established, Kerr turned his attention to the governorship, and won election under the Democratic banner in 1942. Six years later Kerr was elected to the Senate and quickly turned the job into a profit far beyond the modest salary. He pushed through a bill in 1950 that would have increased the price of natural gas and boosted the profits of the oil companies that owned gas wells, including Kerr-McGee Industries, Inc. President Truman had privately promised to hold his nose and sign the bill, but the outcry in the press over Kerr's blatant conflict of interest compelled Truman to kill it with a veto. It was one of Kerr's few defeats. While others might have been brooding, he went to work on the Federal Power Commission and helped extract a ruling for the price increase that the President had vetoed.

The natural-gas bill taught Kerr the virtues of subtlety. Thereafter, he found other senators to introduce his windfall legislation, and he merely provided the push. He gave beneficial shoves to relief measures for the producers not only of gas and oil, but of berylium, boron, helium, potash and uranium as well. To no one's particular surprise, Kerr-McGee was found to have heavy investments in all of those products.

There was nothing subtle about Kerr's attitude toward conflict of interest. His friend Bobby Baker once recalled, "Bob Kerr used to say that he was opposed to all monopolies unless he had a piece of them." And Kerr himself boasted with a chuckle, "Hell, I'm in everything."

Few men have worked for the financial institutions of their home state with more dedication. Kerr was always a formidable foe on the Senate floor. Standing six feet three and weighing 220 pounds, he could be both biting and bruising in debate. In later years he started wearing suspenders and would punctuate his oratory by snapping his galluses. There were few men in the Senate whom the affable Oklahoman could not reduce to jelly when he was fully aroused. On issues in which he had no financial interest, he usually followed party discipline. Indeed, liberals found much in his record worthy of praise. He could stand comfortably among the populists in the Senate and harangue his colleagues on the evils of water pollution or the private power monopoly.

Kerr tried to gain the Democratic nomination for the presidency in 1952 and failed to come close, but his proved lack of national appeal didn't make him lose interest in expanding his power. Immediately after Eisenhower's inauguration, Kerr set about consolidating his strength in the Senate. His great personal wealth and his influence with the oil industry enabled him to help other senators out of the financial problems that so often beset them. "When people talk about big contributors to political campaigns, I always think of Kerr," one professional said. It was a good investment worth critical votes when an issue on which Kerr had an interest came to the floor. He was almost unbeatable on his pet issues, which invariably involved his own pocketbook. "Making money is a sickness with Bob," once remarked Sen. Clinton Anderson, D-N.M., who found the disease catching.

By the end of the 1950's Kerr-McGee had cornered about 25 percent of all the known uranium reserves in the United States—worth more than $1 billion—and became the biggest supplier of uranium to the Atomic Energy Commission. Other uranium producers were so frustrated by Kerr's success in grabbing contracts (a 1958 contract with the AEC provided for the sale of more than $300 million in uranium over eight years) that they appealed to the Justice Department for an investigation of "political influence" and "certain combinations and conspiracies . . . in the production, processing and sale of uranium materials." The AEC merely spread Kerr-McGee deliveries over 10 years, with an agreement to buy still more in 1969 and 1970.

In the late 1950's, Kerr-McGee also acquired 73 percent of the biggest natural helium pool in the world at Pinto Dome, Arizona. Shortly after the purchase, Lynn Adams, the company's vice-president and general counsel, came to Washington with a plan to conserve the nation's helium supply. The government, he told Congress, should be allowed to extract helium from natural gas, with the taxpayers paying the entire cost of the processing and the producers being paid for the extracted helium. The processed natural gas, according to his plan, would be sold back to the producers at the original cost. Then he suggested a legislative footnote that he said would make it fair to all producers. Since the helium extracted from the natural gas would be more expensive than natural helium, he called for a provision forbidding the sale of helium to the government at less than the highest cost. This would entitle the owners of Pinto Dome to the higher price that was paid for extracted helium. Adams' helpful suggestion was written into the legislation, complete with several references to Pinto Dome.

The bill was steered quietly through the Senate Interior Committee by Sen. Clinton Anderson. Kerr had no better friend in the Senate than Anderson, but Kerr did not bank on friendship alone. Kerr had also arranged for Anderson to get 10 percent of Pinto Dome before the bill came to a vote in June 1960.

Anderson sent the committee's report to the printer too late for other senators to obtain copies for study. The printer's manuscript was the only copy in existence when the bill was reported to the Senate two days before Congress adjourned. Sen. John Carroll, a Colorado Democrat, later opposed by the oil and gas interests and retired by the voters, objected that the issue had come to a vote during the closing rush without a printed report. The Senate, however, disregarded this breach of form and passed the bill with all the features recommended by Kerr-McGee's counsel.

Kerr did not confine his manipulations to domestic matters. As a power in the Senate, he had great influence over foreign loans. Among the nations with outstretched hands in 1959 was Argentina. There was no rush to turn over the money, and there were hints on Capitol Hill that the impediment was Pres. Arturo Frondizi's repudiation of drilling rights for American oil companies. Suddenly in May, Argentina was granted $350 million in United States loans from federal agencies and cooperating banks. The following July, Frondizi quietly rescued the scrapped oil agreement. One of the biggest shares went to the New York investment firm of Carl M. Loeb, Rhodes and Company, which subcontracted the Argentine oil development to Kerr-McGee.

When Robert Kerr died on January 1, 1963, no one outside his family mourned him more than Bobby Baker did. As Senate Majority Secretary, Baker had helped Kerr line up votes for his pet legislation, and Kerr, in return, had steered him into a few profitable deals. Bobby's grief intensified when he got into trouble over his deals and Kerr was not around to bail him out.

Hauled up for trial, Baker tried to persuade a federal jury of 11 government workers and one pensioner that he had delivered $99,600 in $100 bills to Kerr. The money came from California savings-and-loan executives, whose sudden generosity coincided with Senate activity on a bill that would have increased the industry's taxes. Since the senator was beyond questioning, the jury decided the story was too pat and convicted Baker of stealing the money.

Yet no one who knew Bob Kerr doubted that, had he been alive, he would have crashed his great bulk against the foundations of the Republic to keep Bobby out of jail. Kerr liked the boy and, naturally, wanted to make him a millionaire. It was Kerr who took Bobby upon the mountaintop and showed him a world of wealth spread out below. Baker once remarked that the death of "the kindest, nicest, warmest, most generous friend I ever had in my life cost me at least 10 million dollars, if you want to measure it moneywise, because we had agreed to go into the cattle business in southwest Kansas and he'd arranged to lease eight thousand acres."

Baker's $10 million boast is believable, because Kerr had the Midas touch. His net worth was variously estimated at be-

tween $15 million and $150 million. Yet he was ever in hot pursuit of the next million. He allowed nothing to stand in his way, and he had a knack for hanging beneficial tax riders on bills in the Senate Finance Committee. "Bob had a special way of explaining his 'innocent little amendments' so you'd be convinced you were just voting for simple justice," another committee member said in grudging tribute. "But after it was all over and you'd find out what you'd really voted for, he'd cackle and say, 'Well, you know me. I'm against any conspiracy I'm not in on.' "

During his years in the Senate, there were few conspiracies that escaped him.

BIPARTISAN BRIBERY

There are few members of Congress who have not been tempted to go along with the oil industry's interests. For their favors, the oil barons offer them campaign contributions, law fees, stock tips, even cash under the table. Every year, the oilmen spend an estimated $50 million to publicize the imaginary distress of the oil industry and to subsidize its lobbying effort.

The oilmen save billions each year through tax loopholes, and the more the patricians of petroleum drain from the government through tax loopholes, the more they slip to politicians to make the loopholes in the tax laws even bigger. And each time the corruption goes the full circle, the pockets of the oilmen are a little fuller.

Occasionally the oil bribes are turned down. In 1956 the late Sen. Francis Case, R-S.D., shook with emotion as he reported an effort to buy his vote. He was offered, he said, a brown paper sack filled with $2,500 in hundred-dollar bills. He identified the bagman as John Neff, who had been authorized to make "certain expenditures" by his boss, Superior Oil lobbyist Elmer Patman. If Case had taken the money, of course, he would have been hooked for the rest of his career.

To the senator who would bristle over a raw bribe, a campaign contribution may be nearly irresistible. It is usually channeled through a campaign committee—a device that enables the recipient to camouflage the source. He reports that the money came from the committee, thus complying with the letter of the law, without mentioning that it was earmarked for his campaign by the oil interests.

Those who cannot be bought may find themselves investigated. During the fight over the Kerr bill to increase natural-gas prices, *The New York Times* reported that "the gas bill lobby ran a complete geneology on senators," and quoted an unnamed senator as saying he had received letters from almost forgotten relatives asking him to support the bill. One senator was buttonholed by the son of his mother's classmate; another was pressured by one of his wife's former suitors.

There are reprisals, too, for the congressmen who don't go along. Those who fight the oil lobby find that their opponents have well-financed campaigns.

For years, the oil privileges were protected on Capitol Hill by that powerful pair from Texas, the late Sam Rayburn and his pupil Lyndon Johnson. Rayburn, as Speaker of the House, controlled appointments to the tax writing Ways and Means Committee. No one was admitted to this select circle who couldn't give Rayburn the right answer to one question: "Do you favor the oil depletion allowance?"

When Rayburn was corralling Democratic votes for oil, Massachusetts' late Joseph W. Martin, Jr., then the House Republican Leader, lined up the G.O.P. votes. Texas oil millionaires decided to show their appreciation in 1958 by helping Martin raise campaign funds in what was then solid Democratic territory.

The dinner was held in Houston's Rice Hotel—in the same banquet hall where many of the same oilmen had gathered a few weeks earlier to attend an appreciation dinner for Lyndon Johnson. In fact, 12 of the sponsors of the Martin dinner had also given their names to the Johnson testimonial, evidence that oil politics not only mix but are bipartisan.

Johnson subscribed to the political doctrine that no one could get elected in Texas without oil money. Better than most men, he knew how to tap this rich campaign well. As far back as 1938, when he was merely another representative from Texas, he had funneled oil money into Democratic campaign chests. The Democrats had expected to lose some seats in the House that year. President Roosevelt had been displeased with the efforts of the Democratic Congressional Campaign Committee and had asked Johnson to take over some of the fund raising. LBJ had rented a room in the rear of Washington's Munsey Building and had passed out $100,000 in oil contributions to Democratic candidates. After he moved up to the Senate and became the Majority Leader, Johnson was not the ungrateful sort who would forget his rich friends. He jealously guarded the Finance Committee where the tax loopholes are enlarged after the House, in fulfillment of its Constitutional function, has initiated them.

When a Democratic vacancy occurred on this key committee in 1955, the man in line for it was Senator Douglas, the cast-iron opponent of the depletion allowance. Johnson artfully kept the vacant seat warm himself until he could turn it over to Sen. Alben Barkley, D-Ky., a former Vice-President, whose prestige entitled him to his choice of committees and whose views on depletion were more flexible.

Johnson performed a major act of devotion to oil and gas again after the celebrated $2,500 bribe offer to Sen. Francis Case. This clumsy attempt to buy Case's vote raised demands for a Senate investigation. Without waiting for Johnson's permission, Sen. Albert Gore, D-Tenn., announced that his Elections Subcommittee would start probing. Johnson, who was relaxing at his ranch, hurried back to Washington and kept after Gore for 10 days to relinquish his jurisdiction to another, less hostile committee. Gore finally did let go, and it is one of those tantalizing coincidences that, not long afterward, Gore quietly became a partner in a ranching operation with Robert Kerr.

Johnson had a personal reason for sidetracking the investigation. His chief Texas political lieutenant, John B. Connally, who later became Secretary of the Navy and Governor of Texas, was directing the oil and gas lobbying. On the day Case sounded off about the bribe offer, Connally sat white-faced, for hours, in his Mayflower Hotel room. He was never called as a witness in the probe. The Majority Leader, moving cautiously, had maneuvered the investigation into the hands of Sen. John McClellan, D-Ark.

McClellan had a reputation as a grim and relentless investigator. The public did not know, however, that McClellan's law firm in Little Rock, according to its listing of clients in the Martindale-Hubbell directory, at that time represented Standard Oil of New Jersey, Seaboard Oil, Tidewater (Associated) Oil, and Carter Oil. His investigation dribbled along unspectacularly, then faded away without going beyond the Case incident. Superior Oil's bagmen, Elmer Patman and John Neff, pleaded guilty of failing to register as lobbyists, and received small fines and suspended one-year jail sentences.

The oil barons miss Sam Rayburn and mourn Bob Kerr. And they must now deal at a different level with Lyndon Johnson, who no longer puts the oil interests ahead of the national interests. Still, they seem to find plenty of protectors who recognize how essential petroleum is to the national defense, the American economy and the welfare of the fur salons and Cadillac dealers in Dallas. As their spiritual leader in Congress, the oil boys have now turned to Sen. Russell Long.

Russell does not own as many oil wells as Bob Kerr did, but he has oil in his bloodstream from both sides of the family. His father, the fiery and flamboyant backwater demagogue, Huey Long, founded the Win-or-Lose Oil Company in the early 1930's. The company happily won more than it lost; it bought up marshy, river-bottom lands for next to nothing, then leased them to the oil giants at huge profits. Win-or-Lose was disbanded in 1938 for a tax advantage, then quietly reorganized as a family partnership. Its main activity today, apparently, is investing the royalty income from the oil lands.

On the maternal side of the family, D. B. McConnell, a brother of Russell Long's mother, began another oil operation. This has now been taken over by Russell's brother, Palmer Long. Under no special corporate name, he watches out for drilling opportunities. He explained: "I find a deal here and there. If mother or sister or brother want in, it's up to them to come along. If not, well, I just take it myself."

A portrait of Huey hangs over Russell's deck in his Senate office, and visitors are sometimes startled by the physical resemblance. Huey was assassinated in 1935 and succeeded in the Senate by his wife Rose. They were both loners who were excluded from the Senate's inner circle. Their son fought his way to the center of the circle, determined that people should look at him and say of his father, "Huey couldn't have been so bad."

The oilmen, noting that Russell Long was in line for the chairmanship of the Senate Finance Committee, helped him to

become the Senate Democratic Whip in 1965. He was able to offer his colleagues well-oiled resources for their next campaigns at the same time he was soliciting their votes. Long, who has the appeal of an affable puppy, has candidly confessed that he passed out a few oil contributions while he was running for whip. "Shucks," he said, "that's the name of the game."

Like Kerr, Russell Long does not let his personal oil holdings inhibit him from a heroic defense in the Senate of oil privileges. "Any friend of oil," he has said, "is a friend of ours." Indeed, he has contended; "Personally, I believe that 27½-percent depletion allowance is a little small."

CROOKED FURROWS:
The Washington Farmer

HARVESTING GREENBACKS

Great streams of migrant farm laborers flow through the nation like human highways, skirting the metropolitan areas and cutting through the fields. Caught up in the flow are thousands of faceless men and women and their anonymous children who move with the harvests, stopping only long enough to pick a crop and to earn enough to subsist until the next stop.

These are the people who help make America the best-fed nation in history, yet they themselves are often undernourished. Agricultural areas plead for their services when there is picking to be done, then pressure them to move on lest they tap the welfare coffers and burden the schools with their children.

The lot of the nonmigratory farm workers is sometimes not much better and often considerably worse. In the Deep South, families that have tended the fields since slave days are suddenly obsolete, replaced by tractors, automatic cotton pickers and weed killers. Many are too poor to afford even the government stamps to buy cut-price food, and they exist on a diet of starches and water.

Life is a little better, but only a little, for the small farmers—the traditional guardians of American values. Between 1960 and 1966, almost six million of them were driven off their land by their inability to compete against the agricultural giants. Depression-born laws to protect the small farmers are hopelessly outdated, and now serve to subsidize the giant landowners as they gobble up ever greater bites of the countryside.

As a result, the big farmers harvest their favorite crop on Capitol Hill—greenbacks. The average United States farmer reaps $831 in greenbacks each year to make up the difference between the market price and the pegged price for certain crops. This support price is based upon a complicated formula, which favors the big farms. For example, farms that gross more than $100,000 a year compose less than two percent of the total number of farms, yet they rake in 20 percent of the price supports.

The plight of the small farmers and farm laborers gets little attention in Congress. Many senators and representatives are too busy with the problems of the large planters. In some cases the congressmen *are* the large planters. They plow the legislative fields in Washington, then partake of the financial harvest at home.

This little Congressional secret was let out of the bag by Sen. Stephen Young, D-Ohio, who sometimes forgets to show the proper reverence for Senate traditions and mentions the unmentionable. "In the field of agriculture," he has confided, "certain members of Congress, as farmers, have collected various sums from the federal government under the farm loan and subsidy program. Some also sit on the committees which help shape agricultural legislation."

Such a congressman is California's Charles M. Teague, who, as the number-two Republican on the House Agriculture Committee, exercises a powerful influence over farm legislation. He is not the least deterred by the fact that his family owns Limoneira Ranch, the world's largest lemon producer, in Ventura County, California, where agriculture is big business.

Limoneira, like California's other great ranches, has prospered on the sweat of the *braceros*, Mexican stoop laborers who have provided inexpensive help, wandering from one farm to another, picking fruits and vegetables and living in medieval squalor.

As the Mexican labor flooded into the country, union, welfare and church spokesmen charged that the braceros provided a pool of cheap, docile foreign labor competing with domestic migrants for jobs and undermining the wages and working conditions of native Americans. In 1961 the Kennedy administration attempted to curtail the traffic in Mexican workers. The House Agriculture Committee beat down attack after attack to change the system. Leading the battle to keep the braceros was none other than Congressman Teague.

The story of Charles M. Teague, the congressman from California, has a prelude and a postscript. The prelude tells of his father, Charles Collins Teague, who wore a vest with a gold watch chain stretched between the pockets until the day he died in 1950. The postscript tells of Mario Soto, who never owned a vest and could not afford a watch chain.

TEAGUEVILLE

Charles Collins Teague, more than anyone else, was an embodiment of the California citrus industry. Like a slot-machine owner, he made a fortune out of lemons.

The family lemon grove known as the "Teague Forty"—managed and half owned by Teague—was exceptionally successful. He became a general manager of the Limoneira Ranch when he was 25, and by 1928 had expanded it from 400 acres to 3,250 acres. To prevent the profits from being squeezed out of the lemons by brokers and speculators, he helped organize the California Citrus Growers Exchange, which gave the world the famous Sunkist label, and for 30 years Teague served as its president.

With Sunkist, Teague and the other growers outmaneuvered the middlemen and defeated the laws of supply and demand. Rather than glut the market with their fruits, the growers agreed to regulate the market and keep prices up.

Teague did not view labor in quite the same light as production. "Undoubtedly, in some instances, it has been necessary for labor to organize in order to gain fair treatment," Teague wrote, "but I do not believe that the unionization of agricultural laborers is a practical thing." Viewing it strictly from "the standpoint of the workers," he felt union affiliation would be "a distinct handicap."

Charles Collins Teague died in 1950 while shooting skeet at the Rancho Sespe, another large citrus farm not far from his own Limoneira Ranch. Both of his sons were schooled to protect the family inheritance. The elder, Milton, became general manager, then president of Limoneira Ranch. He also moved into his father's niche as president of both Sunkist and the California Chamber of Commerce. The younger son, Charles, was sent to law school.

Rep. Charles M. Teague now sits in the shadow of power. It is a role to which he has long been accustomed. He is a pleasant man, the sort who can be found at any Rotary luncheon. His suits speak well of his tailor, and his colleagues speak well of him. His 14 years in the House have not been marked by either the political charisma or the dynamic intellect that propels men out of the tedium of the House to the prestige of the Senate. But Teague is a gentleman, and he does not complain. Nor does he seem to mind his relative obscurity. With the security of a safe district, he can ride the escalator to leadership. The seniority system and a Republican sweep could one day make him chairman of the House Agriculture Committee.

His career has been plodding but nevertheless well plotted. He has seldom varied in his voting from the Republican party line, and his public statements have been a mirror of conservative cant. He is a fearless champion of thrift, diligence, hard work and free enterprise.

When Congress finally stopped the bracero program in 1965, Teague pointed an accusing finger at Secretary of Labor W. Willard Wirtz. The Secretary was guilty, he charged, of "rank discrimination against both our good neighbor to the south and our farmers who still need Mexican workers to keep crops from rotting in the fields." To save the crops, Teague and his fellow growers preferred to import docile, uncomplaining Mexicans and send them back when the season ended. But the California ranchers managed to surmount the crisis by recruiting native Americans—many of them Mexican Americans—to do the work. If citizen labor was less tractable than alien labor, the growers simply took precautionary measures. At Limoneira Ranch and elsewhere, patrols were organized to rove the fields and housing areas in jeeps equipped with two-way radios, searching for dissatisfied workers and other prospective troublemakers. Anyone who even looked like a union organizer was hustled away from the rest of the workers. On occasion, even

ministers were captured, stripped of their clothes and held as prisoners by the patrols.

To find labor to replace the braceros on the Ventura County citrus farms, the growers commissioned William H. Tolbert to round up migratory workers from around the country. Tolbert, a tough, relentless man, who later became director of the state's Employment Service Farm Placement Service under Gov. Ronald Reagan, did his job well. One who responded eagerly to Tolbert's invitation to come to California was Mario Soto, a migrant worker whose last previous address had been Texas.

KEEPING 'EM DOWN ON THE FARM

Like Rep. Charles M. Teague, Mario Soto was born on a farm. Unlike Teague, his father did not own the farm. Soto grew up on a succession of farms, without much education or hope—just another pair of hands in the army of migrant workers who tramp the nation looking for work. Soto was recruited by the Delta Labor Agency to pick fruit for the Ventura Citrus Growers. He was given token travel-expense money, four days to get to California and a piece of paper entitled "Agreement to Employ." Actually, the sheet made no such agreement. At the bottom of the page, it stated: "This is not a contract for employment. The prospective employee shall be employed when he reports to the place of employment specified above." And it skimped on other promises. The document stated: "Rate of pay: prevailing piece rates of area as posted in agency office."

With his wife Anita and their 10 children, Soto got into his Chevrolet truck and headed west. They reported for work on May 22, 1965, and were assigned to the Rancho Sespe—the place where old Charles Collins Teague had died. There they were assigned to a double housing unit—a five-room shack—on the ranch. Rent was $20 a month plus utility charges. In its "housing agreement" Rancho Sespe retained the right to "cancel this license at any time even though licensee may still be working for employer. . . . Cessation of employment shall constitute termination of this license unless otherwise agreed to in writing and any occupancy by licensee after cessation of employment, during any labor dispute, or after cancellation, shall be in the capacity of licensee only." It was difficult for a man who could neither read nor write his own Spanish language, let alone English, to comprehend. Still, the Sotos had high hopes that California would turn out to be the land of milk and honey. The wages were better than those in Texas, and Mario's wife and their 19-year-old son, Roberto, could also work and add to the family gross.

During June, his first full month on the job, Mario Soto earned $210.97. After the deductions, including repayment of a $145 advance—the kind frequently given to workers to keep them in bondage—Soto's pay was $7.68. The family worked through the best picking months on into autumn, when the fruit still on the trees was hard to reach and the piece rates no longer reflected the effort of the job. While Anita Soto was on top of a ladder, cutting oranges off a tall tree, she slipped and injured her shoulder. A doctor told her to stop working. In September Mario switched to picking peppers on another farm where the wages were better. His son Roberto was required to sign a new housing agreement for the family; the $20 for rent and $10 for gas and other deductions came out of his check from Rancho Sespe.

In December—a month after Mario Soto signed up for an adult education class—Roberto was drafted. Mrs. Soto asked for work in the packinghouse, where there would be no lifting, but Rancho Sespe officials refused. With Roberto training for Viet Nam, there were no Sotos working on the ranch, and the housing-agreement provisions were enforced. The Sotos were ordered to move out four days before Christmas.

Appeals to the management of Rancho Sespe did no good. The eviction fight dragged on into January. One ranch official wanted to let the Sotos remain in their shack for $75 a month, but the proposal was rejected by the ranch manager. "We're not running a charity institution," he said.

But as Soto began to read and write, he also learned to assert himself. Suddenly he was a proud man. After a year in school his horizons expanded, and he went looking for better work. He tried several jobs, and in March, 1967, found employment at the Burmite Powder Plant in Saugus, a 60-mile round trip each day from the adequate home he had found for $45 a month in a Mexican ghetto. The job in the munitions factory gave him a sense of pride he had never known before. He was, after all, making things that might be used by his son Roberto in Viet Nam.

It is no secret, however, that Mario Soto is blacklisted by the Ventura growers for deserting the fields and cannot get work there again picking crops. He doesn't care. An American by birth, he is at last awakening to the benefits of his birthright.

Soto's escape from the perpetual poverty of the farms, unfortunately, is an isolated case. Few others have made the jump, and for many the prospects are dimmer than ever. Their living standards have been held down by the big ranchers, thus assuring their availability at low wages. From California to Texas, the political power has been on the side of the ranchers, whose agriculture empires are tied into the banks, the railroads, the real-estate interests. These pressure groups have more friends in Congress than the Mario Sotos, who cannot afford the campaign contributions, law fees and other favors it seems to take to win friends and influence congressmen.

No one has been more vociferous in championing the ranchers, for example, than California's darkly handsome Rep. Burt L. Talcott, whose constituency adjoins that of Rep. Charles M. Teague. Both Republicans, Talcott and Teague have always stood together, crying out in angry duet against any infringement upon the feudal rule of the ranchers.

Unlike Teague, Talcott is not himself a rancher. But his law firm—Pioda, Leach, Stave, Bryan and Ames—represents the packing and processing houses that do business with the ranches. Among them are Martin Produce Company, Salinas Lettuce and Farmers Co-op, Valley Packing Company and Admiral Packing Company. Ranchers and packinghouses alike appreciated the legislation, for example, that Talcott introduced to impose import limits on meat products.

Deprived and depressed as the migrant workers may be, they are probably better off than the Negro tenant farmers way down south in the land of cotton. There the industrial revolution has come to the plantations of Mississippi, Louisiana and Alabama. The reasons for the mechanization of the farms are partly economic, partly racial. The upkeep of a few machines is cheaper than the cost of hand labor. The federal government is also putting the heat on the white farm owners, who have controlled the courthouses for generations, to allow their Negro farmhands to vote and to share in other rights of citizenship. This has produced an undercover campaign to push the Negroes northward. Every day more Negro families are evicted from the shacks on southern farms. They are hurled into a world for which they are not prepared. In the swelling slums of southern hamlets, according to Senate testimony taken in 1967, Negro women and children endure the gnawing pains of hunger while they pray for help and hope for death. The stronger ones move northward to fill up the ghettos of the big cities.

FRUITS OF THE EARTH

Not far away from this southern misery, laughter comes out of the window of a big white house, and ice tinkles in highball glasses. It is the plantation house in Sunflower County of Democratic Sen. James O. Eastland of Mississippi. He is back from Washington, and the politicians, the big planters and the big segregationists have come to the farm outside Doddsville to pay homage to "Ol' Jim."

Like the starving Negroes, Eastland was born on this rich black soil. His grandfather bought it for $1 an acre, and today the plantation's 5,800 acres are valued at more than $3 million. The yearly crop alone grosses more than half a million dollars.

From his vast acreage, and from his Senate vantage point, Eastland feels he knows what is happening in Mississippi. He didn't blink when he stood up before the Senate subcommittee on manpower, employment and labor, took a dead cigar butt from his mouth and told his fellow senators, "I deny there is mass malnutrition in the Mississippi delta." The charges of famine among the Negroes, he said, were a "libel."

In the same Senate hearing room was Dr. Raymond Wheeler, a physician from Charlotte, North Carolina, who had personally investigated the famine in the midst of plenty. He had told of the conditions and described Mississippi as "a kind of prison" for the unemployed farm workers. "It is not a medical emergency, it is a national disaster," he said.

Doctor Wheeler listened to Eastland's denial, then he spoke in a voice filled with emotion: "I invite Senator Eastland and Senator Stennis [also of Mississippi] to come with me to the vast farmlands of the delta. I will show them the children with their

shriveled arms and swollen bellies, their hunger and pain, and the terror and misery of their parents."

Jim Eastland is a man who is seldom intimidated, but he had no answer for Doctor Wheeler. He did not accept the invitation to tour the delta and see it, possibly for the first time, as it really is. Perhaps he didn't care. It has been his political dogma, expressed on the Senate floor, that "The Negro race is an inferior race." The senator has the facts on his side. He can prove that no Negro farmer in this country has received $129,997 in government price supports as he did for unplanted cotton in 1966.

Jim Eastland was appointed a temporary senator in 1941. He successfully bottled up an OPA attempt to put a ceiling on cottonseed oil and made this his platform for election in 1943. Now he reigns as head of the Judiciary Committee, which, counting private bills, handles 60 percent of all Senate legislation. The committee has jurisdiction over federal courts and judges, civil rights, Constitutional amendments, interstate compacts, patent claims and immigration and naturalization.

Eastland is against most of the legislation that passes over his desk. He uses his power to kill laws, stall appointments and bog down the Senate when it tries to override him. Senate Majority Leader Mike Mansfield, D-Mont., has said of Eastland, "He has proved almost impossible to move and indeed it requires really the entire Senate to budge him."

There is disagreement over the plight of the 84 sharecroppers who work the senator's own farm outside the sleepy town of Doddsville, Mississippi. They appear to be better off than Negro tenant farmers elsewhere in the delta region. Those who could be interviewed gave the impression that Eastland is a paternal plantation owner. But Andrew Hawkins, a 45-year-old former cotton chopper, now chairman of the Mississippi Freedom Labor Union, has told a different story. When he was waging strikes for higher wages for farm workers in the area where Eastland cotton is grown, Hawkins claimed that some field workers were paid 30 cents an hour for a 10-hour day, that some tractor drivers earned no more than 60 cents an hour. Workers on the Eastland farm, he said, were so poor that they sold moonshine to supplement their pay.

Allen Ellender was picked for political advancement by Huey Long when the Kingfish was fighting the big interests and his word was law in Louisiana. Today Allen Ellender's word is law in the Senate Agriculture Committee. He has abandoned the populist philosophy of his political mentor, however, and has switched from the little farmer to the big farmer. Nor is he averse to fighting in an inconspicuous way for his own interests.

His interests coincided with those of the big sugarcane plantation owners in 1955 when the Senate was struggling to pass a bill changing the quotas for sugar imports into the United States. Though a full year remained before the sugar quota act expired, the lobbyists had already mobilized on Capitol Hill. Senator Ellender naturally was anxious to protect Louisiana cane-sugar growers from an avalanche of sugar from abroad. He pushed a bill, restricting sugar imports, with unaccustomed vigor one year in advance.

A possible reason for Ellender's interest became evident after the subsequent disclosure that he had been permitted to buy four acres of choice land near his hometown of Houma for only $10,000. It was so potentially rich in oil that adjacent lots sold for around $4,000 an acre. Yet Ellender was able to buy his land for only $2,500 an acre. The company that sold the land to the Senate Agriculture Committee chairman was the South Downs Sugar Company, an organization exceedingly interested in passing the new sugar bill. The company president, Wallace Kemper, was active in the sugar lobby and testified before Ellender's committee for a change in quotas.

Immediately after the purchase, a neighboring businessman offered to buy another adjacent four acres from the South Downs Sugar Company for the same $2,500-an-acre price paid by Ellender. He was turned down. The company was not willing to make the same offer to others that was available to its friend Senator Ellender at a time when he was urging sugar quotas favorable to the company.

While the migrant farm workers and the sharecroppers and small family farmers are denied a voice in their own destiny by the agricultural powers, the big landowners maintain their hold over Congress. Two sons of famous fathers hold seats on the Senate Agriculture Committee. Herman E. Talmadge, D-Ga., and Harry F. Byrd, Jr., D-Va., inherited their fathers' farms along with their Senate offices. The Talmadge farm produces, among other things, hams that are sold widely throughout his state, even in the Atlanta airport. Byrd's fortune grows on trees—the Byrd apple orchards in the Shenandoah Valley are the most extensive in the world, and at one time the late Senator Byrd, Senior, though an almost rabid opponent of government in business, pulled Senate wires to continue government subsidies to a nonprofitable steamship line because it carried his apples to the British market.

The farmer legislators, like Teague and Talmadge, Eastland and Byrd, pretend to protect the farmer through legislation that actually increases their own profits and gouges the consumers. Their legislative efforts have produced little to improve the lot of the impoverished farm worker or to aid the small farmer. In a very real sense their Congressional power enables them to wage class warfare upon the poor. It is not merely a question of dollars. It is an issue of human misery.

CURBING WATCHDOGS:
Congress and the Regulatory Agencies

POWERFUL ANTENNAS

The double standard in Washington ethics is nowhere more evident than in the relationship between the regulatory agencies and the agencies' regulators. In the Constitutional scheme of government, the watchdogs are watched by the people most in need of watching. Congress oversees the regulatory agencies, though the greater need is for someone to oversee Congress.

These quasi-judicial agencies wield tremendous power. The Interstate Commerce Commission, for instance, can authorize billion-dollar mergers between great railroads. The Civil Aeronautics Board decides which airlines will get the choice routes. The Federal Trade Commission hands down antitrust rulings that, theoretically at least, could divorce Chevrolet, say, from General Motors. The Federal Power Commission fixes the rates that millions of consumers pay for electricity and natural gas. The Securities and Exchange Commission can put a stockbroker out of business or compel a corporation to withdraw from the stock exchange. And the Federal Communications Commission allocates wavelengths for radio and television that have become so valuable that, in 1966, station WIIC-TV in Pittsburgh was sold to the Cox Broadcasting Company for $20,600,000 though its tangible assets added up to only $3,800,000.

Yet the citizen pays scant attention to these public guardians who are besieged instead by the lawyers and lobbyists of the corporations that are supposed to be regulated. Congress has imposed a strict code of ethics upon the agencies to make sure they are not improperly influenced by these corporate pressures. But there is a complete absence of regulation to prevent Congressional pressures.

The antennas of most commissioners are sensitive to the faintest signals from Capitol Hill, particularly if these should come from the Congressional committees with jurisdiction over them. A mild complaint from House Interstate and Foreign Commerce Committee Chairman Harley Staggers about the long walk at the Washington National Airport to board Lake Central planes bound for his native West Virginia, for example, was all the hint the FAA needed to move Lake Central Airlines up to a front gate.

Of all the watchdogs, the Federal Communications Commission seems the most eager to sit up and beg or roll over and play dead at the command of Congress. The politicians on Capitol Hill have tamed the FCC until it has become little more than a retriever for the networks. The network executives soothingly stroke its fur, confident that Congress will keep the watchdog from biting.

Some members of Congress, taking advantage of the FCC's timidity, have joined in applications for radio and television licenses. They are aware that strategically placed congressmen have accumulated vast wealth from radio and television licenses, which have been awarded almost as the kings of yore awarded colonies to regal favorites.

THE NEXT VOICE YOU HEAR

KTBC wasn't anyone's favorite spot on the radio dial in 1939. The Austin, Texas, station had a low-power transmitter suitable for its low-quality programs. It was a loser, and the

three businessmen who owned it were running out of patience.

No one faulted the owners for the station's history of failure. There were too many obstacles. KTBC was a sundowner; its broadcast day was limited by the Federal Communications Commission to the daylight hours. Part of its programming time was taken by Texas A & M University's campus station, which shared the wavelength.

The owners began trying to unload the station, but they had no more luck in finding a buyer than in selling broadcast advertising. They finally received an offer from J. M. West, publisher of the Austin *Tribune*, who bid $50,000—nearly twice the investment in KTBC equipment. He was promptly given an option to buy provided that the FCC would grant him a license.

West received a new option when the station went back on the air in 1940 after a temporary shutdown. The new price, reflecting KTBC's distress, was down to $20,000, with West also promising to pay off $12,000 in the station's debts. Unhappily, a new FCC policy withheld broadcasting licenses from newspaper publishers. West and the station owners waited for two years while KTBC slipped further into debt like a dinosaur in a tar pit. They were still waiting when West died in 1942.

That was the year Lyndon Johnson went to war as a Navy lieutenant commander. Johnson had left his seat in the House of Representatives to go to the Pacific, but returned dutifully to Washington after President Roosevelt decided the best war work for congressmen was in Congress. While Johnson was still in the Pacific, he was nominated for a fourth term in the House, and there was no opposition. So he came home, after a brief military career, to a promising political career. The sting of a 1,511-vote defeat in the special 1941 election for the Senate was gone. He was the protégé of both Franklin Roosevelt and Sam Rayburn, and his post on the Naval Affairs Committee gave him an opportunity to make his voice heard on the war.

Young congressmen are usually as obscure as file clerks, but Johnson already had power. He had the backing of the Texas oil crowd, who not only provided the wherewithal for his own campaigns but also used him to funnel campaign cash to other worthy Democrats. Still, his personal bank account was modest, and politics is an uncertain profession. He was insecure. "We never really faced up to what would happen if I was defeated in politics," Johnson told friends. "My wife had a degree in journalism from the University of Texas. She always thought she could get a job on a newspaper if she had to. I had taught school a little while but I wasn't competent to go back to that. When I thought about it at all, I figured I could make a living as a salesman."

Then suddenly the Johnsons had money to invest. Lady Bird collected an inheritance that the Johnsons hoped would buy the security politics could not give. They looked over investment possibilities, with particular interest in newspapers. But they could not find a paper to suit them.

After the death of J. M. West, another Austin businessman indicated an interest in buying KTBC. He was E. G. Kingsbury, who had the amiable, ambling personality of the slow-drawling, fast-drawing Texans in the old cowboy novels. He had approached West with an offer for the option on the station shortly before the publisher died. After the funeral, Kingsbury continued his negotiations with the executor of West's estate. On the morning of December 23, 1942, Austin's postmaster, who owed his appointment to Lyndon Johnson, telephoned Kingsbury and told him that Johnson was eager to speak to him. There was little that Kingsbury wouldn't do for his congressman. After all, Johnson had appointed Kingsbury's son to the Naval Academy.

Kingsbury dropped by Johnson's Austin office that afternoon, and the two men chatted amicably as they sipped eggnog that LBJ whipped up. It was a pleasant, relaxed meeting. When the conversation got around to KTBC, Johnson was firm about wanting to buy it for Lady Bird. Kingsbury was not only agreeable, but he offered to help. He called to set up an appointment for Johnson with the executor of West's estate.

During Christmas week, the owners of KTBC agreed to sell their station to Lady Bird. Some sources say that Johnson himself took part in the negotiations, dickering over the details at the West ranch on Christmas Day. Others claim that all the details of the sale were handled by a trusted Johnson friend, attorney Alvin J. Wirtz. FCC records show that the purchase price was $17,500 with an agreement that Mrs. Johnson would pay off the station's debts, which had risen to between $40,000 and $50,000. The station's losses in 1942 alone were $7,231 after gross revenues of $26,795.

Mrs. Johnson made her formal application for a license to the FCC on January 23, 1943, listing her net financial worth at $64,332.50 and promising "full-time and energetic efforts to engage new accounts." The application was approved in mid-February. What happened after the acquisition has been investigated and exposed in two Presidential campaigns. Reporters and politicians have sifted through FCC files in vain for evidence of hanky-panky. Yet the growth of the Johnson radio-TV empire stands as a classic case of how a power in Congress was enriched by the decisions of a regulatory agency that he, in turn, helped to regulate.

Lady Bird began her operation literally with a new broom. She looked in the corners and under the rugs and at the dirty windowpanes in the second-floor offices of KTBC. "I don't know much about radio, but I do know about cleaning house," she said as she started one of her first beautification projects.

When her cleaning was done, Mrs. Johnson displayed other talents that were to help revive the station. She was able to master an accountant's balance sheet faster than most women can fathom a cookbook. She did not need experts to tell her that radio stations made money by selling advertising and that advertisers came to stations with the most listeners. KTBC was not in a competitive position; Lady Bird set out to make it so. "She worked 18 hours a day for five months before we brought the station into the black," the station manager, Jesse Kellam, remembered. By the end of August, KTBC earned a profit—$18. Although she was already two months pregnant with Lynda, Lady Bird kept trying to improve the station's ratings. She applied to the FCC for unlimited broadcasting hours—necessitating a wavelength change—and an upgrading of its transmitter power from 250 to 1,000 watts. The previous owners had found their relations with the FCC difficult, but for the wife of an influential congressman, the regulatory body seemed most understanding. Both requests were granted.

During the war years, radio was gaining stature in a new dimension, and the big advertisers flocked to the network affiliates. KTBC went searching for affiliation. CBS, seeing no harm in improving its Congressional relations, gladly accepted KTBC as part of its network. For KTBC, affiliation meant more advertising and more profits.

The change in KTBC's fortunes was symbolized by changes in its corporate structure. Its old corporation disappeared in 1945 and ownership was vested in Lady Bird's name. Two years later there was another change and the stock was transferred to a new corporation, the Texas Broadcasting Company, expanding upon the station's call letters. Johnson signed the transfer agreement as phrased by Lady Bird's lawyers, "joined by her husband . . . as required," since Texas community property laws gave him a half interest in Lady Bird's profits.

In 1948 Lyndon Johnson ran for the Senate again; this time he won the primary by 87 votes, squeaked through the state Democratic convention, and was elected in November. In the Senate, he was appointed at his own request to the Commerce Committee, which has authority over the FCC. His enormous abilities were quickly recognized, and in 1951 he became the Senate Democratic Whip, a demanding job that made him a powerful national figure.

Not long after his rise to eminence, a hope he had of acquiring a television station became a reality. The FCC declared a freeze on new TV stations between 1948 and 1952, while it studied the saturation pattern of existing television coverage. On April 14, 1952, the ban was lifted and Austin was assigned three TV channels. Only one was to be very-high-frequency—VHF—the kind that could be picked up on most TV sets. The VHF station could be Channel 7.

Anticipating the end of the ban, Lady Bird applied for a television license a month in advance. Her application included a financial statement showing the assets of KTBC at $488,116 with net profits in 1951 of $57,983. In those days, TV stations were not the gold mines they have become today. Perhaps this was the reason that other Austin applicants did not fight for the VHF channel. One of them, however, later explained, "Lyndon was in a favorable position to get that station even if somebody had contested it. Politics is politics."

In the middle of 1952 the FCC began processing the flood of applications from across the country. On July 11 it announced approval of several new licenses. Two were for ultrahigh-fre-

quency stations in Austin. Another was for KTBC-TV, Channel 7. It began broadcasting in October with the network facilities of NBC, CBS and ABC, a market area of 45,000 to 50,000 homes, and no competition. The UHF channels, lacking both networks and audience, couldn't get going.

LBJ surged ahead in politics as well as broadcasting. In 1953, the first year of the Eisenhower administration, the Republicans had a one-vote majority in the Senate, and the Democrats elected Johnson the Minority Leader. The balance of power in the Senate shifted two years later, and Johnson, at 46, became the youngest Majority Leader in history. He was one of the most powerful men in government.

Four weeks after the election turned control of the Senate over to the Democrats, the FCC granted Lady Bird Johnson's Texas Broadcasting Company permission to purchase KANG, a TV station in Waco, about 100 miles north of Austin. The price was $134,000, with $109,000 of it earmarked to pay off the station's creditors.

Just like KTBC when the Johnsons purchased it in 1943, KANG was a station with seemingly impossible problems. It was a UHF station, and few of Waco's citizens had TV sets equipped to receive UHF pictures, nor did they have much reason to do so. A standard-wave station in Temple, 30 miles away, was beaming NBC's programs into Waco, and another standard-wave station was planned for Temple.

Johnson had personal knowledge of Waco's TV picture. Ironically his office had received a letter from a group in Waco seeking a VHF franchise. The letter was forwarded to the FCC with a printed "buck slip," requesting a reply for the constituents. A second letter was also referred to the FCC with a routine request that the commission give "serious consideration to the problem, based on its merits." The FCC heeded Johnson's suggestion and finally licensed the new station—KWTX-TV—on the same day, it turned out, that Mrs. Johnson got the go-ahead to buy the older, impoverished KANG.

The promoters of KWTX-TV felt confident that they could make their station pay. They had already been dickering with CBS and expected to become the network affiliate. With their license in hand, the KWTX owners were ready for serious negotiations with CBS, then learned to their chagrin that CBS had decided to make KANG its link for Waco. ABC made the same decision, even though it would have to share KANG's uncertain charms with CBS. Not long afterward, in March 1955, the Johnson station in Austin was given FCC permission to increase its power and beam programs into part of the Waco market.

Realizing that their apparent gold mine was producing only gravel, the KWTX-TV owners complained to Justice Department's Antitrust Division, as well as to the FCC, about the competition of the Johnson-owned stations. Its lawyers were also instructed to prepare a civil antitrust suit.

Suddenly, on May 15, 1955, KWTX-TV's proprietors changed their minds, explained to the FCC that they had learned "certain facts," and withdrew their complaints. Simultaneously ABC let it be known that it was switching its allegiance from KANG to KWTX, effective in September.

The maneuvering that led to these decisions was as long and convoluted as some of the compromises Johnson effected in the Senate. Wilfred Naman, one of the KWTX owners and its attorney, said that Johnson appeared personally in the settlement of the TV dispute. "I visited with him both in his office at the Capitol and at his home in Washington," Naman said. "I also recall once during these negotiations, I had a conference with him down on his ranch. I believe that his lawyer first suggested that I talk with Mr. Johnson." The evidence is that the conversations leading to the settlement were amicable, if afflictive. Texas Broadcasting wanted the antitrust action dropped, and it wanted a controlling interest in the KWTX corporation. This included an established radio station besides the unestablished TV station. "One of us was offering less, the other was asking more. Each of us was sparring for position," Naman said.

The conversations between the rival TV operations were at an impasse when Johnson had a heart attack in July, 1955. Later that year the talks were resumed, and an agreement was finally reached. On New Year's Eve Waco viewers could watch the mobs in Times Square only on KWTX-TV. Besides "Auld Lang Syne," KWTX-TV picked up KANG's CBS affiliation and physical assets. In return, Texas Broadcasting Company received 29 percent of the KWTX television and radio stock.

No new competitors have been licensed on the Waco scene, and the enterprise has prospered. It has expanded its holdings to include 78.9 percent of a radio station in Victoria, 75 percent of a TV station in Sherman and a half of a TV station in Bryan. The Bryan station was originally set aside by the FCC as an educational channel; it was allowed to change to commercial programming, which both CBS and ABC happily provided.

Lyndon Johnson, meanwhile, thrived on the therapy of the relaxed but opulent life at his ranch. His heart recovered; he was back in Washington when Congress met in January, 1956. He resumed his duties as Majority Leader, and if his pace slackened, it was not noticeable in his performance.

The bustle at KTBC continued, too. Its corporate name was changed, in keeping with the Johnson custom, to the LBJ Company. Thus branded, it became the Austin supplier of Muzak and discovered another foundering Texas TV station. Lady Bird put in her bid for the station, KRGV-TV in Weslaco, a dusty southern Texas border village between the Gulf of Mexico and the Rio Grande. KRGV-TV had started broadcasting in 1954, but its income had not justified the investment of its owner, O. L. Taylor. Nor had its prospects sufficiently intrigued businessman H. L. Cockburn, who since 1953 had held an option to buy 25 percent of the station for $100,000 but had never exercised his privilege.

When the LBJ Company made its intentions known, Cockburn suddenly evidenced renewed interest and sought to block the sale with a complaint to the FCC. His claim was disallowed, and Lady Bird purchased 50 percent of KRGV-TV for $5,000 plus a loan of $140,000 to the station at seven-percent interest and another loan of $100,000 to a radio station owned by Taylor.

The professionals from the LBJ Company quickly revamped the Weslaco station. With FCC permission, its broadcasting power was also more than tripled, and the station affiliated with both NBC and ABC. Advertising increased, and Taylor merged his radio station with the television company. In 1957 he sold his share of the venture outright to the LBJ Company for $100,000. Taylor said this price did not reflect Mrs. Johnson's total investment, which—with loans forgiven, debts assumed and a consulting fee—totaled nearly $600,000. Three years later the Weslaco TV-radio operation was sold for $1.4 million.

The Federal Communications Commission was uncommonly generous to Lady Bird's prospering interests in other ways. On two occasions it turned down competitors' proposals that the Bryan station be moved closer to Austin. This would have put LBJ-brand stations in competition with one another.

The market value of the Johnson broadcast holdings have grown from $17,500 in 1943 to an estimated $10 million today. This growth process has been nourished by the frequent consent of the FCC, an agency beholden to Congress and subject to the Senate Commerce Committee. There is no evidence that Johnson, while he was a power on Capitol Hill and a member of the Commerce Committee, ever applied the slightest pressure on the FCC to benefit his family holdings. The LBJ interests, clearly, benefitted from a fantastic growth in the radio-TV industry. They got into TV in its infancy and rode the crest of the wave. They also had smart lawyers who knew their way around the FCC.

Said a top FCC official, "I've never once had anybody pressure me in behalf of Lyndon Johnson. The pressure there is an obvious one, though. It simply stems from the position occupied, particularly when you have a company named the LBJ Company." No one is more aware than Johnson that political pressure can be exerted more safely but just as surely, by being exerted subtly.

As President, Johnson now has the power to reject or reappoint the FCC commissioners. He has followed the precedent of past Presidents of putting the family holdings into trusteeship. The First Family, in theory at least, is completely divorced from dealings with their broadcasting interests. But apparently somebody in the White House still had enough influence with the LBJ Company to arrange a job at KTBC for a young man named Patrick Nugent after he married the President's daughter.

IN AND OUT OF COMMISSION

The contrast between Congress's own lax rules and the strict standards it sets for the regulatory agencies was vividly illustrated during Senate hearings in 1960 on Edward K. Mills, a New Jersey lawyer nominated by President Eisenhower to the Federal Communications Commission. As required, the nomi-

nation was sent to the Senate Commerce Committee for an investigation before the Senate gave its consent. Mills had previously served in government with distinction, and his qualifications were beyond question. Despite this, he was obliged to request that his nomination be withdrawn. He said it was impossible for him to comply with federal standards: there was a potential conflict between his private investments and his public responsibilities as a FCC commissioner. The regulations prohibit commissioners from having financial interest not only in broadcast companies but even in companies that manufacture or sell communications equipment. The law is rigid, explicit, enforced.

Mills explained that his father had established a small, irrevocable trust fund for his two sons, which was managed by trustees outside the family. Soon after the trust was established, the trustees bought stock in an electrical firm that, among other things, manufactured communications equipment. Over the years the stock had increased in value, and the trustees said they could not justify its sale. Although Mills was willing to get rid of the stock, he had no control over the trustees.

No one doubted that Mills was an ethical, honest man, and his inability to arrange the sale was the best evidence that he was completely divorced from financial control of the trust and could not influence the trustees. Yet the Senate committee felt so strongly about the ethics involved that it agreed with the nominee that he should not serve.

While enforcing this high standard on Presidential nominees, Congress places no such restraints on itself. For example, the Senate Commerce Committee that agreed to hold the FCC nominee to the letter of the law has as its chairman Warren G. Magnuson, D-Wash. Like Mills, the able and affable Magnuson is a man of unchallenged integrity.

Yet during most of his term as chairman his far-reaching investments included 10,000 shares—about four percent—in the Queen City Broadcasting Company which operated KIRO, its TV, AM and FM stations in Seattle, Washington. (The Senator began selling his KIRO shares in 1964 and was no longer a stockholder in the station by the end of 1966.)

On the House side, the Commerce Committee chairman, until he resigned to become a federal judge in 1966, was dry, laconic Oren Harris, the representative from Arkansas. Almost immediately after he became the chairman in 1957, he bought 25 percent of television station KRBB in El Dorado, Arkansas. He paid $500 in cash and gave a promissory note for $4,500. At that time FCC records showed the station's net capitalization at $150,000. The station cost an estimated $110,000 alone to build. Clearly Harris had found a bargain.

KRBB applied to the FCC in 1957 for permission to increase its transmitter power from 24,000 to 316,000 watts—from almost minimum to maximum power. The increased output, it was estimated, would also increase the station's value to more than $350,000. At the time, KRBB was the only TV station in southern Arkansas, and reached 325,000 sets with an estimated audience of 800,000. The FCC authorized the expansion the following year when KRBB also changed its call letters to KTBE.

Meanwhile Dr. Bernard Schwartz, a New York University law professor whom Harris had retained to conduct a scholarly study of the regulatory agencies, broke out of his ivory tower. He unearthed evidence of favoritism and fraternizing between the regulators and the regulated. At the top of the compost pile were some smelly FCC cases. When Harris tried to suppress the investigation, the indignant professor tipped off the press, which raised an almighty clamor. This put the unhappy Harris on the spot; he had to decide whether to ignore the clamor or submit to the demands for an investigation. While he was deep in the decision process, a mimeograph machine at the FCC started churning out a news release. The FCC had decided to aprove the expansion of KRBB, the station in which Harris had acquired an unpublicized interest, without waiting for formal hearings.

Harris did not spend much time investigating the FCC. He got rid of Schwartz, returned to his scholarly approach toward the regulatory agencies and found other causes to occupy his committee.

It was accepted in the capital's corridors, cloakrooms and cocktail lounges that the FCC might show a political preference for stations with the right Congressional contacts. But no one had been rash enough to say so openly until a 1960 dispute over the award of a TV license to Capital Cities Television Corporation of Albany, New York. FCC examiner J. D. Bond took public notice of the fact that five stockholders were congressmen. "Some of these individuals," he said of the applicants, "have achieved civic and political prominence which denotes in them an ability to discern and be responsive to the interests of the people of their community; to be elected and reelected as a member of the House of Representatives is such a manifestation. The aggregate civic backgrounds of each applicant are good, but Capital Cities' locally acquired familiarity with civic affairs of the Albany area is manifestly superior."

The congressmen's political, if not civic, credentials were unquestionably superior. The lineup was too formidable for Frederick Ford, then the FCC chairman, to buck. He hastily agreed that "civic participation" was an appropriate yardstick for granting licenses.

Frank Fletcher, attorney for the Veterans Broadcasting Company, which was denied the channel, pleaded in vain that the presence of five congressmen on the rival company's list of stockholders "should not be a factor in awarding a preference to that organization." The victory, of course, meant millions for Capital Cities. Commented David Wise, writing in the New York *Herald Tribune*: "This should be good news for congressmen who are in a position to allow or disallow funds for the FCC and who can pass laws affecting the agency's operations."

The award brought demands for reform, and in Congress the voice of Sen. William Proxmire, D-Wis., was raised in an appeal for legislation to prohibit such favoritism.

Congress listened politely to Proxmire, but it did not act.

In 1963 at least 33 congressmen or their relatives had radio or television interests. In 1967 the number had decreased to 15. The fluctuations are not a measure of Congressional morality, but rather of the normal change in personalities.

It is perfectly legal—and ethical by the standards Congress sets for itself—for congressmen to own stations whose destinies they help guide. They continue to apply pressure to bodies such as the Civil Aeronautics Board, the Federal Trade Commission and the Securities and Exchange Commission while they cash in on their own investments. Indeed, Congressmen have become the chief water carriers for the corporate interests that are regulated by the commissions.

Congressional pressure upon the top of the regulatory agencies is all too often magnified as it spreads to the lower levels. Insecure bureaucrats tend to overreact to outside pressures. Commented Harvard Prof. Louis L. Jaffe, "It has been a stereotype of political wisdom that the bureaucrat is ever ready to exercise authority arbitrarily. But there is the far greater danger that the second-rate, insecure personality who often finds his way into bureaucracy will become uncomfortable at having to exercise authority and will anxiously seek to placate as many interests as possible. This fear to offend, complaisance, and readiness to listen and be 'fair' and 'reasonable' clog the muscles of the will, and what begins in amiability can end in corruption."

The flagrant behavior of some legislators not only corrodes public trust in Congress but erodes public faith in the regulatory agencies. And doubt in the integrity of administrative action poisons the wellsprings of government. For the good of the nation, the regulatory agencies need to function with the independence of courts. For its own good, Congress needs legislation to make it illegal for congressmen to involve themselves in regulated industries.

ADDED DIVIDENDS:
Bankers in the Cloakroom

CAPITOL GAINS

The love affair between Congress and business has been an open secret for almost two centuries. They began to eye one another before the first asphalt went down on Wall Street. Members of Congress were not content, however, to carry on a flirtation from afar. They became businessmen as well as congressmen. This dual role of theirs has made it difficult to sort out the motives of those who vote for business benefits. Among congressmen with corporate investments, any comparison of personal holdings against voting records would reveal a number of conflicts. The unresolved question is: do they vote the business viewpoint out of their conviction or for a profit?

In the best American tradition of worshiping financial success, many senators and representatives can be found in zestful pursuit of the capital gains. A few own businesses whose profits and dividends are affected by legislation. Many others trade actively on the stock market, buying and selling shares of corporations whose prosperity they influence and whose conduct they help to regulate. Some purchase stocks in their own names; others find it more discreet to use the maiden names of their wives or the names of intimates. The more cautious buy their stock in a "street" name, whereby the broker makes the purchase and keeps the stock in his company's portfolio.

Of all beckoning businesses, banking seems to hold the greatest attraction for congressmen. The records at the Federal Reserve Board, listing the top 20 stockholders of each national bank, contain the names of dozens of congressmen and their relatives.

Thus, on Capitol Hill, bank interest has become more than just the percentage of loans paid to the nation's financial institutions. It has become an almost constant preoccupation of a number of legislators who make it their business to see that the banks are not deprived. And those who have championed banking legislation have been known, on occasion, to turn up with bank stock.

Banks are regulated by federal agencies that, in turn, are supervised by Congress. Banking legislation is handled by the Bank and Currency committees of the Senate and House. In theory, the committees are set up to protect the public. In practice, they seem to work for the bankers as some of the congressmen turn handsome profits from their own investments. Those who oppose the banking lobby find that the enormous resources of the nation's financial institutions are turned against them on Election Day. Those who play along sometimes find unexpected dividends.

One of the few who have thumbed their noses at the banks is that grizzled old populist, House Banking Committee Chairman Wright Patman, D-Tex. Distressed, the bankers for years turned for solace to the longtime number-two Democrat on the committee, Abraham Multer, pressed and pomaded, who looks, quite appropriately, like a banker.

ABRAHAM MULTER: UP FROM CONEY ISLAND

On a blustery autumn day along the Hudson River, people paused to watch the churning tugs inch the *S.S. Rotterdam* into its berth at Pier 40. Some of the spectators were reporters, and as the first passeugers disembarked, the bluster of the day increased perceptibly. The passengers included Sen. John Tower, R-Tex., and two representatives, Congressmen Eugene Keogh and Abraham Multer, both of Brooklyn. The gentlemen were accompanied by their wives. It was unusual for the debarking passengers to be so unhappy after a carefree seven days floating in the Caribbean.

The unhappiness first became evident when the reporters had the bad manners to ask the voyagers who paid for their trips. The congressmen turned on the innocent charm that is an automatic defense mechanism for politicians. When that failed to work, they admitted that they had been the guests of the New York State Savings Bank Association, which had been holding its convention aboard the ship. One of the statesmen wavered in his confession. Representative Multer, biting his lower lip, insisted to newsmen, "I have always paid my own way." Several months later, in a 1967 interview, Multer made this amendment: "This was one of the few bankers' functions I attended at which I was not a speaker, in which case I think it would have been proper to have them pay my expenses." The reporters on the Hudson River pier, unaware of such subtleties, asked Multer how much he had spent for his seven days of floating luxury. "That," snapped the congressman, "is none of your business."

Multer rather resembles the American eagle, bald and bold, with hungry eyes and clutching talons. Following his election to the House of Representatives in 1947, and until his retirement last November to become a judge, Multer drew a fine line between his personal business and the public's business that was not always easy for others to distinguish. As a lawyer, banker, businessman, lottery lord, real-estate developer and House member, Multer often was too busy to specify exactly whom he was working for. The bankers, however, have seldom had any reason to doubt his allegiance.

A poor boy who grew up in Coney Island, Multer attended classes first at City College of New York, then at the Brooklyn College of Law, while working at a variety of jobs. He was a railway mail clerk, then a runner for a Wall Street bank, and finally a bank clerk. He arranged to make time payments on his tuition and paid the last installment to his law school a month after he was graduated.

He was able to give up his job in the bank when he passed the New York State Bar examination in 1923, but he continued his interest in banking. One of his first law clients was a bank, and by the time he was elected to the House, his knowledge of the banking industry uniquely qualified him for an appointment to the Banking and Currency Committee. His committee work, of course, vastly increased his intimacy with banking. By 1963 he was able to boast, "Because of my background as a congressman, I can tell anyone how to organize a bank just about anywhere in the world." It was not an idle boast.

Through his law firm, Multer was called upon in 1960 to exercise his bank-organizing ability in the Bahamas, where he set up the Guarantee Trust Company, a Swiss-style bank with secret accounts, and became its president. "Nassau is a tax haven," Multer explained. "That was the principal reason for establishing a bank there. The Swiss-type banking was a most incidental feature."

The element of secrecy apparently was not so incidental to Gene San Soucie, a Teamsters official and a confidant of Jimmy Hoffa's. San Soucie found Multer's bank in Nassau a convenient place to stash $266,000 worth of negotiable Ohio Turnpike bonds that he was eager to sell. They were delivered to the bank by Sam Marroso, a henchman of San Soucie's. Marroso was escorted from Miami to Nassau by Hyman Green, a respected official of the bank, who figured in other interesting deals with Multer.

Green had asked the Bank of Miami Beach to check the bonds. The bank examined one and ruled that it was genuine; then Green and Marroso flew to Nassau, with Green in good faith shepherding the bonds through customs, They were sold through a Nassau broker to Cutter-Bennett, a New York securities dealer, which turned them over to Grace National Bank. At Grace National, the bonds received a more thorough scrutiny and were pronounced counterfeit. Payment to the Guarantee Trust Company was stopped and San Soucie never got his cash. No one will ever know where San Soucie got the bonds, or why he decided to send them to Multer's bank in the Bahamas. Shortly after the thwarted transaction, San Soucie was killed in a mysterious crash while flying his own airplane.

There is nothing to link Multer directly to the San Soucie deal. But it was he who set up the bank under circumstances that would not be permitted in the United States. The Swiss-style secrecy of the accounts may have been "incidental," as Multer asserted, but it was most inviting for people like San Soucie. Multer claimed he sold his interest in the bank on November 23, 1960. "I got 10 percent over what I paid," he said. In August of 1961, however, his partners still insisted that Multer was involved in the bank. "An agreement was executed but it was never carried out," said Irving Wolff, a Miami lawyer who served as secretary of the bank. "Multer has not been paid off yet and still remains president of the bank in name," The bank eventually closed up.

"I filed to liquidate because of some questionable dealings, including the solicitation of funds by some officers of the bank," Multer now tells questioners. "My law firm and I did participate, as lawyers, in the organizing of the bank. It was totally offshore and out of the territory of the United States, so there could not possibly be any conflict."

Those who stop to consider that Multer helped write the nation's banking laws and in theory, at least, had an interest in preserving them might have a different view. And they might also raise an eyebrow at Multer's introduction of a lottery, the Bermuda-based Medical Award, into the Bahamas through his bank. "They asked me to organize it in Nassau," he explained. " They came to me as an attorney." Asked why a Bermuda lottery would go to a Brooklyn congressman to organize lottery ticket sales in the Bahamas, Multer said, "A lot of people come to a U.S. congressman."

Multer had less success with some of his domestic ventures. He and Adam Clayton Powell, D-N.Y., organized a small group that attempted to start a savings-and-loan association in Rock-

ville, Maryland, in 1962. They were (perhaps rashly, considering the political consequences) turned down by Joseph P. McMurray, then chairman of the Federal Home Loan Bank Board. McMurray, who is at least as expert as Multer on banking and mortgages, received a number of phone calls from Multer, who sought to rescue his savings-and-loan charter. McMurray made it clear that he would not change his mind. Shortly thereafter he was summoned to appear before an unpublicized hearing of the House Subcommittee on Bank Supervision and Insurance, which was headed by none other than Abraham Multer. The congressman badgered McMurray about the Rockville S & L, and challenged the Board's decision on "legal grounds." McMurray, refusing to be bullied, replied that Multer's loan association failed to safeguard the public, since less than five percent of its stockholders were Maryland residents. FHLBB regulations required that at least 75 percent of a savings-and-loan organization's stock be held locally. The stock for Multer's savings-and-loan project, McMurray said, was controlled by "a few men from New York. . . . If a small group controls the capital of an association, there can be manipulation. For the long-run benefit of the community, it might not be good to have a few, especially outsiders, operating."

Multer's worst luck came when his wife, or someone using her name, invested in the District of Columbia National Bank. D.C. National opened in the fall of 1962, the first bank chartered in Washington in 29 years. Unfortunately for Multer, the names of stockholders eventually became news. All over the capital, people who considered themselves insiders were trying to get on the inside with D.C. National. The demand for the new bank's stock far outstripped the issue. Purchasers included Bobby Baker, then still entrenched as secretary of the Senate; Sen. John J. Sparkman, D-Ala., then second in command and now chairman of the Senate Banking and Currency Committee; seven representatives from Alabama; and Bertha L. Multer, wife of the Brooklyn representative.

When the Baker case hit the headlines, some critics charged that the high-powered stockholders influenced Comptroller of the Currency James Saxon to grant D.C. National a charter. They offered little proof to support their claim. It was demonstrated only that Baker was able to get an unsecured loan for $125,000 from the bank, that Sparkman borrowed money to buy his shares, and that the note on his loan was held by D.C. National. Saxon denied, however, that any influence was brought to bear on him.

"I had nothing to do, directly or indirectly, with the bank's organization nor did my law firm," Multer said in 1967. "After the charter had been approved, members of Congress were approached about buying stock. It was all open and proper. It was bought in my wife's name because her money was used. This was strictly for purposes of estate planning—tax purposes—and not to hide anything." The stock was sold, Multer maintained, after the storm involving Bobby Baker broke on the nation's front pages and Mrs. Multer's investment became known. Multer insisted that there was nothing improper about the purchase. Nor about his own ownership at one time of stock in New York's Morgan Guaranty Trust Company.

Multer's devotion to the House Banking and Currency Committee was, to his way of thinking, a pure "community service." "My position is that my conduct has always been perfectly legal, moral, proper and ethical," he has said. "Any number of congressmen have participated in the organization of banks and savings and loans. There is nothing wrong with this. I have no stock in savings and loans or banks. I have repeatedly refused to be a director of any bank, although, again, I don't see conflict with my colleagues who have done so, even if they are on the Banking and Currency Committee."

Like his speech on the dock, after the boat ride with the New York bankers, Multer must have added mental footnotes to his disclaimer. "People don't understand," he protested, "that banking bills don't affect just one bank. If a man is a director or a partner in a single bank, that certainly does not disqualify him to pass on legislation affecting the whole banking industry."

MUTUALLY BENEFICIAL

The great legislative push by bank-connected members of Congress for the whole banking industry is exactly the point of conflict. In the forefront of this push, until he was retired by the voters in 1966, was Sen. A. Willis Robertson, D-Va. He pushed through a bill in 1965, legalizing six bank mergers that had been blocked by the Justice Department as blatant violations of the antitrust laws. Robertson's legislation nullified Supreme Court rulings against two of the mergers and prevented prosecution of the other four.

The senator claimed that his bill was drafted "with a view to giving appropriate relief to banks which I felt had been subjected to treatment that was too harsh, and specifically to three of them that had merged in good faith under the provision of the 1960 Merger Act and before the Supreme Court had announced a different rule." All of the banks concerned had, in fact, been warned by the Justice Department that the mergers would be contested despite their "good faith" and Senator Robertson's sympathy.

Robertson, an archconservative, faced the toughest campaign of his career in the 1966 Democratic primary, when he was challenged by William Spong, Jr., an able and articulate moderate. In Robertson's hour of need the bankers rallied to his aid, just as he had rallied to theirs. New York's Manufacturers Hanover Trust Company, one of the banks whose mergers had been ruled illegal in court before Robertson came to the rescue, sent letters to more than 44,000 stockholders all over the country. "We believe that Senator Robertson, Senate Office Building, Washington, D.C., would like to know you appreciated his attitude and efforts," the letter, signed by the bank's chairman of the board, hinted pointedly. Another letter, from the president of a bank in Quantico, Virginia, reminded other Virginia bank presidents that "Senator Robertson has supported us in all banking legislation." They were urged to pressure their employees to contribute to the Robertson campaign and vote for him. The specific recommendations: "Your bank cannot make a contribution, but individuals in the bank can make a personal contribution. . . . It has been suggested that each of our banks raise $10 per million of resources to this fund. . . . It has also been suggested that each person in your bank be permitted to contribute to this fund so that he may be a part of it and that he and his family be urged to vote for Senator Robertson." The bankers were also told: "Urge your officers, who have large departments under them, to wear Robertson buttons and speak in behalf of their candidates. Talk Robertson."

The letters brought in at least $30,000 for the bankers' chosen candidate. When the texts leaked to the press, however, they handed Spong the kind of campaign issue for which most candidates would gladly suffer a week of laryngitis. He issued a statement pointing out that the Corrupt Practices Act makes it illegal for banks to give political contributions. "Although the people involved," he declared, "may claim that the banks themselves are not technically involved, it is difficult for me to follow this argument."

Robertson, brought to bay by reporters, said he did not know about the $30,000 raised for him by bankers and promised to disclose all his campaign income at the proper time. Although he was a key member of Virginia's powerful Byrd machine, Robertson was swept out of office. Now, at 81, he is employed by the bankers as a consultant.

The bankers had more trouble battering Robertson's bank-merger bill through the House, but they managed it just the same—through some highly questionable methods. Banking Committee Chairman Wright Patman, who distrusts bankers instinctively, had set out to block the bill. His worst suspicions were confirmed on an October day in 1965 when a majority of his committee—all the Republicans and a handful of Democrats—met in a rump session to approve the bill. The rebels, led by Rep. Thomas Ashley, R-Ohio, waited until Patman had left to take his wife to the hospital, then summoned their forces to the committee room where, for secrecy's sake, they worked without lights. They had already shouted out unanimous approval before Patman returned and found them. He impounded the stenographic transcript. "I am really saddened by this disgraceful performance," he told the House that afternoon.

The participants in the rump session showed no inclination to repent. Until they seized control of the committee, it had appeared that Patman had managed to block the bill. Confronted with mutiny, however, Patman was compelled to accept a face-saving compromise in January, 1966, and the bankers' mergers were saved.

The defeat of Robertson left Sen. John McClellan, D-Ark., one of the 20 largest stockholders in the First National Bank

of Little Rock, as the banking industry's most obedient champion in the Senate. He offered a sympathetic ear to bankers who had worked themselves into a state of apoplexy over Comptroller of the Currency Saxon's policy of breaking up banking monopolies in many cities by chartering new national banks. Not long after his appointment in 1961, he was granting new charters at the rate of 15 a month against an average of two a month during the previous 10 years. The grim McClellan, the embodiment of righteous wrath, soon opened up his Senate artillery upon Saxon. As chairman of the Senate Investigating Committee, McClellan held headline hearings into the failures of three newly chartered banks. He also appeared before the American Bankers Association convention to charge that "too many national banks are being unwisely chartered too fast and too freely" by Saxon. The senator did not, of course, mention that among the charters he was particularly anxious to block were three for the Little Rock area. One would have been in direct competition with McClellan's First National Bank. Another would have brought competition to a suburb where McClellan also had an interest in the existing Bank of West Memphis, Arkansas. He was joined in his opposition, incidentally, by Rep. Wilbur Mills, D-Ark., the House Ways and Means Committee chairman, who owned stock in Little Rock's Worthen Bank and Trust.

In all, nearly 40 senators and representatives are linked by stock or directorships to national banks. More are investors in state banks and in savings-and-loan associations. The relatives of at least 100 members of Congress have also been identified on the lists of bank stockholders. In addition, the law firms of many other congressmen collect legal fees from banks.

Congressmen caught with a little bank stock stuffed into their safe-deposit boxes generally excused themselves by pointing to the example of their elders. One who was repeatedly cited was Rep. Howard Smith, D-Va., the wily House Rules Committee chairman until his defeat in 1966 by a less ancient candidate. Congressman Brooks, for instance, blurted upon the discovery of his banking interests, "Why, Judge Smith was a stockholder of a bank in Alexandria before I was born!"

For that matter, Judge Smith (he retained the title throughout his Congressional days although he forsook the bench for the Hill in 1930) had a number of outside interests. He raised dairy cows at Cedar Hill, his 170-year-old place in Broad Run, as well as on two other spreads in Fauquier and Prince William counties. The milk from the judge's Guernseys and Holsteins ended up on many a Washington breakfast table.

It was also quite true, as Congressman Brooks suggested, that Judge Smith was a bank stockholder. He held 1,340 of 100,000 shares issued by the Alexandria National Bank, with assets of more than $36 million. Indeed, he was chairman of the bank's board of directors, and his son, Howard W. Smith, Jr., was attorney for the bank. Banking, in fact, seems to be the favorite sideline of the Virginia delegation. While Senator Robertson was being defeated, in part because of his backing by the banks, Sen. Harry F. Byrd, Jr., was elected to a full term with the less blatant support of the bankers. He is the second biggest stockholder in Winchester's Shenandoah Valley National Bank and sits on its board of directors. His late father, whose seat young Harry inherited, was chairman of the Senate Finance Committee.

Rep. Watkins M. Abbitt is a director of the Farmers National Bank of Appomattox. Ex-Representative W. Pat Jennings, who sat on the House Ways and Means Committee until his defeat in 1966, was a director of the Bank of Marion. And, as befits a former governor of the Old Dominion, Rep. William M. Tuck sits on the board of not one but two banks: the Citizens Bank of South Boston, Virginia, in his home district, and the State-Planters Bank of Commerce and Trusts in Richmond, which is far enough away not to be in direct competition. Tuck also finds time to handle an occasional legal matter, though he claims he does not keep up with his old law firm the way he used to. "When I left my law firm," he said in his office, nervously relighting a cigar butt and tossing the snuffed-out match on the rug behind his desk, "I told the boys I would like to remain a limited partner of the firm. I have never taken any government subsidy. I feel I should not draw money from the government other than my salary." But this does not mean a man who goes to Congress should give up all his outside sources of income, according to Tuck. "I feel a man who doesn't have anything isn't worth being here," he said forthrightly. "He's just another one of those relief-eaters."

Another Virginia congressman who has been able to get by without relief is Rep. Joel T. Broyhill, who is a stockholder in two banks, the First National Bank of Arlington and the Arlingtong Trust Company, plus the United Savings and Loan Company in nearby Alexandria. He has voted down the line with the bankers, and at a closed meeting of the House Ways and Means Committee, he argued mightily for an exemption from the Bank Holding Company Act for the huge Financial General Corporation. Both his banks happen to belong to the 27-bank empire of Financial General.

Not that Broyhill is primarily a banker; he is really a real-estate man, though he claims no longer to be "actively associated" with the firm of M. T. Broyhill and Sons. It should not be difficult for him to keep up with the company, however, since his brother Marvin is president, and a cousin, Thomas Broyhill, is executive vice-president. The congressman has been repeatedly reelected because of his reputation as a man who can do something for his constituents. Yet when he sponsored a $28-million sewer line from Dulles International Airport, he did not bother to route it through his district. Instead, he arranged for the line to be routed hard by the suburban Sterling Park real-estate development, owned by M. T. Broyhill and Sons.

Even when a law exists to constrict Congressional misbehavior, it is seldom invoked. Take the case of ex-Representative William Miller, R-N.Y., who ran as Barry Goldwater's Vice-Presidential candidate in 1964. Rep. Don Edwards, a freshman from San Jose, California, sought to apply House Rule VIII against Miller. The rule states that "every member . . . shall vote on each question unless he has a direct personal or pecuniary interest in . . . such a question." Edwards had learned that Congressman Miller had made speeches and voted to reduce the tariff on the raw materials of felt at the same time he was receiving a $7,500 retainer from the Lockport Felt Company, and was a major stockholder in Lockport Holdings, a wholly owned affiliate of Lockport Felt. He owned one-fourth of the company. Miller's law firm, in which he was the senior partner, also represented Lockport Felt before the Federal Trade Commission in an antitrust case.

When Edwards gave public warning that he would debate the conduct of Congressman Miller, however, House leaders had no intention of permitting him to lift the lid off Pandora's box. To proceed, Edwards asked for a special order to conduct the debate. Under the special order he could not get the floor until the close of all legislative business, and he waited patiently all day. When he rose to speak, however, he was blocked by Rep. Charles Halleck, R-Ind., who incorrectly charged that Miller had not been notified. Then Halleck suggested the absence of a quorum, and the House was abruptly adjourned. The next day Congressman Edwards tried again. But by then the pressure began to mount. A Democratic representative from Brooklyn cautioned that Edwards would be blackballed on committee assignments. When he would try to get his private bills passed, he was told, both Democrats and Republicans would gang up on him. A California Democrat told Edwards he was upsetting the understanding between Democrats and Republicans. He gave up. He could not buck the system.

He was not the first to be frustrated in an attempt to reform the Congress. As John Fischer has explained in *Harper's Magazine*, nearly all congressmen "faithfully observe one of the most ancient rules of politics: never squeal on a colleague. This great principle transcends party lines. It links Democrats and Republicans alike in a silent brotherhood, The Politicians' Mutual Benevolent and Protective Association."

Mr. Fischer, who used to cover Capitol Hill, wrote that one senator (whom he privately identified as the late Sen. Pat McCarran, D-Nev.,) "was notorious in Washington for his close relationship with a certain large corporation. He looked after its interests assiduously, both in the handling of legislation and in its dealings with the agency which regulated its affairs. Every member of the Senate knew this. Many of them detested him, politically and personally. Yet no senator ever mentioned this curious symbiosis in open debate. When reporters suggested—as several of us did—that it might make an interesting subject for Senatorial investigation, his colleagues either laughed or looked appalled."

The situation hasn't changed in the years since Pat McCarran. Vested interests still have their way while many of the good men turn their heads and hold their noses, explaining to themselves that politics must be this way and never acknowledging that they make it this way. **—Drew Pearson & Jack Anderson**

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this funny life

My wife had been invited to a personal shower for a friend who was to be married, and each guest was asked to bring a gift that would be useful, as well as humorous.

The night of the party, I discovered what a resourceful woman my wife is. Her gift for the bride-to-be consisted of three nightgowns: a two-inch black ruffle with straps, a floor-length "granny" gown and a fetching baby-doll shortie.

Across the front of the respective gown she had embroidered the words YES, NO, and MAYBE.

George L. Jackson
Superior, Neb.

A young naval officer was commanding his first ship during fleet maneuvers off the coast of Korea. He accidentally bumped into another vessel causing very little damage but considerable confusion in the deployment of the fleet.

The admiral in command signaled him from the flagship: "What do you propose to do now?"

The young officer's answering signal, seen by the entire fleet was: "Buy a small farm, sir."

Clifford W. Smith, Jr.
Susanville, Calif.

A friend of mine went to see a heart specialist recently because of a slight heart palpitation. After the examination was completed, the doctor warned my friend that he would have to cut out all smoking, drinking, strenuous activity, high carbohydrate foods, etc.

Concerned that his sex life would be terminated, he asked the doctor if sex was still permissible. "Yes," the doctor said, "but only with your wife. I don't want you to get excited."

Name withheld at writer's request
Little Neck, N. Y.

A traffic policeman, sitting in his favorite restaurant drinking his third cup of coffee, was complaining to the waitress that his stomach was bothering him. "I think it's all the coffee I've been drinking," he said. "I wish I knew how to stop drinking so much coffee."

The waitress said, "I have a positive cure."

"Oh," said the officer, "how's that?"

She answered dryly, "Start paying for it!"

Thomas Duane
Detroit, Mich.

While visiting the local bloodmobile, a friend of mine was trying to be a comic.

We were in line to have our temperatures taken and as the nurse was about to put the thermometer in his mouth, he said, "No, no, that is a rectal thermometer!"

The nurse quickly replied, "Okay, bend over."

John F. Howard
Roxboro, N. C.

My husband was in desperate need of a typist. He had tested several applicants and when he finally found a girl who could type quickly and accurately, he asked her what her salary requirements were. She said $75 was her asking salary.

Happily my husband replied: "I'll give you $75, with pleasure." At which point she added, "With pleasure, it will be $25 extra."

Selma Glasser
Brooklyn, N. Y.

At a coffee break, what started out as a friendly question about the expected time of arrival of the new addition to Sam's family turned into a heated argument when Sam answered, "Week from today at 8:30 in the morning."

"Nobody can predict that close when a baby is due," one of the fellows objected. "Why, most of the time a doctor is wrong by three or four days or even weeks. I'll bet you five bucks you are off by at least 10 hours."

"Okay," Sam said and shook hands.

Five dollars changed hands the next Friday as Sam's wife was delivered of a seven-pound, four-ounce baby boy at 8:32 a.m.—by Caesarean.

Lowell S. Hayes
Hamilton, Mont.

An advertising account executive prepared a new campaign for a client and after the presentation, the ad man realized that it was terrible. The client strode angrily out of the office, and the boss of the advertising agency told the executive he wanted to see him in his office immediately.

The executive, dejected, walked down the hall with two friends as a violent electrical storm raged outside. Suddenly all of the lights flickered and faded.

"What's that?" asked one of the friends.

"That's the boss testing the chair," replied the account executive grimly.

Dan Bennett
Pacific Palisades, Calif.

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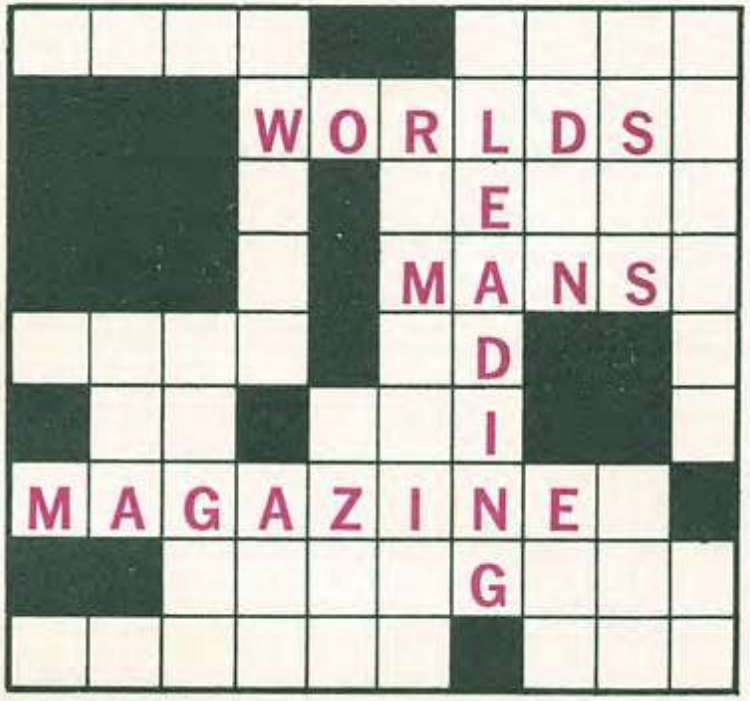

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scotch, then Irish whisky, and now it is American Bourbon which is the favorite."

World's Finest Bourbon a 173-Year-Old Secret

CHICAGO, ILL.—Before you can call yourself the world's finest anything—you'd better have a case in your favor.

Jim Beam Bourbon has that "case."

The whole matter started with Jacob Beam—who would be 200 years old this year—and a secret he discovered.

The secret, in the case of Jim Beam Bourbon, goes back to 1795, and it is still hush-hush today. The secret lay in the heart of Kentucky where there was, and is today, the right combination for pleasure. The right land. The right climate: the perfect Bourbon formula.

In north central Kentucky, Jacob Beam found clean iron-free water—water that came from limestone springs considered the very finest. Beam set out to make Bourbon in this rolling country; and he added his own special ingredient: pride.

Six Generation Formula

The pride of this first Beam distiller has been carried through six generations, now. Every glass of today's Beam Bourbon holds the best from nature and the pride that was passed on from Jacob to David to David M. to Colonel James to T. Jeremiah to Baker and Booker Noe—over a span of 173 years.

All those Beams have rested their case on Bourbon that's worthy of your trust.

And it's still a big secret.

Russians claim credit for Beam formula

WASHINGTON—Word from the Kremlin today has startled the Bourbon-making world. Unreliable sources from Moscow state that Bourbon is not an American spirit but, in fact, a Russian one.

Bourbon, of course, is considered the only true American spirit. And the world's finest Bourbon was first distilled back in 1795 by a Jacob Beam.

Not so say the Russians. They insist that Bourbon was actually discovered 10 years earlier by Ivan Chekkakoff in a little town called Vladivostok.

They further state that the famous Beam formula is nothing more than a copy of the Chekkakoff stuff.

However, they did admit they have been importing substantial amounts of clear, iron-free water from limestone springs in north central Kentucky.

Idle Boast?

American sources declined to comment except to say that Bourbon will probably be on the moon 10 years before vodka will.

Beam bottle featured in jug band concert

GRAVEL SWIT
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JIM BEAM BOURBON—MAKING NEWS SINCE 1795

CLERMONT, KY.—173 years ago Jacob Beam started making Beam Bourbon here in Kentucky. It is still being made here today. And still by the Beams.

Along with inspired skills, the making of a Bourbon like Beam requires an unusual combination of land, climate and natural materials. And it's all here, in north central Kentucky.

There's the ancient, underlying limestone springs that supply sweet, clear water—a vital ingredient in the making of fine Bourbon.

The rich, fertile, surround-

Fresh Charred Oak

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POOF PROOF

In the old days, early settlers had a sure-fire way of testing the strength of whiskey. They poured a smidgin of it on a small pile of gunpowder and lit it.

A bright flare of flame meant the whiskey was too strong (it contained too much alcohol). While a steady blue flame told them the whiskey was just about right.

Nowadays, of course, all you have to do is look at the
the label says
cause 86 proof
people prefer.

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y divide proof
by two.
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ne proof is not
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